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TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



Fig. 1.—Velvet Bonnet, Satin Fan.—Front.—[For Back, see Double Page.]

Fig. 2.—CHENILLE BONNET, GAUZE AND LACE FICHU.

FIGS. 1 AND 2.—OPERA TOILETTES.

FASHIONABLE ACCOMPLISH-MENTS.

NOTHING can strike the casual observer of the habits of our young ladies more than their present tendency toward musical instruments of unusual character.

The piano-forte and the harp were formerly the only instruments which young ladies deemed sufficiently graceful and easy to the touch. The harp, traditionally interesting and poetical, was, however, not easy. It hurt the hands and injured their beauty, caused little callous places to grow on the fingers, and was without doubt a very severe trial of the patience of both scholar and teacher. Some young ladies found that the weight bore too much on the shoulder, and so the harp gradually retired before the piano, whose ivory keys and easily placed finger-board made

all things too fatally easy for little girls, who could be propped up before it to run up and down those dreadful scales almost as soon as they could walk.

This has introduced to the world much bad playing; for a person who had no natural taste for music would, if called upon by a severe mamma or a stern governess, learn to play mechanically, and perhaps would continue through a long life to vex the sensitive ears of her family by playing badly those compositions of the great masters which should be played well or not at all. Music demands an especially fine and pe-culiarly apt organization. No one should attempt to learn it who has not a good ear, a perfect sense of time, and that love for it which renders "practicing" a matter of course, and not too disagreeable. A man who essays to be an actor, or a public speaker, or a reader, with a disagreeable

lisp or stutter in his conversation, is universally regarded as a great bore; a woman who learns the piano without having the qualifications for it is a still greater one. The piano is always about, and can be played on by this imperfect performer to the great sorrow of those who must listen

But now the public taste has taken a great leap, and young women are cultivating the violin, the violoncello, and the zither—the latter that pretty little flat harp which is laid on a table and played, not only with the fingers on the strings, but with two little metal claws, which are fastened on the thumbs, producing a metallic click or resonant thrill which is very telling. This instrument, which dates back to great an-

marmots for sale, and whose characteristic yodel, accompanied by those twanging chords, seemed inseparable from the Alpine air and the sight of a snow mountain. Even to-day, when one sees the graceful young girl seated at the table practicing her zither, and hears those wild chords, an Alpine scene rises before the eyes, and transfers the modern æsthetic interior, in charming, dreamlike transformation, to rushing streams, pine forests, blue peaks, and snow mountains—that scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol which is of all things most lovely.

The zither is now not that rude instrument which the Tyrolese play, but a complicated and click or resonant thrill which is very telling.

This instrument, which dates back to great antiquity, has been for a long period until late years only known to travellers in the Tyrol, as the accompaniment of those strolling singers who had claws on her two thumbs, she proceeds to play it as Queen Elizabeth played the "virginals." It hurts the fingers at first, the third one especially, as the strings are made of wire, but a patient and persevering student can accomplish it in three or four months, and it is always pleasing. It never rises to the height of violin-playing as an art, nor does it furnish an orchestra, as does the piano, but it is novel and pleasing, and like the art of etching, which brings the landscape to the gaze, the zither brings the performer's musical feeling into immediate contact with the hearer's sense of sound. The performer plays a simple air, which goes from her fingers, heart, and brain to the ear and consciousness of her listener without the intervention of technique.

tervention of technique.

The zither, like all simple instruments—as the harp played by a blind beggar, or the guitar in the hand of a Spanish gitana—goes to the heart. It is impossible sometimes to keep the tears from the eyes, as its "wild warbling measures rise." It is therefore a very charming instrument for a young girl to learn. We all know the fatigue, ennui, and distress of having to listen to an ambitious piano-forte solo badly played, when contrasted with the joy and refreshment of hearing an English ballad well sung, and the performance on the zither has all the simple eloquence of the ballad. It is not tedious, and it is new, and as yet unworn by usage. It is likewise a very becoming instrument, which can not, we fear, be

said of the violoncello.

Since Camilla Urso demonstrated that women could play the violoncello, and play it well, we have every possible proof that they mean to do it, and the violoncello is so rich and full that it is its own excuse for being; but we can not agree with a modern critic that even St. Cecilia looks well under Domenichino's magic brush in the act of playing it. We prefer to hear than to see the violoncello played. The violin, however, is a very graceful instrument, and in the hands of a young girl beautiful and picturesque. We admire the bravery of a girl who learns the violin, for it is the most ungrateful of instruments. She can scarcely ever do more than to play passably, to accompany the piano, to keep up her part of the family concert, but she is to be commended if she can draw from those mysterious entrails of the cat a single note like the human voice, wild, weird, powerful, and telling. The organ has been always almost too grand for a woman's strength, and yet how many country congregations are indebted to some patient girl who has learned its complicated machinery that she may assist at the worship of her chosen church! A woman must have special gifts, much enthusiasm, good health, and phenomenal strength to play the organ well. Of course to play this grandest of all instruments well is to be a great musician. To play the pi-ano-forte well is another magnificent accomplish-It is not because the piano-forte is unworthy that we advise certain people to stop play-

and enormously difficult that we advise so many strummers (as we must unflatteringly call them) to avoid the dreadful and unprofitable slavery, unless they are sure to succeed.

If a woman is bound up in music let her learn several instruments. There is no particular prejudice against any of them for a lady, except the trombone, and Fra Angelico makes even that graceful in the hands of one of his female angels. Why do our young ladies not learn the guitar?

Why do our young ladies not learn the guitar? Why has this most graceful, romantic, and poetical instrument been shelved? It is capable of great musical effects both for solos and as an accompanist to songs. And when does a pretty woman with a pretty hand look so lovely as when she throws the blue ribbon of her guitar across her shoulder, and laying one white hand across the strings, fingers the frets with the other?

If one-third of the money which has been spent upon girls in the enforced, cruel, and alien business of learning the piano had been spent in the far easier practice of the zither and the guitar, if a girl had been taught to sing a song naturally, as a Spanish girl sings it to her guitar, instead of feebly imitating an Italian prima donna, how much pain and suffering would have been abolished! Young girls have been serfs and slaves to the wearisome old boarding-school piano, while if they had been allowed to choose an instrument, they would have been interested and almost enthusiastic students. And here we must acknowledge ourselves less wise than the Italian mammas of the seventeenth century, for we see in many beautiful Italian and also Flemish pictures the musical parties, where women are playing the viol, violiny itself into several shapes. The piano was not in those days, save in its earliest and most imperfect form, and perhaps music was less of an art, but we are convinced that musical parties were much more amusing and agreeable.

That very funny but not altogether melodious amusement which young people derive from playing on toy instruments, and making a sort of caterwalling imitation of an orchestra, we do not consider as worthy of much attention.

Many lady violinists have appeared at public concerts within a few years, and we know of at least two very accomplished violoncello players in New York society. There is here and there an admirable guitarist. And the trombone has its one lady pupil. The wind instruments, the clarionette, the oboe, and the flute, have not seemed to attract the female player. The oboe, with its pretty little mouth-piece, would seem to be the very thing for a young girl to play upon. But perhaps women seldom have the continuous strength of lungs to blow upon this delicate reed.

The banjo, that ungraceful half-guitar, has become a very fashionable instrument for young ladies within a few years. They learn it so very easily, and it is a very good accompaniment for a negro melody or a jolly song. But the banjo is very limited. It does not repay the performer, and its associations are not of the drawing-room, but of the minstral hall. It is, however, very

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fashionable just at present, and for a young lady to know how to play on it is to insure her popularity. The same industry which many girls have devoted to this instrument, with its tum tum (suggesting always the slave playing on his barrel-top over which he has stretched a skin, and which responds to his thumbs as he beats it with his native sense of rhythm), would have brought them a good knowledge of the guitar or the zither, and either would have given more pleasure to their friends.

The harp, if taught in childhood with a skillful teacher, and if the performer has taste and musical intelligence, is a far more remunerative instrument than the piano. Less skill is demanded, there is less competition, and a harpist is a gentle being much sought for. An amount of time very much less than that required to make an ordinarily good piano-forte player will be adequate to the making of a good though not a great harpist.

Variety of music is now what should be sought

Variety of music is now what should be sought for in a house. The monotony of the old style of piano, and simply piano, is quite out of fashion. Of course it is very well to teach girls the piano, even if they can but play a waltz well, if nothing can be done better; but to put every poor little maid down before those ivory keys is to make her an unwilling and generally a year poor player.

her an unwilling and generally a very poor player. The humble zither which is brought from the Tyrol, a very primeval instrument, is preferred by many players to the more elaborate and expensive improvement which is now taught in our cities, and which so many young ladies are learning. However, if one knows how to play on the elaborate one, she can always play on the simpler one, as Rubinstein could play on a spinet, if he got tired of a modern grand piano.

The zither is to other musical instruments what the broad dash of the modern water-colorists is to the elaborate effects taught a quarter of a century ago, when layer on layer of color was disposed in what is now considered false and foolish elaboration. It is the "realistic" school of music. It is producing sound from the simplest yet the most telling quality of combinations—wood, metal, and the human hand. Of course a certain amount of skill is very necessary. To achieve the yodel is the work of some little time, but it is comparatively easy and very delightful.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HAF "R'S PERIODICALS.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 2, contains Part I. of a charming Christmas Fairy Tale by Mes. W. J. Hays, with a front-page illustration by Alfred Fredericks. There is the usual installment of the serial story "Nan," by Mes. John Lillie, with an illustration by Mes. Jessie Shepherd. Miss Sophie Swett contributes a delightful short story, entitled "A Brand-new Year."

The attention of the boys is especially called to "Learning a Trade," by JAMES OTIS. Part II. of "A Castaway Ambassador," by JAMES PAYN, concluder this picturesque and thrilling story of marine disaster.

marine disaster.
To the art work of this Number Miss Jessie McDermort contributes four illustrations, accompanying Mr. Otis's article, and a charming fullpage made up of holiday scenes from "The Toyshop Windows."

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

TWO NEW SERIAL STORIES.

Our readers' attention is especially invited to the two Serial Stories, "YOLANDE," by WILLIAM BLACK, and "BID ME DISCOURSE," by MARY CECIL HAY, that are begun in the present Number of the BAZAR.

"THINGS."

IN the evening of a singularly lofty and happy existence a famous social philosopher declared: "I determined early in life not to be a slave to things; not to put my life as pledge for fine furniture, for luxuries, for material surroundings. We lived a simple life, my wife and I, and we have never regretted it." It is only when some anniversary, facing, Janus-like, both past and future, sets us seriously thinking, that we realize the general devotion to things. Twelve months of toil, anxiety, and hurry since 1882 appeared at the head of our letters, and what have most of us bought with that enormous spending, save each day's sustenance? At the head of our letters, said we? But who has had time for letters-those rational, gay, discursive, picturesque causeries, solace of friendship and delight of history?

The accumulation of the fortunate may

be a finer house, more "sincere" furniture, costlier clothes, richer silver, but always things. And if they be not things which perish in the using, surely something more valuable than these possessions has perished in the getting. There is no reason why wealth, out of its abundance, should not make its surroundings beautiful. Harm is done only by the inference that only money can secure beautiful surroundings, and that they are necessarily worth the cost.

Never was there a time when so much beauty was to be had for a price. Of course, therefore, never did it seem so easy and proper to buy it. Within the last ten years this habit of indiscriminate expenditure has become almost universal in cities, and no habit is at once more contagious and more pernicious than the practice of valuing money only for the immediate gratification it will buy. Fathers and mothers make their children's tastes exacting and expensive, and dying, leave them to narrow means and to that morbid discontent which the contrast of existing poverty with past abundance commonly engenders.

One of the results of the present extraordinary interest in furniture and decoration is doubtless to foster the desire for things as such. People who used to spend extravagantly on butcher and grocer now save something from them to put in bronzes or portières, and feel that they have taken a long step toward sweetness and light. And so they have, if the choice is made between the momentary gratification of the palate and the lasting delight of the eye. But the trouble is that bronze and portière have become as much "the thing' as afternoon teas or poke bonnets, and are necessarily no more significant of culture. And the self-righteous feeling with which the average person buys a Limoges jar or a Chippendale cabinet tends to a greater extravagance in the name of art than would have been permitted in the name of fashion.

Again, women who would see the folly of sitting for hours at plain sewing, if they could afford to hire it done, will stitch at table cover, lambrequin, or screen in a frenzy of haste, not with the delicate delight which an artist would feel in the presence of the soft-lared silks and velvets, not with the artist's reluctance to leave the lovely creations of his mind and hand, but merely to possess another article of fashionable upholstery. It is certainly better to have pretty furnishings than ugly ones, but it is certainly worse to pay one's self for window-curtains than to go without them.

To drudge away life for a place in society, to give precious afternoons to the labor "paying calls," and to allow indifferent acquaintances, as EMERSON said, to devastate the day, to give constant thought to the revision of one's toilette and the improvement of one's visiting list, this is to be a slave to things. And if the slave do not feel her fetters, so much the worse for her. So many women have not time for the unhurried delight of their children's presence, for reading anything beyond the last novel for any occupation higher than the narrowing round they call their "domestic and social duties"! So many young girls, when their parties, their fancy-work, their shopping, their calls, are attended to, have no time to spend with the great minds of the world, no time to study pictures or music, no time for thought and growth! So many men are thralls of labor, chained to desk and shop, with no time for accomplishments and culture, and alas! presently with no desire for them! For it is the terrible penalty we pay for neglect of our higher nature that by-and-by it ceases its demands

But what is time for, if it be not for these very uses? We are born heirs of all the ages. And at the beginning of a new year we may well ask ourselves whether we can afford to give up this splendid heritage, and put our lives in pledge for things.

INFLUENCE OF LIQUID FOODS ON DIGESTION.

By JULIET CORSON.

N order to comprehend the nutritive value of gruels and liquid foods of a similar characit is necessary to consider briefly that part of the digestive process which begins in the mouth as soon as food is brought into contact with the saliva. This secretion of the salivary glands begins that transformation of starch into sugar which all starchy substances must undergo before they can be absorbed by the system. After leaving the mouth, and while passing through the stomach, starch is not at all affected by the action of the acid gastric juice; but upon reaching the intestines their alkaline juices complete the conversion of starch into sugar, when their condition is normal. The inference is plain that under any deficient secretion of saliva or intestinal fluids starchy substances should be avoided. They should not be used in any abnormal condition which favors the excessive formation of sugar. This point will be referred to in treating of foods for persons suffering from diabetes. For these

reasons the fact is apparent that only the physician who is fully cognizant of the state of the entire system can with safety indicate the diet of an invalid

The secretion of saliva is so largely affected by the condition of the nervous system that the fact is proverbial that a person under the influence of strong excitement neither craves food nor can properly digest it. This is especially the case with very nervous or hysterical women, whose stomachs often reject food as soon as it is swallowed. It would be well in this connection to note the fact that properly made beef tea is useful, for even if it is retained in the stomach only momentarily, it imparts a little of its nutriment by absorption. It is during such excessively nervous conditions that recourse is frequently had to anodynes and nervous sedatives, as, for instance, a small quantity of pure spirits, a glass of good wine, or four or five drops of chloroform and a tea-spoonful of extract of red lavender in a glass of water. Because of this action of the nervous system upon the digestive functions any absorbing mental action should be avoided during eating, as the discussion of abstruse subjects, or the reading of any matter which demands close consecutive thought.

It is sufficiently apparent from these observations that causes of excitement in the sick-room should be avoided, because mental quietude is absolutely necessary to the patient if all its nourishment is to be derived from food. Physical weariness also weakens the digestive powers; for this reason patients often derive the greatest advantage from food taken immediately after re-pose. A few moments' sleep before eating will largely influence the effect of food. The question of sleeping immediately after eating is open to discussion, but this observation is not to be considered as contradictory of the fact that a slight repast is often advantageous in conditions of restlessness at night, or of actual sleeplessness. which is sometimes occasioned by hunger, and manifested by a general sense of physical exhaustion and nervous irritability; the refreshment given under such conditions should be digestible and not abundant, a very small quantity will suffice to draw the blood from the brain to assist digestion, and thus favor sleep.

The use of very stimulating or intensely hot food retards the flow of the saliva; the effect of using absolutely cold food under general conditions is equally objectionable, because the stomach must heat the food to its own temperature before it can be digested. For this reason, unless cold food, and especially cold drinks, are ordered by the physician, all nourishment given to invalids should be heated to a temperature of at

lenst 1000 Fahrenheit.

The early morning and the evening are the times of the day when physical prostration seems most marked, even in fairly healthy conditions of the system; it will often be found desirable to give special nourishment to invalids at those times. In feverish conditions, when unfavorable symptoms seem aggravated toward evening, the greater part of the food should be given early in the day, unless the physician directs otherwise. In the state of debility which follows feverishness the nourishment should be frequent and persistent, especially at night. The free use of rum and milk as a nourishing stimulant in the physical depression attending fever is now favored by

many physicians.

The use of food during the night is clearly indicated in consumption, especially about three or four hours after midnight; it has the effect of counteracting the exhaustion which follows the profuse nightly perspirations that so frequently mark this disease.

The opinion is held by some writers on dietetics that the free use of liquid food is injurious to the digestive organs, but the readiness with which a nutritions liquid is absorbed by the stomach, and the facility with which it passes almost directly into the circulation as an immediate nutrient, would not seem to favor this conclusion.

While the excessive use of gruels may often be injudicious, many of them are excellent to a degree, and some of them are quite nutritious; even when they lack nutriment, they may be made to perform the office of bland demulcents, useful in irritable conditions of the stomach and powels. Where the digestive organs are very much weakened, gruels are sometimes imperfectly digested because invalids are apt to swallow them quickly, before they are affected by the alkaline action of the saliva; consequently their digestion is not really begun until they are subjected to the influence of the pancreatic and intestinal juices. For this reason gruels, which can not be mingled with the saliva as solid food is during the mastication, should be held in the mouth a short time before they are swallowed, in order to admit of a certain intermixture of the saliva with them. Dr. Chambers says that a spoonful of cooked arrowroot held in the mouth for five minutes, and then submitted to a chemical test, will show scarcely a trace of starch. This fact demonstrates the importance of a complete admixture with the saliva of all kinds of food in which starch predominates, as it notably does in most foods of vegetable

When the digestive organs are very weak, toastwater is often preferable to gruels, because some of the nourishment yielded by the gum and farina of the toast to the water can be speedily absorbed; for this reason, when the patient's condition permits, gruel and toast-water should be alternated with delicate broths, panadas, and jellies. Gruel made from farina, which is a preparation of the most nutritious portion of the grain of wheat freed from husk, bran, and flowing dust, contains much nitrogenous matter; it readily absorbs milk and water in the process of cooking, and being more or less affected by the gastric juices, is far superior as a nutrient to sago, arrow root, tapioca, or cornstarch. Revalenta, which is composed of finely powdered lentils and rye

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meal, is quite digestible in normal conditions, if finely ground, while it yields, weight for weight, more nourishment than fresh beef. Racahout des Arabes, which is rather a beverage than a gruel, is a valuable liquid food; it abounds in nutriment, and admirably replaces tea and coffee when their use is undesirable; indeed, it would be an excellent substitute for these beverages in all cases of weakened digestion and impaired nutrition. It can be made at home after the following formula:

RACAHOUT DES ARABES (an exceedingly nutritious drink, preferable to tea or coffee for the use of in-valids suffering from debility and nervous prostration).—Mix together, by sifting four times, the following-named ingredients: one pound each of finely ground cocoa paste, rice flour, and pulverized sugar; a quarter of a pound each of pulverized arrowroot and sugar of milk; one vanilla bean pounded fine in a mortar with four lumps of loaf-sugar; and two ounces of pulverized salep. The salep and sugar of milk can be bought at any good druggist's. When wanted for use mix two table-spoonfuls of racahout smoothly with half a cupful of cold water, and add it to one pint of boiling milk, stirring the mixture constantly until it has boiled for three minutes. Then use it as a beverage.

In the next article of this series recipes will be given for different kinds of gruel.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CAMEL'S-HAIR BONNETS. CAMEL'S-HAIR bonnets as warm as felt are the Parisian novelties just imported for midwinter toilettes. These bonnets are made of bands of soft wool as thick as felt, but more flexible, and three half-inch bands are plaited in shape to form the bonnet. Sometimes gilt cord or silver, or chenille, is braided in with the wool bands, and the effect is similar to the basket bonnets worn during the summer. These bonnets are appropriate with cloth or other wool costumes, and are oftenest in medium-sized poke shapes. of olive cashmere braided with gold cord is handsome with olive velvet for folds, strings, and throat bow, and some estrich tips of olive shaded and dusted with gold. Another of black camel's-hair has thick ottoman ribbon and black cocks' plumes for its trimming. Braided bonnets are also made of strips of velvet the color of the costume, mounted on fine wires, and plaited into shape without a foundation. This braided bonnet for a blonde is made of dark green velvet, and glimpses of the hair are seen through the interstices of the plaiting. A panache of green

KID BONNETS.

ostrich tips is the only trimming.

Kid bonnets in their natural cuir-color are also worn by elegantly dressed women. The crown is entirely of the leather, in its warm brown tint. moulded into shape in the way felt bonnets are, and the brim is covered with elaborate folds of velvet, either olive, dark green, garnet, or seal brown, to which is added some of the new leather lace of leaf and flower pattern, or else there is a cord of leather, or some gold cord, braid, or lace. The short strings are of the bias velvet used for the folds. The kid gimps, laces, and galloons introduced early in the season are very stylish trimmings for felt and velvet bonnets.

FUR AND CLOTH BONNETS.

The most expensive furs, such as Russian sable and sea-otter, are used for the brims of bonnets that bave a crown of velvet or of cloth. bonnets must be very small and compact-looking when meant to wear with dressy costumes, or else they partake of the styles of fur hoods, chosen for warmth rather than beauty, and worn for sleighing, skating, or travelling. The small capote shape is preferred for such heavy materials, and the bonnet is made with reference to the cloak or the costume with which it is worn; thus a capote with a crown of garnet velvet and brim of Russian sable, with a long-looped bow of nartow doubled bias velvet at the throat, is worn with a short mantle of garnet velvet trimmed down the front with Russian sable bands; a bottle green cloth capote with the flat crown overlaid with wheels within wheels of black soutache has the brim covered with black Persian curled fur, and is worn with a pelisse of green cloth with lengthwise bands of the black Persian, and a green velvet skirt bordered with this curly black fur. A young lady whose midwinter wrap is a long pleated cloak of terra-cotta cloth bordered with light natural beaver has a capote with the front of fur framing her face most becomingly, while the flat crown has row after row of gold soutache upon it. A seal-skin brim is worn with a crown of brown repped ottoman silk, and two or three small heads covered with fur and imitating seal heads are clustered together on the left side for the only trimming. Ficelle gray velvet makes a handsome crown for a brim of the beautiful sea-otter. One or two grinning heads of gray foxes of diminutive size trim bonnets or turbans of seal fur effectively.

THE NEWEST SHAPES, ETC.

The newest bonnets are very small, but have a pointed front to the brim that covers the head much more than the straight capotes and Alsace bonnets have done, and the ears are longer, and more inclined to square corners. There is also a decided preference for face trimmings in many of the most dressy new bonnets, and this consists usually of three closely crimped ruffles of creamy white crepe lisse—a most becoming fashion. In very youthful bonnets one or two rows of the st pink rose-buds form the face garniture, while in others there are thickly clustered loops of narrow satin ribbon in three or four overlapping rows, or else the loops are of chenille and The decided fashion about strings is to have them of narrow bias velvet doubled (an

inch wide when finished), and a made up bow of the same for the throat, with a hook and eye for fastening it under the chin; or, if more becoming, the bow may be a trifle toward the left side, but not far back behind the ear as it was worn last winter. Cap crowns laid in careless easy folds are liked for bonnets that have pointed fronts almost as large as pokes, but for the smaller pointed capotes there is a new severe shape slightly projecting upward in Normandy fash-ion, but much broader, and on this the velvet is smoothly stretched and left without trimming, so that the new and quaint shape may be thrown into full relief. Another fancy for the brim of velvet bonnets is to shirr them outside and in, and to finish the edges with three frills of doubled velvet, or to put beaded lace to roll back outside the brim, and three closely pleated frills of lace inside. A buckle or a crescent of Rhine stones is worn in the velvet bow at the throat.

Evening bonnets are of velvet of the palest shade of blue, Nile green, rose, or shrimp pink, with beaded lace of self-color, or else of many tints to resemble embroidery, covering the front of the brim, and for the only trimming a cluster of some odd flowers not much used hitherto is placed on the left side or else directly on top amid shells of lace. The dark red princesse feathers are the plume-like flowers used on pale blue and on shrimp pink velvet bonnets; some pale purple thistles are on light green bonnets of uncut velvet, with white crystal lace on the brim; an aigrette of white feathers has rose-buds set round it for a very young lady's first dress bonnet, and there are many shaded roses of the terra-cotta and strawberry shades of plush for brightening darker bonnets. An entire crown autumn leaves of red and green velvet, veined like nature, is on dark red or green velvet bonnets, and there are also many chenille crowns, while other crowns are formed of feathers from humming-birds' necks and breasts that glitter like jewels. Black velvet bonnets have small oval buckles of Rhine crystals holding their folds, some crystal lace turned back from the brim, and strings of white ottoman reps; or else they are brightened by shrimp-colored feathers and strings. The fancy continues for trimming dark bottle green velvet with pale blue feathers or with soft dull pink plumes; white feathers and white repped ribbon with Rhine stones are very effective trimmings for dark sapphire blue, garnet, or green velvet bonnets. A frill of goldlace on the peaked front and below the crown of dark velvet bonnets is very popular, and supersedes the gilt crowns that have become very common. Birds must now be oddly perched upon the bonnet to find favor with stylish peo-Langtry poke of felt, with a puff of velvet around its upturned brim and feathers around the crown is in great favor with young ladies, and can easily be gotten up at home. A quarter of a yard of velvet cut on the bias makes the puff on the edge, and the feathers are laid in a row across just back of this puff, beginning on the left side and leaving the crown quite bare. A small bird or a velvet bow with a Rhine stone buckle holds the feathers on the left. This is a simple and pretty hat when made entirely of one color-as strawberry red, or dark green to match the dress.

MIDWINTER COSTUMES.

Cloth in combination with another fabric is the favorite costume for midwinter. The imported cloth overdresses are in the long pelisse and greatcoat shapes, with a skirt of velvet, heavily repped ottoman silk, or of brocade. Nothing can be simpler in shape than these stylish overdresses of cloth, yet it is an easy matter to make them grotesque by letting them be excessively narrow, or to take all the style out of them by draping them elaborately in the back-not that they do not need to be bouffant, but this fullness must be done in some better way than in the commonplace fashion of taking up the heavy cloth fabric in loops. One of the best and simplest new designs is a cloth polonaise cut almost perfectly straight, falling open from the waist in front, and also open up the middle of the back, where it is folded back in flatly pressed pleats to the end. A vest and skirt of ottoman silk are worn with this polonaise, hence ottoman silk is used for giving the fullness at the back. This fullness across the tournure somewhat in sash shape is made of a whole width of the ottoman silk, lined with crinoline lawn, and folded in six loose pleats—not stiff-looking—making the sash about ten inches wide when folded. This is sewed into the under-arm seams, and crosses the back about six inches below the waist line; in the middle on the tournure it forms a great pouf bow or rosette. from which falls a single wide loop of the silk a yard long, laid in folds, and doubled to make the loop only half a yard deep. This is easily done, as the dimensions are carefully given here, and the result is excellent. The plan is also a capital one for revising badly bunched polonaises of last year. To complete this stylish cloth garment is a Byron collar of the cloth with two piping folds of ottoman silk on the edge. Wheels of braid may be placed down each side of the front, and three smaller ones on the cloth cuffs. The buttons are small balls of crocheted silk fastening the vest, and there may be mock button-holes of cord beside the wheels, which are then meant to represent large buttons. Sometimes ottoman silk sleeves are placed in these cloth polonaises, and the cuffs are of cloth piped to match the collar. The ottoman silk skirt has two narrow bias lapped puffs around the foot, or else there is a shirred nuff with a knife-pleating below it or the pleats may have every sixth pleat caught upward from its bottom edge against the puff, forming a kind of shell trimming.

Gray Krimmer, a pretty curled fur much used by children, is in vogue again for trimming the

light gray cloth pelisses that are worn both in ficelle and steel shades. Lengthwise bands of fur are more stylish than bands around the garment, and are far more becoming to short, stout figures. Many handsome pelisses, long coats, and loose cloaks have merely a band of fur or of feathers around the neck and down the front, leaving the lower edge untrimmed.

Sleeves are prettily and inexpensively finished at the wrist by having the upper half slashed twice, and leaving the lower seams open also, thus making two battlemented squares; the white lace worn at the wrists must be gathered inside in two very full frills, one deeper than the other, and the upper one pulled out through the slashes.

The newest inside frills for the neck and wrists

of dresses are three narrow rows of white erêpe lisse in sharpened scallops that are overcast on the edges in button-hole stitches.

The most youthful-looking costumes have basques of cloth cut with a French back—that is, with only one seam-and the edge is short, barely reaching over the hips, where it is cut out in twelve blocks that have their corners rounded, and each of these blocks is loaded with a leaden weight to keep it in place. A narrow velvet vest may be down the front, fastened by flat gilt or When made old silver buttons quaintly chased. of green or red cloth, this may be worn with various skirts. Other cloth basques have the side forms widened below the waist line, and folded in five pleats that form a fan; the seam next these pleats is left open, and the fan falls on the middle forms, and is supplemented by a single pleat on each of the middle forms. Standing velvet collars rounded in front are placed on cloth basques: these follow the outlines of the narrow linen collar worn with them.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. Connelly; Madame Kehoe; and Messes. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; and AITKEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

On Christmas-eve was played, for the first time, the new chime of bells in Christ Church, New Bedford, Massachusetts, given by the be-quest of STEPHEN G. DRISCOLL.

-Sir Moses Montefiore has sent twenty-five dollars to the Massachusetts Home for Intemperate Women.

—ROBERT E. PATTISON will be the only Gov-

—ROBERT E. PATTISON will be the only Governor of Pennsylvania not a native of the State, He was born in Maryland.
—One aunt of Henry James married a son of Martin Van Buren, and another is the wife of President Seelve, of Amherst College.
—The volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands are

—The volcances of the Sandwich Islands are to be explored by Professor Charles H. Hitch-cock, of Dartmouth College.

—The last likeness for which Daniel Webster sat, taken the year before he died, has been given to the Massachusetts Historical Society by Mr. Charles S. Kendall.

—"Hop, Skip, and Jump through England" is the title of the lecture lately given before the Wells Memorial Club of Boston by Mr. Horace Scudder, who in Mr. Aldrich's absence last summer acted as editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

—The only member of the House who is obliged to travel by water a portion of the way to Washington is Congressman George, of Oregon, whose mother accompanied him east, after

gon, whose mother accompanied him east, after

an absence of thirty-one years.

—It is thought by some that the four best
American plays of the last ten years have been

American plays of the last ten years have been written by Bronson Howard.

—Every known edition of Shakspeare, and nearly everything published, books or pictures, relating to the subject, among the rest an edition once owned by the comedian Burron, a reading-desk edition used by Fanny Kemble, and another with Macready's name on the titlepage, is in the Shakspearean library of Colonel E. H. Thomson, which James McMillan, of Detroit, has bought to give to the University of

Michigan.

—Rev. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW, of Boston, is the present owner of the original door knocker on the "old Winslow house" at Marshfield in the day of Governor Winslow, and which came over in the Mantlower in 1620, and was given to Rev. Gordon Winslow, D.D., by Daniel Webster. --For the Plymouth Celebration in Massachu-

---For the Flymouth Celebration in Massachusetts Governor Long wrote a hymn, to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred."

--On his seventy-fifth birthday Mr. John Greenlear Whittier was presented with a water-color of Mr. C. W. Sanderson's by some of his Boston friends.

--The University of Pennsylvania has received from Mr. A. I. Duryer for the opened declares for

from Mr. A. J. DREXEL five thousand dollars for the endowment of a free bed in the new wing which has been erected in connection with the University Hospital by HENRY C. GIBSON, for

chronic diseases.

—A gown of electric blue silk corded with red and a pearl-colored corsage were worn by Mrs. Senator Logan when she assisted in receiving the ladies at a recent ball of the National Rifles. Mrs. Logan has a dazzlingly fair complexion, black eyes, and snow-white hair, and is handsomer now than she ever was.

—Two of the granddaughters of EDWARD EVERETT, and daughters of the late Captain Wise, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Hopkins, are to build an apartment-house on the site of their father's dwelling in Washington.

—Two hundred cows are kept on Senator

MACPHERSON'S dairy-farm of a thousand acres at Vanaken, New Jersey, where he will also have a deer park.

—In America is used the thermometer of FAHRENHEIT, a German; in Russia, that of Les-Lie, an Englishman; in France that of Celsius, a Swede; and in Germany they use that of Réau-Mur, a Frenchman.

—The father of Mr. Stuart, the sugar-re-

finer, who died lately, began life in New York in a candy store in Barclay Street, with a capital of a hundred dollars, and died leaving a hundred

-In reply to the toast of the "Cradle of the Commonwealth," given at the seventy-seventh annual dinner of the New England Society of New York, on the two hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, Senator Miller, of California, said that the Commonwealth founded by the Pilgrim forefathers was a self-rocking cradle," which is possibly the reason that the mothers are left out in the cold on these festive occusions.

—Mr. Mahone, the Virginia Senator, wears no

waistcoat, but a river of gold chain tries to make up the deficiency. His customary head-gear is a white sombrero. He has a very long beard, and his trousers are plaited into the waistband.

—Mrs. Elizabeth C. Custer, widow of General Custer, possesses the last flag of truce used in the war of the rebellion, which was carried by Colonel R. M. Sims from the Confederate General John B. Gordon to General Sheridan,

and was merely a white towel.

—A cousin of RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Miss RIPLEY, is music instructor at the Georgetown Convent as Sister JOANNA FRANCES; before taking the vell she graduated at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music.

—The Duke of Sutherland is buying land in

America. He owns a large part of Scotland

now.

—There are five million seven hundred thousand children in America who do not attend school, and General John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, thinks it behooves the nation to educate them, which task would require, it is stated, thirty thousand teachers and more than a million dollars to start with.

—The late Duke of Sermoneta was a Dancar and conversing the state of the state o

scholar, a clever painter, sculptor, and carver in wood, a skillful goldsmith, and a friend of Sir WALTER Scott in his youth.

WALTER SCOTT in his youth.

—VICTOR HUGO never suffered a bird or a plant to be kept prisoner in any house of his.

—In one of the scenes of Tennyson's unfortunate Promise of the May, as put upon the London stage, the meadows are sweet with new-mown hay, and in another act the trees are laden with supple bloscome.

apple blossoms.

apple blossoms.

—The Empress of Austria lately saved an old blind woman from falling over a bank into the river by jumping out of her carriage and running to the old person's rescue. The imperial lady must be spry.

—The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise entertained Madame Nilsson at dinner the other day in San Francisco.

—There is something very barbarous in the amusements of those people who are held up to us as the last results of civilization. A day's sport in the forest of Kammenitz by Prince Rudolf of Austria and five friends resulted in 1817 DOLF of Austria and five friends resulted in 1817 head of game, which is nothing but indiscriminate slaughter and butchery.

The Queen testified her regard for Arch-

bishop Tair by appearing in the deepest mourning at the splendid ceremony of the opening of the Law Courts.

—At the "private view" in the Grosvenor Gallery, to which Sir Courts Lindsay and Mr. COMYNS CARR invited all the celebrities, Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT wore trailing golden brown velvet, with a dishevelled feather in her hat; Mrs. HAWEIS WAS gorgeous in draperies of brown, terra cotta, and silver gray; a son of Mr. Burne-Jones wore Philistine garments of the ordinary

The custom has been inaugurated at some English country houses for gentlemen to sit down to dinner in smoking coats, terra-cotta and black satin, scarlet plush and black, Prussian blue and orange. It would seem as well to make harlequins of the waiters, if that is the

reason the comely black suit is displeasing.

—England seems a nest of typhoid fever, not only in the low but in the high places. The Duchess of Connaught has but just recovered from it, the Prince Consort died of it, the Prince Consort of the control of Wales instructed divine of its transfer of the control of the cont of Wales just missed dying of it, and now Mr. FAWCETT, the Postmuster General, and his wife's cousin, are both down with it.

The Baron de Kendall, German Ambassador

—The Baron de Kendall, German Ambassador and music composer, has made Queen Margherra an admirer of Wagner and Mendell-sohn. Her Majesty is devoted to literature and the arts; Signor Massari, a journalist, Signor Bonghi, a Greek scholar and translater of Plato, Senator Prati, a poet, and the Princess Trigano, an American celebrated for her talent as much as her beauty, are among the chief frequenters of her palace.

—The sleeve is now made a prominent feature

-The sleeve is now made a prominent feature of the dress by such modistes as WORTH and

—The Emperor William has kept a diary for nearly fifty years, which is illustrated by water-colors of the principal events of his life, done, from outlines given by the Emperor from mem-ory, by the best German artists.

—As soon as the imported meridian circles,

which cost forty-two hundred dollars, can be tested, the observatory built and equipped by ex-Governor Washburn for Madison Univer-

ex-Governor Washburn for Madison University, Wisconsin, will be ready for use.

—The French painter EDMOND DETAILLE'is only thirty-four. He painted "La Halle des Tambours" when but twenty. His soldierly bearing is due, he says, to his long study of bat-

The aged philanthropist of Washington W. W. CORCORAN, takes a long horseback ride daily.

"To Citizen Joachim Pecci, by trade or profession Pope, conducting business (also residing) at the Vatican Palace, Rome," was the address of a notice sent by the national government to the owner of an estate on which the tenants had refused to pay extraordinary taxes, the state having issued an execution against the

property.

The long delay in conferring upon anybody the Garter that belonged to Lord Beaconsfield, the insignia of which was surrendered by RALPH DISRAELI fifteen months ago, is said to

be without precedent.

—An acre of land, says Mr. J. J. H. GREGORY, may contain six tons of worms. This may interest the early bird.

-Louis Quinze shoe-buckles are now used in

—Louis Quinze shoe-buckles are now used in Paris to fasten collars as well as belts.

—Monsieur D'ABBADIS says that in low tropical countries marsh-fever may be entirely prevented by sulphur fumigation of the bare skin.

—The French Premier is as passionately foud of flowers as old SIMON CAMERON used to be, and his rose garden at Biarritz is one of the sights there. When a progression as realtimes. his rose garden at Diarritz is one of the signts there. When a poor young man he cultivated a garden on top of a six-story house, and took a prize for his flowers at a show. Old M. Lock-Roy, whose son married Victor Hugo's daughthem on a terrace before his fifth-story windows in Paris, where Victor Hugo discusses with him the wheekedness of bringing forest flowers into the city. into the city.

-MONOGRAM.

WHITE EMBROIDERY.

3d down to the

112th round in

ribbed knitting, 2

st. k. (knit plain) and 2 st. p. (purl-

ed) alternately;

of these the 45th-73d rounds

form the bend

at the knee, and are worked only

across the front;

having begun the

Monograms.-Figs. 1-4.

These monograms for marking lingerie are worked in satin and overcast stitch and French knots with fine embroidery cotton.

Embroidered Lamp Mats.-Figs. 1-3.

In the lamp mat Fig. 1 a conventional design is worked in outline with dark silks on a white ground, and lightly filled in, while in Fig. 2 the floral design is in solid embroidery on a dark ground. A nine-inch square of white cloth is required for Fig. 1, and the design given in Fig. 27, Supplement, is traced on it. The double lines and the gentless at the centre

scallops at the centre, which are executed in stem stitch, and the feather-stitched lines and sprays, are worked in bronze, fawn-color, and old gold silks, the French knots and point Russe in dull red and blue. The five leaf points in the corner ornament are in shades of pink, and the three at the middle of each side in blue; the stitch for these is a long wide button-hole stitch,







Fig. 1.—Embroidered Lamp Mat. For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 27.





worked from each side toward the middle so that the ridge forms the At the cenvein. tre of the mat the white cloth is cut away, and the space is underlaid with pleated ruby satin. It is lined cashmere, interlined with

and with stiff card-



FIG. 2.

For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 47-49.

pasteboard according to the patterns given in Figs. 47 and 48, Supplement, and face the front with brocade on both sides, the back with brocade on the front and white lining silk on the back. Overseam the edges, and join the front and back along the bottom. Cut the sides of double brocade from Fig. 49, Supplement, set them between the front and back, and sew thick cord along the edges, forming it into loops at the corners and top. Set a bow on the back, and fasten down the flowers with a bow on the front as shown by the illustration. on the front as shown by the illustration.



Fig. 2.-Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Knitted Legging for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

This legging is worked with dark red zephyr wool and medium coarse steel needles, partly in ribbed and partly in fancy knitting. Begin at the top; cast on 68 st. (stitch), and knit the 1st round plain. The 2d round consists of a row of holes through which an elastic braid is drawn; for this alternately put the wool around the needle and knit 2 st. to-Work from the gether.



Fig. 2.—Embroidered Lamp Mat.—[See Fig. 3.] For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 26.



KNITTED STOCKING FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

board, and finished with a narrow fancy fringe at the edge. For Fig. 2 the ground is a square of myrtle green cloth, to which the design given in Fig. 26, Supplement, is to be transferred in the usual manner. The embroidery is executed as shown in Fig. 3, which gives a section in full size. The vine and stems are in chain stitch, and the flowers and leaves partly in satin and partly in button-hole stitch. The flowers and buds are in shades of red, the foliage in grayish and brownish greens. The mat is lined like Fig. 1, and edged with tassel fringe.

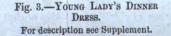
Wall-Pocket.

This wall-pocket is faced with light blue brocade, and orna-mented with ruby satin ribbon bows and a small bunch of ar-tificial flowers. Cut the front and back of



Fig. 1.—CLOTH AND OTTOMAN SILK PELISSE. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—House Dress of Plain and Figured Silk. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 28-30°, 30°,





KNITTED LEGGING FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

45th round, work up to the middle 6 st. on the front, and then put these on a separate needle, and work in rows forward and back on this one needle, adding at the end of each row one of the st. left at the side, so that in the 73d round there will be 34 st. on the needle instead of the original 6, then continue to work entirely around through the 112th. 113th-116th rounds .- Plain throughout. 117th and 118th.—Purled throughout. 119th-122d.—Plain through-out. 123d round.— Alternately p. 1 st, and slip the next, carrying the wool from st. to st. on the outside of the work. 124th round. -Alternately slip the next first st. and k. the following st., bringing the wool from st. to st. on the wrong side. 125th round.— Alternately k. 1 st. and slip the next, keep-ing the wool on the right side. Repeat the rseam

113th-125th rounds 6 times, then repeat once more the 113th-122d rounds, but in the last two repetitions of the 113th and 122d narrow by 1 st. at the end of each. Next work 40 rounds in ribbed knitting, and then set off the middle 32 st. at the back for the heel on a separate needle, and work 27 rows forward and back in ribbed knitting on these, always slipping the first st. Take up the loops on each edge of the heel on a separate needle, and on these together with the st. left aside when the heel was begun work the front of the foot, knitting the side needles plain for the gussets, and the middle of the foot in ribbed knitting. side needles plain for the gussets, and the middle of the foot in ribbed knitting; in every second round knit the first and the last st. of the middle part together with the nearest st. of the gusset until all the gusset st. are used up, then work about 40 more rounds to complete the front of the foot. Take up the edge st.

Fig. 4.—FIGURED MULL AND LACE PLASTRON.



LACE CRAVAT BOW. For description see Suppl



LADY'S CLOTH GAITER. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23-25.

on a separate needle, and on these together with the st. on the front and those on the heel work 6 rounds, the first and last 2 plain throughout and the middle 2 purled, after which east off the st. Sew a leather strap to the front as shown in the illustration.

OF EMBROIDERY.

For description see Supplement.

and front of the

foot on each side

Fig. 3.—VELVET COL LAR AND PLASTRON WITH LACE JABOT.

at two inches

from the lace,

and set on pleated str only four inches long so as to form a shallow A yard of lace pleated in forms the fan at the top, and a velvet band and buckle is set around the pleats at the bottom. The collar in Fig. 6 is made of bias gar-



Ladies' Collars and Cuffs.-Figs. 1-6.-[See illustrations on double page.]

The deep collar Fig. 1, which reaches almost to the shoulder, is made of creamcolored silk guipure lace. It is accompanied by an outside cuff, illustrated in Fig. 2.
The turned-down collar Fig. 3 is of fine linen cambric, hem-stitched, and finished
with a needle-worked linen edging. Fig. 4 shows the cuff to match. The velvet
collar shown in Fig. 5 consists of a garnet velvet ribbon an inch and a half wide,
shaped at the middle of the front by a three-cornered pleat over which a gilt buckle
is slipped, and with notched ends held together at the back by a similar buckle.
The jabot attached to the front of it consists of a piece of India mull eight inches
long and thirty wide, which is edged with lace at the bottom, pleated at the top and

long and thirty wide, which is edged with lace at the bottom, pleated at the top and

Fig. 5.—VELVET BASQUE WITH FIGURED GRENADINE PLASTRON.



Fig. 1.—FUR-TRIMMED PELISSE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-15.

Fig. 2.—BRAIDED FLANNEL DRESS. FRONT.—[For Back, see Double Page.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16-22.]

Fig. 4.—CLOTH REDINGOTE. For description see Supplement.

Digitized by

Fig. 5.—Young Lady's Cloth Suit.—Cut Pattern, No. 3370: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents Rach. For description see Supplement.

lining. The pointed plastron is made of two sloped pieces fourteen inches long and three wide at the top, which are tacked together along the middle. Pleated lace is set around the point at the bottom, and a double fan of similar lace held by a steel buckle is at the top.

IN COSTUME. BY KATHERINE PYLE.

By KATHERINE PYLE.

SOMETHING queer? Well, I don't like to speak
Much about it. It happened the week
Of the great Anniversary Ball,
Which they gave at the old Wilton Hall.
We were all to dress in the costumes
That people wore long ago
(Though few of us had them correctly:
We rarely do have them, you know)—
The era of patches and powder,
Of gav brocades, glitter, and snow,
Of stiff-skirted coats, and of hoops.
I was standing there looking around
At the laughing and courtesying groups,
When I herrd just beside me the sound
Of somebody speaking to me.
A young lady, pretty, distinguée, and fair;
A china complexion and chestnut brown hair;
Small slender white hands, and such eyes! they
were blue.

Small siender white hands, and such eyes; they were blue.
Like unlimited ether with stars shining through,
And a sparkle of devilment shone in them too.
A really ravishing antique costume,
The most perfect by far that there was in the

And a sparkle of devilment shone in them too.
A really ravishing antique costume,
The most perfect by far that there was in the room,
And it suited her face and her form to a T:
She looked like the old-fashioned portraits we see off colonial beauties at old Wilton Hall;
But I never had seen her before then at all,
Yet here she was, speaking to me at the ball.
"I am dazzled with people, the music, the light;
Take me out on the lawn in the stillness and night."
Of course I went out with her—where was the harm?
She floated beside me, not taking my arm.
She brushed 'gainst some people; they never looked round,
As she passed on without any gesture or sound.
She had a peculiar voice;
There really was no intonation,
And scarcely the least punctuation;
It was hardly a separate noise,
But seemed like a part of the general blur of the voices within, but adapted by her
For her special consumption and pleasure.
Within they were treading a measure
Of some stately old-time minuet.
The tune has made such an impression
I think I could whistle it yet.
She stood there looking around
On the trees and the shrubs and the ground,
And the strangeness there always is found
When the moon's at the full and the evening is bright,
With very black shadows and very strong light,
Like pieces rough-itited of day and of night.
And then, of a sudden, she said,
"Why, dear me! as far back as I recollect—
And a good deal still farther than that, I suspect—
The oak has been gone; but she looked hurt and
sad,
So what could I do but just murmur, "Too bad."
And then, glancing down at her costume, I said.

So what could I do but just murmur, "Too bad! And then, glancing down at her costume, I said, "Your antique dress is perfect." She lifted her

head
And said, partly smiling and speaking quite slow,
"It ought to be, for—I was here then, you know,"
Looking up with a mischievous half-scornful gaze,
As I looked down part smiling and part in amaze.
How long we stood talking I never quite knew—
She was odd, she was pretty, her eyes were so
blue—
But she turned round at last and went back to
the Hall.
I saw her there standing among the guests all;
And then—well, I really don't know;
Nobody there saw her go.
But the cocks were beginning to crow.

YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLED OF DARR," "WHITE WINGS," "SUNEISE," RTG.

CHAPTER I.

RELEASED FROM CHÂTEAU COLD FLOORS.

ATE one evening in April, in a private sittingroom on the first floor of a hotel in Albemarle Street, a member of the British House of Commons was lying back in an easy-chair, having just begun to read, in an afternoon journal, an article about himself. He was a man approaching fifty, with what the Scotch call "a salt-water face"; that is to say, a face tanned and reddened with wind and weather, sharp of feature, and with hair become prematurely quite silver white. At a first glance he seemed to have the air of an imperative, eager, aggressive person; but that impression was modified when by any accident you met his eyes, which were nervous, shrinking, and uncertain. Walking in the street, he rarely saw any one; perhaps he was too preoccupied with public affairs; perhaps he was sensitively afraid of not being able to recognize half-remembered faces. When sitting alone, slight noises made him start.

This was what the man with the thin red face

and the silver white hair was reading: "By his amendment of last night, which, as every one anticipated, was defeated by an over-whelming majority, the member for Slagpool has once more called attention to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary politics. Consistent only in his hopeless inconsistency, and only to be reckoned on for the wholly unexpected, one wonders for what particular purpose the electors of Slagpool ever thought of sending Mr. Winterbourne to Parliament, unless, indeed, it were to make sure that their town should be sufficiently often heard of in the councils of the nation. A politician who is at once a furious Jingo in foreign affairs and an ultra-revolutionary at home; an upholder of the divine rights and liberties of the multitude, who at the same time would, if he could, force them to close every public-house in the country, alike on Sunday and Saturday; a virulent opponent of Vivisection, who nevertheless champions the Game Laws, and who is doubtful about the Abolition of Capital Punish-

ment, probably because he would like to reserve

to himself the right of hanging poachers: it may

be conceded that such a member of Parliament. if he is not to be counted on by any party, or by any section or sub-section of any party—if, indeed, he is ordinarily a good deal more dangerous to his allies than to his enemies—may at least do some service to his constituents by continually reminding the country of their existence, while ministering on the same occasions to his own inordinate vanity. For it is to this-it is to an inordinate vanity, spurred on by an irritable and capricious temper—that we must look for the cause of those spasmodic championships and petulant antagonisms, those erratic appearances and disappearances, those sudden alliances and incomprehensible desertions, which have made of the member for Slagpool the very whirligig and teetotum of modern English politics."

When he had got thus far he stopped. "It sounds like the writing of a young man," he was thinking. "But perhaps it is true. Perhaps that is what I am like. The public press is a mirror. I wonder if that is how I appear to Yolande?

He heard a footstep outside, and immediately thrust away the newspaper from him, face downward. The next moment the door of the room was opened, and the frame-work of the door became the frame-work of a living picture. Mr. Winterbourne's face lightened up with pleasure.

The picture framed by the doorway was that of a young girl of eighteen, singularly tall and strik-ingly fair, who stood there hesitating, timid, half

"Look," she said. "Is it your idea?"

"Is it your idea!" he repeated, peevishly.
"Yolande, you are getting worse and worse in stead of better. Why don't you say, 'Is this what you meant?'"

"Is this what you meant?" she said, promptly, and with a slight foreign accent.

His eyes could not dwell on her for two seconds together and be vexed.

"Come to the mirror, child, and put on your

hat, and let me see the whole thing properly."

She did as she was bid, stepping over to the fire-place, and standing before the old-fashioned mirror as she adjusted the wide-brimmed Rubens hat over the ruddy gold of her hair. For this was an experiment in costume, and it had some suggestion of novelty. The plain gown was of a uniform cream white, of some rough towel-like substance that seemed to cling naturally to the tall and graceful figure; and it was touched here and there with black velvet, and the tight sleeves had black velvet cuffs; while the white Rubens hat had also a band of black velvet round the bold sweep of the brim. For the rest, she wore no ornaments but a thick silver necklace round her throat, and a plain silver belt round her waist, the belt being a broad zone of solid metal, untouched by any graver.

But any one who had seen this young English

girl standing there, her arms uplifted, her hands busy with her hat, would not have wasted much attention on the details of her costume. Her face was interesting, even at an age when gentleness and sweetness are about the only characteristics that one expects to meet with. And although no mere catalogue of her features-the calm clear brow; the wide-apart gray-blue eyes; the aquiline nose; the unusually short upper lip and beautifully rounded chin; her soft and wavy hair glistening in its ruddy gold; and her complexion, that was in reality excessively fair, only that an abundance of freckles, as well as the natural rosecolor of youth in her cheeks, spoke of her not being much afraid of the sun and of the country air although no mere enumeration of these things is at all likely to explain the unnamable grace that attracted people to her, yet there was at least one expression of her face that could be accounted for. That unusually short upper lip, that has been noted above, gave a slight pensive droop to the mouth whenever her features were in repose; so that when she suddenly looked up, with her wide, wondering, timid, and yet trustful eyes, there was something pathetic and wistful there. It was an expression absolutely without intention; it was inexplicable, and also winning; it seemed to convey a sort of involuntary unconscious appeal for gentleness and friendship, but beyond that it had no significance whatsoever. It had nothing to do with any sorrow, suffered or foreshadowed. So far the girl's existence had been passed among the roses and lilies of life; the only serious grievance she had ever known was the winter coldness of the floors in the so-called château in Brittany where she had been educated. And now she was emancipated from the discipline of the Château Cold Floors, as she had named the place; and the world was fair around her; and every day was a day of gladness to her from the first "Good-morning" over the breakfast table to the very last of all the last and lingering "Good-nights" that had to be said before she would let her father go down to put in an ap-

pearance at the House This must be admitted about Yolande Winterbourne, however, that she had two very distinct manners. With her friends and intimates she was playful, careless, and not without a touch of humorous willfulness; but with strangers, and especially with strangers abroad, she could assume in the most astonishing fashion the extreme coldness and courtesy of an English miss. Remember, she was tall, fair, and English-looking; that, when all the pretty, timid trustfulness and mer-riment were out of them, her eyes were wide apart and clear and contemplative; and further, that the good dames of the Chateau Cold Floors had instructed her as to how she should behave when she went travelling with her father, which happened pretty often. At the table d'hôte, with her father present, she was as light-hearted, as talkative, as pleasant, as any one could wish. In the music-room after dinner, or on the deck of a steamer, or anywhere, with her father by accident absent, she was the English miss out and out, and no aside conversations were possible.

"So proud, so reserved, so English," thought many an impressionable young foreigner who had been charmed with the bright, variable, vivacious face as it had regarded him across the white ta-ble cover and the flowers. Yolande's face could

become very calm, even austere on occasion.
"Is it what you meant?" she repeated, turning to him from the mirror. Her face was bright

enough now.

"Oh, yes," said he, rather reluctantly. "I—I thought it would suit you. But you see, Yolande —you see—it is very pretty—but for London—to drive in the Park—in London—wouldn't it be a little conspicuous?"

Her eyes were filled with astonishment; his rather wandered away nervously to the table.

"But, papa, I don't understand you! Every where else you are always wishing me to wear the brightest and lightest of colors. I may wear what I please—and that is only to please you, that is what I care about only—anywhere else; if we are going for a walk along the Lung' Arno, or if we go for a drive in the Portago and the control of th or if we go for a drive in the Prater, yes, and at Oatlands Park, too, I can not please you with enough bright colors; but here in London the once or twice of my visits-

"Do speak English, Yolande," said he, sharply, "Don't hurry so."
"The once or twice I am in London, oh no!

Everything is too conspicuous! Is it the smoke, papa? And this time I was so anxious to please you!—all your own ideas; not mine at all. But what do I care?" She tossed the Rubens hat on to the couch that was near. "Come! What is there about a dress? It will do for some other place, not so dark and smoky as London. Come —sit down, papa—you do not wish to go away to the House yet! You have not finished about Godfrey of Bouillon."

"I am not going to read any more Gibbon to you to-night, Yolande," said he; but he sat down, all the same, in the easy-chair, and she placed herself on the hearth-rug before him, so that the soft ruddy gold of her hair touched his knees. It was a pretty head to stroke.

"Oh, do you think I am so anxious about Gibbon, then?" she said, lightly, as she settled herself into a comfortable position. "No. Not at all. I do not want any more Gibbon. I want you. And you said this morning there would be

nothing but stupidity in the House to-night." "Well, now, Miss Inveigler, just listen to this," said he, laying hold of her by both her small ears. Don't you think it prudent of me to show up as often as I can in the House—especially when there is a chance of a division—so that my good friends in Slagpool mayn't begin to grumble about my being away so frequently? And why am I away? Why do I neglect my duties? Why do I let the British Empire glide on to its doom? Why, but that I may take a wretched school-girl—a wretched, small-brained, impertinent, prattling school-girl—for her holidays, and show her things she can't understand, and plough through museums and picture-galleries to fill a mind that is no better than a sieve? Just think of it. The British Empire going headlong to the mischief all for the sake of an empty-headed school-girl!"

"Do you know, papa, I am very glad to hear that," she said, quietly.

"Glad, are you?"
"Yes," said she, nestling closer to him; "for now I think my dream will soon be coming true." 'Your dream?"

"My dream—the ambition of my life," said she, seriously. "It is all I wish for and hope for. Nothing else—nothing else in the world."
"Bless us all!" said he, with a touch of irony.

What wonderful ambition is this ?"

"It is to make myself indispensable to you," she said, simply.

He took his hands from her ears and put them on her hair, for there were some bits of curls and semi-ringlets about her neck that wanted smooth-

"You are not indispensable, then?" said he "Listen now, papa; it is your turn," she said. "Surely it is a shame that you have wasted so much time on me, through so many years, always coming to see me and take me away, perhaps not a week between, and I am glad enough, for it was always expectation and expectation, and my things always ready, and you, poor papa, wasting all your time, and always on the route, and that such a long way to Rennes. Even at Oatlands Park the same-up and down, up and down, by rail, and then long beautiful days that were very good to me, but were stupid to you, when you were thinking of the House all the time. Very well, now, papa; I have more sense now; I have been thinking; I want to be indispensable to you; I want to be in London with you always; and you shall never have to run away idling, either to the Continent or to Oatlands Park; and you shall never have to think that I am wearying for you, when I am always with you in London. That is it now: that I wish to be your private secretary."

Her demand once made, she turned up her face to him; he averted his eyes.

"No, no, Yolande," he said, hastily, and even nervously. "London won't do for you; it—it wouldn't do at all. Don't think of it even.'

"Papa," said she, "what other member of Parliament, with so much business as you have, is without a private secretary? Why should you answer all those letters yourself? For me, I will learn politics very quickly; I am studying hard; at the chateau I translated all your speeches into Italian for exercises. And just to think that you have never allowed me to hear you speak in the House! When I come to London-yes, for five minutes or half an hour at a time-the ladies whom I see will not believe that I have never once been in the-the what is it called ?-for the ladies to listen in the House? No, they can not believe it. They know all the speakers; they have heard all the great men; they spend the

whole of the evening there, and have many come to see them—all in politics. Well, you see, papa, what a burden it would be taking off your hands. You would not always have to come home and dine with me, and waste so much of the evening in reading to me—no, I should be at the House, listening to you, and understanding everything. Then all the day here, busy with your letters. Oh, I assure you I would make prettier compliments to your constituents than you could think of; I would make all the people of Slagpool who write to you think you were the very best member they could choose. And then—then I should be indispensable to you."

"You are indispensable to me, Yolande. You are my life. What else do I care for?" he said,

"You will pardon me, papa, if I say it is foolish.
Oh, to think now! One's life is more important than that, when you have the country to guard.'

"They seem to think there," said he, with a sardonic smile, and he glanced at the newspaper, "that the country would be better off without me."

It was too late to recall this unfortunate speech. He had thrust aside the newspaper as she entered, dreading that by accident she might see the article, and be wounded by it; but now there was no help for it: the moment he had spoken she reached over and took up the journal, and found her father's name staring her in the face.

"Is it true, Yolande?" said he, with a laugh.

"Is that what I am like?"

As she read, Yolande tried at first to be grandly indifferent—even contemptuous. Was it for her, who wished to be of assistance to her father in public affairs, to mind what was said about him in a leading article? And then, in spite of herself, tears slowly rose and filled the soft grayblue eyes, though she kept her head down, vainly trying to hide them. And then mortification at her weakness made her angry, and she crushed up the paper twice and thrice, and hurled it into the fire; nay, she seized hold of the poker, and thrust and drove the offending journal into the very heart of the coals. And then she rose, proud and indignant, but with her eyes a little wet, and with a toss of her pretty head, she said:

"It is enough time to waste over such folly. Perhaps the poor man has to support a family; but he need not write such stupidity as that. Now, papa, what shall I play for you?" She was going to the piano. But he had risen

"No, no, Yolande. I must be off to the House. There is just a chance of a division; and perhaps I may be able to get in a few words somewhere, just to show the Slagpool people that I am not careering about the Continent with my school-girl. No, no; I will see you safe in your own room, Yolande; and your lamp lit, and everything

snug: then—good-night."
"Already?" she said, with a great disappointment in her face. "Already?"

"Child, child, the affairs of this mighty em-

"What do I care about the empire!" she said.

He stood and regarded her calmly.

"You are a nice sort of person to wish to be private secretary to a member of Parliament!"

"Oh, but if you will only sit down for five minutes, papa," she said, piteously, "I could explain such a lot to you—"

"Oh yes, I know. I know very well. About

the temper madame was in when the curls fell out of her box."
"Papa, it is you who make me frivolous. I

wish to be serious—"
"I am going, Yolande."

She interposed:

"No. Not until you say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you."
"'And I forgive you.'"

"And I forgive you."
"Everything?"
"Everything."

"And I may go out to-morrow morning, as early as ever I like, to buy some flowers for the breakfast table?"

But this was hard to grant.

"I don't like your going out by yourself, Yolande," said he, rather hesitatingly. "You can order flowers. You can ring and tell the waiter-

"The waiter!" she exclaimed. "What am I of use for, then, if it is a waiter who will choose flowers for your breakfast table, papa? It is not far to Covent Garden." "Take Jane with you, then."

"Oh yes."

So that was settled; and he went upstairs with her to see that her little silver reading-lamp was properly lit; and then he bade her the real last good-night. When he returned to the sittingroom for his hat and coat there was a pleased and contented look on his face. "Poor Yolande!" he was thinking; "she is

more shut up here than in the country; but she will soon have the liberty of Oatlands Park again. He had just put on his coat and hat, and was

giving a last look round the room to see if there was anything he ought to take with him, when there was a loud, sharp crash at the window. A hundred splinters of glass fell on to the floor; a stone rolled over and over to the fire-place. He seemed bewildered only for a second; and perhaps it was the startling sound that had made his face grow suddenly of a deadly pallor; the next second—noiselessly and quickly—he had stolen from the room, and was hurriedly descending the stair to the hall of the hotel,

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW BEHIND.

THE head waiter was in the hall, alone, and staring out through the glass door. When he seme one behind him he turned quickly, and there was a vague alarm in his face.



"The-the lady, sir, has been here again." Mr. Winterbourne paid no heed to him, passed him hastily, and went out. The lamp-light show-ed a figure standing there on the pavement—the figure of a tall woman, dark and pale, who had a strange, dazed look in her eyes.

'I thought I'd bring you out!" she said, taunt-

"I thought I'd bring you out?" she said, tauntingly, and with a slight laugh.
"What do you want?" he said, quickly, and under his breath. "Have you no shame, woman? Come away. Tell me what you want."
"You know what I want," she said, sullenly.
"I want no more lies." Then an angrier light blazed up in the impassive, emaciated face. "Who has driven me to it, if I have to break a window? I want no more lies and hidings. I want you to keep your promise; and if I have to break every window in the House of Commons, I will let everybody know. Whose fault is it?"

But her anger seemed to die away as rapidly as it had arisen. A dull, vague, absent look re-

turned to her face. "It is not my fault."

"What madness have you got hold of now?" he said, in the same low and nervous voice; and all his anxiety seemed to be to get her away from the hotel. "Come along and tell me what you want. You want me to keep my promiseto you, in this condition?"
"It is not my fault," she repeated, in a listless

kind of way; and now she was quite obediently and peaceably following him, and he was walk-

and peaceaby following nin, and ne was walking toward Piccadilly, his head bent down.

"I suppose I can guess who sent you," he said, watching her narrowly. "I suppose it was not for nothing you came to make an exhibition of yourself in the public streets. They asked you to go and get some money?" to go and get some money ?"

This seemed to put a new idea into her head: perhaps that had been his intent.

"Yes. I will take them some money if you like," she said, absently. "They are my only friends now—my only friends. They have been kind to me; they don't cheat me with lies and promises; they don't put me off and turn me away when I ask for them. Yes, I will take them some money."

And then she laughed-a short, triumphant laugh.

"I discovered the way to bring some one out," she said, apparently to herself.

By this time they had reached the corner of Piccadilly, and as a four-wheeled cab happened to be passing, he stopped it, and himself opened the door. She made no remonstrance; she seemed ready to do anything he wished.

Here is some money. I will pay the driver." She got into the cab quite submissively, and he man was given the address, and paid. Then the man was given the address, and paid. the vehicle was driven off, and he was left standing on the pavement, still somewhat bewildered, and not conscious how his hands were trembling.

He stood uncertain only for a second or so; then he walked rapidly back to the hotel.

"Has Miss Winterbourne's maid gone to bed yet?" he asked of the landlady.

"Oh no, sir; I should think not, sir," the buxom person answered: she did not observe that his face was pale and his eves nervous.

"Will you please tell her, then, that we shall be going down to Oatlands Park again to-morrow morning? She must have everything ready, but she is not to disturb Miss Winterbourne to-

night."
"Very well, sir."

Then he went into the coffee-room, and found

the head waiter.
"Look here," said he (with his eyes averted); "I suppose you can get a man to put a pane of glass in the window of our sitting-room—the first thing in the morning? There has been some accident, I suppose. You can have it done be-

fore Miss Winterbourne comes down, I mean?" He slipped a sovereign into the waiter's hand.

'I think so, sir. On yes, sir."
'You must try to have it done before Miss

Winterbourne comes down."

He stood for a moment, apparently listening if there was any sound upstairs; and then he opened the door again and went out. Very slowly he walked away through the lamp-lit streets, seeing absolutely nothing of the passers-by, or of the rattling cabs and carriages; and although he bent his steps Westminster-ward, it was certainly not the affairs of the nation that had hold of his mind. Rather he was thinking of that beautiful fair young life—that young life so carefully and tenderly cherished and guarded, and all unconscious of this terrible black shadow behind it. The irony of it! It was this very night that Yolande had chosen to reveal to him her secret hopes and ambition: she was to be always with him; she was to be "indispensable"; the days of her banishment were to be now left behind; and these two, father and daughter, were to be inseparable companions henceforth and forever. And his reply? As he walked along the half-deserted pavements, anxiously revolving many things, and dreaming many dreams about what the future might have in store for her, and regarding the trouble and terrible care that haunted his own life, the final summing up of all his doubts and fears resolved itself into this: If only Yolande were married! The irony of it! She had be sought him, out of her love for him, and out of her gratitude for his watchful and unceasing care of her, that she should be admitted into a closer companionship; that she should become his constant attendant, and associate, and friend; and his answer was to propose to hand her over to another guardianship altogether—the guardianship of a stranger. If only Yolande were married!

The light was burning on the clock tower, and so he knew the House was still sitting; but he had no longer any intention of joining in any de-bate that might be going forward. When he passed into the House (and more than ever he seemed to wish to avoid the eyes of strangers) it was to seek out his friend John Shortlands,

whose rough common-sense and blunt counsel had before now stood him in good stead, and served to brace up his unstrung nerves. The tall, corpulent, big-headed iron-master-who also represented a northern constituency—he at length found in the smoking-room, with two or three companions, who were seated round a small table, and busy with cigars and brandy and soda. Winterbourne touched his friend lightly on the shoulder.

'Can you come outside for a minute?"

"All right."

It was a beautiful, clear, mild night, and seated on the benches on the Terrace there were several groups of people—among them two or three ladies, who had no doubt been glad to leave the stuffy Chamber to have tea or lemonade brought them in the open, the while they chatted with their friends, and regarded the silent, dark river and the lights of the Embankment and Westminster Bridge. As Winterbourne passed them, he could not but think of Yolande's complaint that she had never even once been in the House of Commons. These were, no doubt, the daughters or wives or sisters of members; why should not Yolande also be sitting there? It would have been pleasant for him to come out and talk to her—pleasanter than listening to a dull de-bate. Would Yolande have wondered at the strange night picture—the broad black river, all quivering with golden reflections; the lights on the bridge; the shadowy grandeur of this great building reaching far overhead into the star-lit Others were there; why not she?

The Terrace of the House of Commons is at night a somewhat dusky promenade, when there does not happen to be moonlight; but John Short-lands had sharp eyes; and he instantly guessed from his friend's manner that something had

happened.

"More trouble?" said he, regarding him.

"Voe" said the other. "Well, I don't mind

"Voe " said the other. I t is "Yes," said the other. "Well, I don't mind —I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. It is no new thing."

But he sighed, in spite of his resigned way of

"I have told you all along, Winterbourne, that ou brought it on yourself. You should ha' takyou brought it on yourself. en the ball by the horns.'

"It is too late to talk of it—never mind that ow," he said, impatiently. "It is about Yonow," lande I want to speak to you."

Then he hesitated. In fact, his lip trembled for the briefest part of a second.

"You won't guess what I am anxious for now," said with a sort of uncertain laugh. "You he said, with a sort of uncertain laugh, wouldn't guess it in a month, Shortlands. I am anxious to see Yolande married."

"Faith, that needn't trouble you," said the big iron-master, bluntly. "There II be no difficulty about that. Yolande has grown into a thundering handsome girl. And they say," he added, jocosely, "that her father is pretty well off."

They were walking up and down slowly; Mr. Winterbourne's face absent and hopeless at times, at times almost piteous, and again lightening up as he thought of some brighter future for his

"She can not remain any longer at school," he said at length, "and I don't like leaving her by herself at Oatlands Park or any similar place Poor child! Do you know what her own plans She wants to be my private secretary. wants to share the life that I have been leading all these years.'

"And so she might have done, my good fellow, if there had been any common-sense among the lot o' ye.

"It is too late to speak of that now," the other repeated, with a sort of nervous fretfulness. "But indeed it is hard on the poor girl. She seems to have been thinking seriously about it. And she and I have been pretty close companions, one way or another, of late years. Well, if I could only see her safely married and settled-perhaps living in the country, where I could run down for a day or so-her name not mine-perhaps with a young family to occupy her and make her happy —well, then, I think I should be able to put up with the loss of my private secretary. I wonder what she will say when I propose it. She will be disappointed. Perhaps she will think I don't care for her-when there is just not another creature in the world I do care for; she may think it cruel and unnatural.'

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. Of course a girl like Yolande will get married. Your private secretary! How long would it last? Does she look like the sort of girl who ought to be smothered up in correspondence or listening to debates? And if you're in such a mighty hurry to get rid of her-if you want to get her married at once-I'll tell you a safe and sure way-send her for a voyage on board a P. and O. steamer."

But this was just somewhat too blunt; and Yoinde's father said, angrily:

"I don't want to get rid of her. And I am not likely to send her anywhere. Hitherto we have travelled together, and we have found it answer well enough, I can tell you. Yolande isn't a bale of goods, to be disposed of to the first bidder. If it comes to that, perhaps she will not marry any

"Perhaps," said the other, calmly.

"I don't know that I may not throw Slagpool over and quit the country altogether," he exclaimed, with a momentary recklessness. "Why shouldn't I? Yolande is fond of travelling. She has been four times across the Atlantic now. She is the best companion I know: I tell you I don't know a better companion. And I am sick of the way they're going on here." (He nodded in the direction of the House.) "Government? They don't govern; they talk. A Parliamentary victory is all they think about, and the country going to the mischief all the time. No matter, if they get their majority, and if they can pose before the world as the most moral and exemplary government that ever existed. I wonder they don't

give up Gibraltar to Spain, and hand over Malta to Italy; and then they ought to let Ireland go because she wants to go; and certainly they ought to yield up India, for India was stolen; and then they might reduce the army and the navy, to set an example of disarmament, so that at last the world might see a spectacle-a nation permitted to exist by other nations because of its uprightness and its noble sentiments. Well, that has nothing to do with Yolande, except that I think she and I could get on very well even if we left England to pursue its course of high morality. We could look on-and laugh, as the rest of the world are doing.

"My dear fellow," said Shortlands, who had listened to all this high treason with calmness, "you could no more get on without the excitement of worrying the Government than without meat and drink. What would it come to? You would be in Colorado, let us say, and some young fellow in Denver, come in from the plains, would suddenly discover that Yolande would be an adorning feature for his ranch, and she would discover that he was the handsomest young gentleman she ever saw, and then where would you be? You wouldn't be much good at a ranch. The morning papers would look tremendous empty without the usual protest against the honorable member for Slagpool so grossly misrepresenting the action of the Government. My good might as well try to do without the Speaker."

For a few seconds there."

For a few seconds they walked up and down in silence; at last Winterbourne said, with a sigh,

"Well, I don't know what may happen; but in the mean time I think I shall take Yolande away for another long trip somewhere-

Again? Already?"

"I don't care where; but the moment I find myself on the deck of a ship, and Yolande beside me, then I feel as if all care had dropped away from me. I feel safe; I can breathe free-ly. Oh, by the-way, I meant to ask if you knew anything of a Colonel Graham? You have been so often to Scotland shooting. I thought you

"But there are so many Grahams."

"Inverstroy, I think, is the name of his place."
"Oh, that Graham. Yes, I should think so a lucky beggar. Inverstroy fell plump into his hands some three or four years ago, quite unexpectedly-one of the finest estates in Inverness shire. I don't think India will see him again." "His wife seems a nice sort of woman,"

Mr. Winterbourne, with the slightest touch of interrogation.

"I don't know her. She is his second wife. She is a daughter of Lord Lynn.'

"They are down at Oatlands just now. Yolande has made their acquaintance, and they have been very kind to her. Well, this Colonel Gra-ham was saying the other evening that he felt as though he had been long enough in the old country, and would like to take a P. and O. trip as far as Malta, or Sucz, or Aden, just to renew his acquaintance with the old route. In fact, they proposed that Yolande and I should join them.

"The very thing!" said John Shortlands, facetiously. "What did I say? A P. and O. voyage will marry off anybody who is willing to marry.

"I meant nothing of the kind," said the other, somewhat out of temper; "Yolande may not marry at all. If I went with these friends of hers, it would not be 'to get rid of her,' as you say."
"My dear fellow, don't quarrel with me," said

his friend, with more consideration than was habitual with him. "I really understand your position very well. You wish to see Yolande married and settled in life and removed from—from certain possibilities. But you don't like the sacrifice, and I don't wonder at that; I admit it will be rather rough on you. But it is the way of the world: other people's daughters get married. Indeed, Winterbourne, I think it would be better for both of you. You would have less anxiety. And I hope she'll find a young fellow who is worthy of her; for she is a thundering good girl: that's what I think; and whoever he is, he'll get a prize, though I don't imagine you will be over

well disposed toward him, old chap."
"If Yolande is happy, that will be enough for me," said the other, absently, as Big Ben overhead began to toll the hour of twelve.

By this time the Terrace was quite deserted; and after some little further chat (Mr. Winterbourne had lost much of his necvousness now and of course all his talking was about Yolande, and her ways, and her liking for travel, and her anxiety to get rid of her half-French accent and so forth) they turned into the House, where they separated, Winterbourne taking his seat below the gangway on the Government side, John Shortlands depositing his magnificent bulk on one of the Opposition benches.

There was a general hum of conversation. There was also, as presently appeared, some laborious discourse going forward on the part of a handsome-looking elderly gentleman-a gentleman who, down in the country, was known to be everything that an Englishman could wish to be: an efficient magistrate, a plucky rider to hounds, an admirable husband and father, and a firm be liever in the Articles of the Church of England. Unhappily, alas! he had acquired some other beliefs. He had got it into his head that he was an orator; and as he honestly did believe that talking was of value to the state, that it was a builder up and maintainer of empire, he was now most seriously engaged in clothing some rather familiar ideas in long and Latinized phrases, the while the House murmured to itself about its own affairs, and the Speaker gazed blankly into space, and the reporters in the gallery thought of their courting days, or of their wives and children, or of their supper, and wondered when they were to get home to bed. The speech had a half-somnolent effect; and those who were so inclined had an excellent opportunity for the dreaming of

What dreams, then, were likely to visit the brain of the member for Slagpool, as he sat there with his eyes distraught? His getting up some fateful evening to move a vote of want of confidence in the Government? His appearance on the platform of the Slagpool Mechanics' Institute, with the great mass of people rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs? perhaps some day—for who could tell what changes the years might bring—his taking his place on the Treasury Bench there?

He had got hold of a blue-book. It was the Report of a Royal Commission; but of course all the cover of the folio volume was not printed there were blank spaces. And so, while those laborious and ponderous sentences were being poured out to inattentive ears, the member for Slagpool began idly and yet thoughtfully to pencil certain letters up at one corner of the blue cover. He was a long time about it; perhaps he saw pictures as he slowly and contemplatively formed each letter; perhaps no one but himself could have made out what the uncertain pencilling meant. But it was not of polities he was thinking. The letters that he had faintly pencilled there—that he was still wistfully regarding as though they could show him things far away-formed the word YOLANDE. It was like a lover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jewelry.-Figs. 1-6. See illustrations on double page

For new brooches are shown among the illustrations—Fig. 1, an India coin brooch with a pendant; Fig. 2, a brooch with an enamelled centre framed in wrought gold; Fig. 4, representing three owls on a perch in tinted gold; and Fig. 5, a basket in gold, with turquoise forget-me-nots. Fig. 8 is a bracelet composed of square plaques ornamented with birds in enamel, which are connected by links, and completed a ball pendant. Fig. 6 is a silver collarette necklace to be worn around the close cadet collar of a dress.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. C. A ... The small black and white checked wool would make you a stylish dress made in tailor style with a postilion basque, deep apron over-skirt, and leated skirt trimmed with braid. The lace you mention is unsuitable for such a dress.

EQUESTBIENNE.—Cloth riding-habits are worn at all sensons of the year, are cut with scarcely any full-ness about the hips, and are not trimmed with bright buttons. Use small crocheted buttons the color of the green cloth, and send for the Harper's Bazar pattern of a riding-habit. You should have a travelling cloak made like the Ulster illustrated in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XV., pattern No. 3329. In the same paper is a nuns' veiling and damasse dress that will serve as a model for a black gros grain, while a polonaise illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 38, Vol. XV., will serve for your garnet velvet.

Viola.—About sixteen yards of velveteen would auswer, with a ruche of satin at the foot, and Spanish lace for frimming. The velvet hat would look better faced with velvet of a becoming color than with creamy lace.

EUGENE .- Tulle is seldom used for a wedding dress. as it is considered more appropriate for a debutante than for a bride; but, if used, should be made up in

puffs and many pleatings over a glossy lining of satin.

Evangeline.—Black lace is most used as flounces on black satin, and for skirts to be worn with a colored Pink ottoman silk and China crape of the same shade are more elegant than pink wool for a young lady's evening dress. Your ideas for the short dancing dress are good, viz., a ruche at the foot of an

ottoman silk skirt and a basque of brocade.

Altoz —Either make your velvet cloak altogether tight-fitting, and border it with black fur of long fleece, or else have a short visite made of it, with the plain velvet back reaching just over the tournure, while the front is of the same, but slightly longer, and have new sides forming square sleeves made of brocaded velvet; border the whole with a marabout feather ruche or with chenille fringe that is as thick as a ruche.

H. E. F.—Get brocaded ottoman silk or else plain

oftoman (repped) silk for your cloak, and have a like that just described to "Alice." Line it wadded silk, which can now be bought very low, or else with plush.

E. Sr.-Your cinnamon brown wool is a fashionable shade, and will look well made up by any of the designs lately illustrated for cashmere dresses, either plain or in combination, whichever you may find best suits your figure and your age.

A STUDENT .- We can give you no further information about the prize essay for the French Academy, ELIZABETH. - A conventional design suggests instead

of copying the objects it represents.

A Fairno,—Wear pale pearl-colored Swedish long gloves with your travelling dress. Your friends are bound to call on you, after your reception, before you

call on them. INQUIRER.-The only mention of the Sandeman Islands and the strange customs that prevail therein is tound in the unpublished narratives of Marco Polo, Baron Munchausen, and other ancient travellers. They have evidently not been in the path of later explorers. and are not laid down, to our knowledge, on any modern man. Their revival is due wholly to the audacious spirit of the daring author of Wedding Cake.

B. F. M .- The brown shaded feather will answer with green dresses as well as with brown. The embroidered cashmere dresses come in patterns that cost from \$15 to \$50, according to their quality and quantity

Mus. P.—A dark green jacket of lady's cloth, or one of inexpensive green velvet, would be prettiest with your green poplin skirts. One of the most stylish models is the braided jacket illustrated on page 740 of Bazar No. 47, Vol. XV.

HAZEL .- Do not attach curtains of two kinds to one pole. Have two widths of the raw silk instead of one silk and one lace curtain.

ELIZABETH -Do not wear a veil with a colored wedding dress. Get a good oftoman silk and velvet for a useful and handsome short costume, to which you might have a train buttoned on to wear in the evening.
If you get a light dress, have pearl-color or blue, but for a dark suit have one of the red shades, seal brown, olive, or else electric blue. A bonnet made of the velvet and silk of this dress will also be pretty to use with your black Rhadames dress. A dark cashmere or cloth dress, with a small felt bonnet trimmed with velvet, will be appropriate for travelling.

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Fig.1.—Appliqué Lace for Dresses, etc.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Cloth and Velvet Dress with Fur Trimming.
Back and Front.—Cut Pattern, No. 3366: Basque, Over-Skiet, and Round Skirt, 20 Cents each.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 31-41.



For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Embroidery in Chenille and Beads for Dresses and Wrappings.—Reduced. Digitized by Google

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IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAR," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE DOWER HOUSE.

"Poor young man! After all, he is to be

They were discussing the young doctor at the Dower House. They often discussed him, both here and elsewhere. Besides his good looks and good manners, and the wonderful cures which were every now and then reported of him, there was an element of the unknown in his history which made him interesting and dramatic. He was not like one of themselves, born and bred in the place, of whom nothing unexpected could be discovered, and by whom nothing unusual could be done. For all his year's sojourn and good conduct, Dr. St. Claire was still essentially a "dark" member of the community: and though no one knew anything to his disadvantage, no one could swear that there was nothing to know, and that his moral bill of health was clean all through A tragedy in the past was by no means improbable; and English county families of assured respectability, whose social ledgers are public property to be read by all, regard a tragedy in a man's history as cousin-german to a crime. A maniacal father, a murdered mother, even a brother hanged in war-time by mistake for a spysuch things as these throw a blight over the family tree, and blast the little twigs as well as the parent bole. And who could be quite sure that some such fatal blemish did not mar the perfect respectability of the St. Claire records? It was a possibility and a doubt; and the young doctor had the benefit, crosswise delivered.

Moved by this element of the unknown, Theo dosia Barrington had always been fond of talking of him. She was fond of talking on all subjects, having that facility of speech which is like nothing so much as the incessant trickle of a leaking spout. And of late, having in remembrance those stars in their courses which had fought against his peace, and the yearning look in his eyes that had emphasized his sad little smile -believing that the handsome young doctor suffered from a secret wound of which she was the cause, and of which she alone knew the existence -she spoke of him more than ever, and always with a curious under-tone of tenderness breaking through her words, as if she had gathered him under the edges of her lace lappet for shelter and protection. So now, when sitting with her sister and mother in law, she said, with a half-conscious little smile:

"Poor young man! After all, he is to be pitied!"

Why is he to be pitied?" asked Monica

She was bending over her wood-work, but she straightened herself in her chair, and raised her soft, gray, dreamy eyes with frank astonishment in their look as she said again, "Why, Theo?" "He is so much better than his station—so

much beyond his natural associates," said Theo-

dosia, rather primly.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Barrington, for one of the rare times in her life agreeing with her daughter-in-law. "He might almost be a real gentleman for manners and appearance. It is a pity that he should look so much like a man of family and fortune, and so little like what he is. He is nothing now—neither a gentleman nor a merely professional man. It is really a great pity." "Is he not a gentleman, mother?" asked

She was still bending over her wood-work; and this time she neither straightened herself nor

"Not what we mean by the word, my dear," answered Mrs. Barrington, with the calm simplicity of confessed superiority. "Not a gentle-

man like your brother or Edward Formby. Theodosia gave a short laugh. "Well, no, not exactly," she said, with a proud

little toss of her small smooth head. Immediately after, she softened. "Still, he is to be pitied," she said, in a compassionate voice; and this time Monica did not ask Why?

But Mrs. Barrington, looking at her daughter.

in-law-" Anthony's wife," as she generally called

her—said in deprecation:

"I do not see why, Theodosia. On the contrary, I think he has got on here exceedingly well, and has done far better than might have been expected. Very few young men would have done so well, coming as he did without letters of introduction or personal patronage of any kind—as if he had dropped from the clouds. Why do you' say he is to be pitied, my dear? You know that I disapprove of all false sentiment; and surely this is very false sentiment indeed!"

"We do not know all his private life, and he often looks very sad," said Theodosia in the same prim way as before. It was a way she had when she wanted to exasperate her husband's mother.

Again Monica looked up, with the same aston-ishment in her eyes as before, but she did not

"You seem to have studied him very closely. my dear," said Mrs. Barrington, with slight but

evident displeasure.

"I am fond of watching people," returned Theodosia, carelessly; "and I have watched Dr. St. Claire sometimes. And I always fancy that he has had some great sorrow in his life. In fact, I am sure of it."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Barrington,

slightly but certainly displeased.
"What kind of sorrow?" asked Monica, changing her tool.

"Perhaps he has loved above himself-loved hopelessly," returned Theodosia, with a breathed and wholly compassionate sigh. " returned Theodosia, with a half-

"My dear Theodosia, what extraordinary ideas you have!" again remonstrated Mrs. Barrington, this time almost angrily, certainly with a brisk ness of disfavor rare from her to all the world save Anthony's wife, but by no means rare to her 'I should hope that Dr. St. Claire is far too wellprincipled a young man to permit himself such a folly. What very remarkable fancies you have, my dear child! It is a pity you encourage them

as you do."
"One can not help one's thoughts, mamma," said Theodosia, sharply. "I always thought one's mind at least was free. And I do not see the good of brains at all if one may not use them."

"Use them, yes: but in a proper manner," returned Mrs. Barrington.

"Is thinking that a young man may have had an unfortunate love affair, because he looks unhappy, such an improper manner?" said Theodosia, pertly. "I think it very natural."

"And I, on the contrary, think it a little indel-

icate in a young woman like you to indulge in such ideas at all," said Mrs. Barrington, coldly. She was naturally a sweet-tempered and patient

kind of woman, but nothing tried her so much as this want of solidity, this flightiness, of Anthony's wife, who was always pursuing some phantom or running away from some shadow. Now she was crazed with the dread of infection, when she insisted on the purification of the whole neighbor-hood by such floods of carbolic acid that an Oakhurstian might be known half a mile off. Now she could not sleep at night for fear of burg-lars, when every door and window at the Manor had to be fitted up with pistols and alarm-bells, while savage dogs roamed loose about the premises at night, and frightened the laborers and house-servants nearly out of their senses in the morning. Now she took up the cause of the Continental poor, and advocated communistic doctrines and peasant proprietorship for every country but her own; and now she violently pat-ronized some local duck, who she was determined should prove a swan in the ugly stage, presently to manifest his inherited royalty by some grand flight heavenward—which was like insisting that a fire-balloon was a star. Now it was art and now it was charity. "Mind" was once her fa-vorite hobby, and reading societies, essay societies, pen and pencil societies, were its trappings; and then she grew tired of intellect, and went into the most prosaic actuality—to learning how to cook potatoes and scour saucepans, how to clean grates, and how to trim lamps. But nothing lasted long; so that she was really as fatiguing to consecutive people as if she had been a will-o'-the-wisp dancing before them. And especially was she fatiguing to old Mrs. Barrington, who could not bear much mental unrest, and whose brain had long ceased to receive new impressions and to travel along new paths of thought. If she had had children, thought her mother-in-law, she would have been far wiser and steadier than she was now; and it was a thousand pities that she had had none. But though Mrs. Barrington said euphemistically that it was unfortunate, in her heart she held it as blamable: and her regret that Theodosia had not done her duty to the family and the estate by giving Anthony an heir was undeniably as much resent-ment as sorrow. She thought her daughter-inlaw as light-minded and unpractical here as in other things; and her childlessness was less a misfortune than a fault. Mrs. Barrington was not the only good woman who had fallen foul of nature as if it were a crime.

'Indelicate, mamma!" retorted Theodosia. "If it is indelicate to fall in love, what was I when I married your son? and what were vou and my own mother? How can it be indelicate when everybody does it?"

'See how well I am getting on with my frame, Theo," said Monica in the sudden way of a person who, absorbed in her own pursuit, has heard nothing of the conversation eddying round her. "I have almost finished it now. Is it not pretty?"

"No," said Theodosia, shortly. "The acorns are too big and the leaves are too stiff."

"Are they?" said Monica, holding the frame at

a little distance, and looking as if she thought her sister's criticism serious and worth consideration.

With no pretension to beauty or genius in any supreme degree, Monica was a girl whom half the world called sweet and the other half clever. She had never been known to say an unkind thing or to do a foolish one, and she was always ready to give help of a gentle and feminine kind to those who needed it. But she was not one of the active members of society, and she waited to be sought rather than went forward to seek. Since her father's death and their removal to the Dower House, two years ago, she and her mother had lived very retired lives, mainly devoted to graceful little industries, local charities, and each other. They let the busy world rush by them unheeded, and shared in none of its follies and but few of its pleasures. People said it was a pity that poor Miss Barrington did not go out more; and their compassion was genuine. To judge by appearances, however, it was a waste of force; for Monica seemed to be entirely content with life as she found it made for her by duty and her mother's will. And human nature having the beneficent power of falling into habits which satisfy by repetition, as well as into those which pall by monotony, she had fallen into the habit of quiet domesticity and daughterly devotion, and wanted no more than what she had.

There was a curiously still and gentle atmosphere about these ladies—a kind of moral perfume which reminded one of the faint sweet scent of dried rose leaves. They had a subtle charm of which no one could precisely define the cause, yet of which all were conscious. It was not only in Mrs. Barrington's pale, pure, passionless face, which had suce been beautiful and was still love-

ly in its own sad gentle way; not only in her smooth white hair, like a silver line beneath her widow's cap, nor in her gentle smile, nor yet in that air of sympathy matched with purity which made so many tell her their sorrows, but none their sins. It was not only in Monica's soft gray eyes, full of that thought which is not born of observation, of those dreams which are unspoken desires, of those aspirations which are impossible as hopes and not sufficiently substantial to be regrets-those dreams, those aspirations, which belong to women whose experience is limited, and who imagine what they have neither seen nor felt-not even in the soft and melodious voice which each had alike, nor in the gentle courtesies which also each had alike. It was not only in their patent purity, which libertines would have respected and saints would have honored. It was not in one thing nor yet in another, but in all, like that perfume of dried rose leaves mixed with aromatic herbs and odoriferous gums which diffused itself over the whole house-faint, delicate subtle, and uncatalogued, but interpenetrating and characteristic. Some called them lady-like, not knowing how else to qualify them; and some called them old-fashioned, where the epithet was for praise, not reproach; some said they were "so good," which was a wide sweep, and some "so quiet," which was a narrow range; but all agreed that no fault could be found with them, save such as was contained in that regretful pro test from the lively and energetic: "It was a pity poor Miss Barrington did not go out more, and that her mother held her so close."

Perhaps, too, there was the faintest echo of dissatisfaction in the question which for the last three years people had been asking of each other: "When was Miss Barrington going to marry?" She was twenty-three now, and at twenty-three a girl ought to be thinking of getting settled if she is to settle at all. It is not good to marry too early, according to English notions; but it is not wise to wait too long; and Monica had waited quite long enough.

She ought to make up her mind and take Mr. Edward Formby of Hillside. He was the husband manifestly designed for her by Providence. Age, station, rent-roll, the lay of the land, and her brother Anthony's desire were all in his favor, and should influence her decision. The alliance had been arranged by the public, speaking as one man, ever since the birth of the little lady at the Manor had followed by seven years that of the heir of Hillside. But at twenty-three and thirty respectively, the two were still uncoupled; and people could not make out whose fault it was, nor why. Anthony, who was twelve years older than his sister, had been married for the last nine; but, as has been said, his wife was childless, which made it all the more incumbent on Monica to continue the family and frustrate the hopes of a certain Major James Barrington of the Artillery, an obnoxious cousin now out in India with his battery. Being the heir, the Major was naturally looked on as a robber and an enemy; and though a fine fellow enough to his family and friends, his future occupancy of the estates was regarded as one of the direst misfortunes that could befall Oakhurst, the Manor, or the Barringtons. Far better one of their immediate own, though only on the spindle side-far better a Formby-Barrington than an uncle's son born on the outside of the groove, and brought up with a different shibboleth! But, in spite of all this strong lateral pressure, the thing had not come off as it should have done, and speculation exhausted itself in vain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Felt Bonnet. See illustration on double page.

This bonnet is of flax gray felt, with terra-cotta velvet trimming. The front is faced on the inside with self-colored satin, and three pleated frills of velvet, edged with a fringe of cherille and beads, are set around the outside. A blas scarf of the velvet is folded around the front, and forms the strings. A terra-cotta ostrich tip and an aigrette are on the left side.

Crochet Jacket for Child from 1 to 2 Years Old.

See illustration on double page.

Crochet Jacket for Child from 1 to 2 Years Old.

See illustration on double page.

This jacket is worked with dark red zephyr wool, partly in plain and partly in fancy Afghan stitch. It is trimmed with a white border, with raised scallops in red. Begin at the left front edge with a foundation of 36 ch. (chain stitch); in plain Afghan stitch or tricoté each round consists of two rows, in the first of which the needle is put through each stitch of the foundation or of the preceding row, and the wool is pulled through for a loop; in the second row the loops are worked off the needle by pulling the wool through the first loop at the end, and then, throughout, through two loops at a time, the one last formed and the next of those that were on the needle taken together. Work the 1st round in plain Afghan stitch. In the 2d round work as follows: ** take up a loop out of the perpendicular vein of the next first st. (stitch), as in plain Afghan, then put the wool around the needle, take up a loop out of the perpendicular vein of the next fix, work it off together with the wool around the needle, work a double crochet into the same vein, and having worked it off, keep the resulting st. on the needle; repeat from ** to the end of the row, and for the second row work off as in plain Afghan stitch. Continue to repeat these 2 rounds throughout the jacket, but in the repetitions take up the loops for the first row of the 1st round, not out of the double vein, and in the 2d round alternate the pattern, bringing the fancy stitches between those in the last 2d round. To shape the jacket proceed as follows: in the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th repetitions of the two rounds increase by 1 st. each at the neck end, and in the 6th leave 10 st. aside for the shoulder. To form the armhole work the 7th repetition on the 18 st. nearest the bottom, the 8th only on 12 st., and the 9th like the 7th; at the close of the 9th fasten off, add 20 ch. at the end of the round, and connect them to the last st. in the 6th repetition, where the shoulder; work

them all up again in the 9th. Overseam the sleeves on the wrong side, and set them into the armholes. For the collar turn the jacket on the wrong side, and take up the st. at the neck, and work on these 3 repetitions of the pattern, widening by several st. at the middle of the back in the 2d and 3d. For the white border on the jacket work 5 rounds in plain Afghan stitch with white zephyr wool; and for the red scallops on the surface of it work as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the 1st st. of the 1st round, then alternately 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the following 4th st. 2d round.—1 sc. cound.—Alternately 2 sc. separated by 4 ch. on the middle sc. of the next 7, working through the edge of the white band at the same time, and 3 ch. Set buttons and loops for fastening down the front, and tassels on the back of the collar.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NOBA'S LOVE TEST," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," ETC.

FELT it to be a promise, though I made no answer in words; I only kissed the lips that bade me tell it all, and went silently from the room, half blinded by my tears.

But the promise shall be kept. I will take out the diary that, a year ago, I locked away, meaning never again to look upon it until, as an old woman, patient and at rest, I could look back and see a glory shining on the darkest day of all. The promise shall be kept, and I will re-live last summer-time, even though its great anxiety must weigh with the old heaviness upon my heart, and bring that one anguished cry re-echoing in my

July 19, 1881.

I had sat on the pier for hours undisturbed. No men ever worry me to walk with them, as Selina says they worry her; no men entreat me to play tennis with them, as Clara says they entreat her; no men urge upon me the fact that life is unendurable without me, as Reby says they urge it upon her. I do not forget that I am thirty-one, a terrible age—as Selina often says, regretting that she is the sister next to me, and reminding everybody that the brothers who came between us died-but surely more terrible for me than for her, for she looks so very much younger that she need not mind, while the surest sign that I look my age is the fact that no one ever asks it. I hear my sisters and their girl acquaintances chatting over their ages and birthdays, but they always leave me outside the circle of such talk. I suppose there must be in the world a great number of women who through all their lives are overlooked, so why should not I be one among

I was thinking this, in a new mood of jealous discontent, this very afternoon, though I was not jealous of my sisters, fashionably attired, strolling with friends and admirers up and down the pier. I was even sorry for them—as I have been often lately-when Archie Gavin, catching sight of me alone left Reby's side and came over to me, with an eagerness which gave the lie to the affected indifference of his drawling question,

"Where is Miss Keveene all this time, Bar-

"Why ask me," I said, a little pettishly, "for you told me last night that you were uncomfortable with her."

"So I am," assented Archie; "I believe because she influences mc. No man likes to be influenced."

"No," said I, sedately, and then let him pass on, without telling him that speck upon the sea was the little boat in which Mary Keveene had been for hours alone. Then my heart began to beat, for my eyes had gone beyond Archie's slim retreating figure, and I saw Denis enter the pier after his six hours' tramp. In his gray knickerbocker suit, coarse gray stockings, and big gray woollen Tam o' Shanter, he looked shabby rather, and not handsome; yet—as ever—he was a strik-ing figure; a man who can never be among men, as I am among women, overlooked. Tall, wide-shouldered, with strong steadfast eyes, straight

powerful chin. 'Where's Miss Keveene?" he asked, in his straightforward way, and then I knew-if not before-of whom I was so meanly jealous. I stood revealed to myself a despicable jealous wo-

nose, and straight mustache above a square and

"Do vou want her?" I asked, but am thankful to say the bad unworthy spirit died almost suddenly as I met his earnest, unsuspicious eyes,

"Yes, I want her. Do not you, Barbara?" "Archie seems to think her a disturbing element," I said, with an inexplicable little sigh. "Some women are."

"Fortunately for us some are not," he added, with a kind glance into my plain face, while I knew how his eyes must be longing for the one he sought. Denis is always so kind to me; but then, of course, father used to be fond of him, and he will always remember that and be our friend, though I often see an irrepressible sareasm parting his firm lips over some of mother's

"Does she talk of going on soon to her relatives in Scotland?"

"No; she says there is no hurry," I answered, smiling over his unthinking "she" after the silent pause.

Your mother does not care for her."

I noticed that he did not say "your sisters," yet they cared even less for her than mother did, and indeed I sympathized with them, for in spite of their striking complexions and toilettes, they sink into the background beside Mary Keveene, who yet has no more color in her cheeks than in her chin or forehead.

"But mother will never be anything but friendly," I said, "for Uncle Steven came from Cork in the same vessel with Miss Keveene, and took a fancy to her; and when he found she was going



^{*} Begun in Habper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVL.

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to stay in Weymouth for a time-I believe it was a sudden decision of hers to delay her visit to Scotland—he asked mother to be kind and hospita-

land—he asked mother to be kind and hospita-ble to her; and you know Uncle Steven doubles mother's income for her."
"But," said Denis, "Miss Keveene is rich enough to dispense with any hospitality or friendliness from any of us, and certainly she makes no secret of the fact that she is indifferent to it." "No, my belief is that she cares for no one,

"No, my belief is that she cares for no one,"
I declared, uttering at last a thought which had
rankled within me for long.

"I think," said Denis, in that good way of
his to me which is never unkind, yet never untruthful, "that she cares for you, Barry."

He used the name that Mary herself had given me this very morning, and no wonder my heart best and the red flamed in my thin cheeks; for through all my thirty-one years no one had called me anything but Barbara before.

"For me? It is impossible!"

"Well, say almost," corrected Denis, honestly.
"She is growing to do so; I can see it in her face.
I suppose she never speaks to you of her past?" "No; but I am not one to whom she naturally

"No?" smiling; then in an instant grave again "Did you ever notice what terrible and puzzled. "Did you ever notice what terrible possibilities there are in her face?" "There are in all beautiful faces," I said, with

one of my bad, spiteful feelings, and my gaze so firmly fixed upon the great white effigy of King George, cut upon the hill-side, that I did not see Denis walk on up the pier, though I understood it all when my eyes came back to rest upon the water-lilies on Selina's sunshade, as she bore down upon me just in time to be too late for my companion. It was quite half an hour before I could summon courage to follow Denis, thinking Miss Keveene would have landed; but when I reached the steps he stood looking down, and Mary sat in her boat below, calm, cool, debonair as ever. How can I describe this manner of hers, any more than I can describe her face? I remember how lamely Uncle Steven had said, "Oh. she's young, and tall, and dark-eyed"; and as I stood looking down upon her, and she looking up, I excused Uncle Steven for not trying to go beyond this, though she seemed dark-eyed only because the gray eyes were shaded by such long black lashes. A French assertion came into my black lashes. head: "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," and with it a sense of compensation. Yet what a pang of jealousy was in my heart that very hour, when Denis, after briefly welcoming me, turned his gaze so hurriedly back! I—yes, I was jealous, though in the first hour I saw her I had felt inclined to cross the room and merely touch her, in a sort of gratitude to her for being so pretty!

It is not her beauty alone which puzzles me,

and which I can not understand; though there is a positive power in the calm grave sweep of brow and the beautiful eyes, which contrasts as strangely with the sweet tender lips as the natural simple girlish manner contrasts with a certain indescribable bitterness most ungirl-like. clear look in the gray Irish eyes gives the face a wonderful purity and innocence, yet there is a fire in them sometimes—indeed, I can not decide that it is ever quite absent—so scornful and derisive that it seems to betray years of contempt-uous knowledge of the world. Yet though at times bitter words are uttered by the beautiful lips, and a supercilious expression curves the delicate white chin, the girl seems infolded in such an unutterable sadness that though when I see bow her presence charms the men surrounding her I am sorry for my sisters, I am always, strange to say, sorrier for her. Still I envy her often, as I envied this afternoon, the ease with which she could refuse all Mr. Vesey's persuasions to leave her boat. What would I not give to be able to speak to him so coolly, so indifferently! not like the other girls, gushing and chatting, and looking amused; for she often frowns and rarely smiles; not bridling or coloring, for I have not once seen the faintest rose tint on the creamy whiteness of her face; and never taken by surprise to tremble and be a fool like myself. It must be new to him to be treated with such utter indifference, and such plain evidence that he is nothing to her, for to so many others he is-not nothing. He must see that he is one among many to her, that she is the same to all, indifferent, distant, sarcastic, yet easy, debonair, and never really ungracious. It amuses me greatly to listen to the various opinions of her, always given so freely to me, for I am one of those women who are made receptacles of others' opinions. All find fault, more or less, yet all seek her -I mean all find fault except Denis. He never does, however she treats him, and it is by this that I know he is growing to love her in the oldfashioned way, with single-hearted, entire devo-tion. Growing? Has grown; and as I often and often say to myself, how could it be otherwise? the loveliness of her pale face and rich dusky hair, the eyes that darken so beautifully, yet sometimes seem to shine in rays through the long lashes, or for that nameless grace that makes her the one on whom one's eyes must rest in any group, but even for that contradictory, puzzling bewitchment which perplexes me, and makes me sometimes cry to myself, in pettish argument against my growing interest in her, "No, I will not grow fond of a woman who is hard and bitter and untrustful, who believes good of no one, and certainly loves no one." I had agreed with Uncle Steven when he spoke of Miss Keveene as high-spirited and keen-witted, but I disagreed uncomfortably when he added true-hearted. Where did he read it, and why could not I? Yet why could I not read its opposite?

The girls came up to me-or rather to Denis and talked for some time in their chatty way, but through it all Mary sat still in her little boat in the corner formed by the pier steps, only looking up when specially addressed.
"When any one's lower lashes curl so much

down, and the higher ones up, what a pert look it gives a face!" observed Clara to me in a whisper; and I tried to smile and assent, because I was sorry for them all, seeing that one of Miss Keveene's glances was more to Denis than all their entertainment and badinage.

I think it was because he stood so persistently ready to assist her that Mary did not show the slightest inclination to land, for not till all had gone but he, and she must have seen he was not to be evaded, did she leave the boat. And then she hurried after us, and walked among us, talking very little, but when she did, almost cruelly, it seemed to me, in jesting cynicism of the people around us, and utterly indifferent to or unconscious of the very marked observation she elicited. even in her plain blue cloth dress, with only a band of the same color round her black and white sailor hat, and leathern gauntlets half-way up her With the bearing of a princess, and that lovely face, was it strange that no one could com-pare with her among all we met?

"How soon people get into the way of staring at any new face!" Selina said, as we strolled to the esplanade; but of course she knew Mary Ke-

veene had been as long in Weymouth as we had.

Just then mother met us, and asked Mary to dine with us that evening, while I colored with vexation, because I knew she could not accept such a very chilling invitation, and took refuge in gazing up at the ugly statue a loyal town is rais-

ing to the King who patronized it.
"Thank you, Mrs. Oswell, not to-day," said Mary, quietly; and mother tried not to look relieved. Even here, as in our Queen Anne house in Chiswick, mother can not resist getting up little dinners for two or three well-selected young men, and how can she honestly welcome Mary when she can not prevent Archie Gavin turning from Reby's glowing face to gaze into the clear sweet depths of Mary's wonderful eyes, with no attention to bestow on others while he needs all his not too abundant wits to keep alert in conversation with her? Or, worse still, when she can not prevent Denis Vesey's straight, direct gaze pass-ing over Selina's rather unneat æsthetic presentment, and betraying, in a frank and manly way,

his honest admiration for our guest?
"Barbara," said Mary, rather suddenly, as Denis escorted mother over to our rooms, Selina on his other side, "will you come in after your dinner and have coffee in my room? They will spare you then, and I'm sick of myself and of Silla." "Who is Silla?" I asked, feebly, while I cogi-

tated over the possibility of joining her, surprised

at myself for being so glad.
"My maid, she calls herself, but sometimes I get the fancy she is a dragon perpetually watching me, and I fly from her eyes—and her mouth."

Is she so-"So harmless, so industrious, so everything that's meek," said Mary, with a curt laugh. "She is only a dragon to my disordered fancy when wanting solitude, yet hating the self who needs must share my solitude—I join her, and let her

"What a curious name Silla is!"

"Oh, her name is Drusilla, of course. I only choose those syllables to remind me that even that horror has a lower depth—a Charvbdis beyond."

"Why do you keep her?" I inquired, in my practical way

"I am rich, you know, and when my uncle's money came to me, of course I forgot how to do

anything for myself, as I had done everything for three-and-twenty years before. It was an utter necessity for me to have a maid. She is Irish, with the hideous mouth of the normal Irishwoman, and sometimes, when I watch it, I positively tremble lest it should open."

"Why did you choose this Drusilla?"
"Oh, I like her. You don't understand. Any other maid would be worse."

Then I watched her into the great hotel which used to be King George's summer residence, and noticed her unconscious reception of the looks of interest and admiration given by a little group of gentlemen in the portico; and while she went on, infolded, as it seemed to me, in a mystery that kept her solitary, I wondered how the same girl could be so nervously timid toward a mere so ant, and yet so indifferent to all the men who

sought her favor. It was comparatively early when, our dinner over, I went to Miss Keveene's sitting-room; for we all dine early enough to have a saunter in the gardens afterward. Mary was sitting at the window when I entered, looking out, though she had an old book in her hand, and she went back to the same position when she had taken my hat and fur collar, and drawn me an easy-chair near her, putting her book away. She had on a soft white dress, with a band of dead gold satin round the waist, and soft falling laces at the neck and wrists, and though it was a very simple dress, yet in the tender evening light she looked so beautiful that even I could scarcely turn my eyes away as willing to sit in silence as she was; indeed, it is always a treat to me, and not one I can often indulge in. It was an exquisite evening, and the shrill glad voices of the children could not disturb the low, slow music of the sea. But though I sat looking out, my thoughts were on the beautiful girlish form near me. Rich, and young, and beautiful, yet looking unhappy, as she was look-What use was wealth to her? What ing then! could it give her save costly clothing, and could she look less lovely whatever she wore? I smiled as I thought of the difference from myself, how I might spend a fortune on myself, and know it wasted!

"It was kind of you to come," said Mary at last, for a moment arching her white fingers above her eyes, as she looked far over the shining waters of the Channel, "from your cheerful party.

"I like this," said I, in my usual unvarnished manner, waking to the conviction that though I was silent I had not been, as is usual with me in any society, thinking what I could say.

not listen from our windows. There is so much noise within that I can not hear those lapping little waves come in to their dreamy end upon the shore.'

From who knows how far and deep an im-"From who knows how far and deep an impulse!" put in Mary, almost hurriedly. "Can you ever feel quite gay by the sea, Barry? Doesn't it drink all gladness into itself? Yet to-morrow it will weary me, laboring with the mighty secret it can never tell; longing for the perfect rest it can never win. A weary monster, hungry, tireless, homeless, hopeless, endless."

"What different moods you have!" I said, smiling. "But that is no new thought of mine. I sometimes feel you have a different mood for every person you speak to." And this could not have been a mere fancy of mine, for she might have been twenty girls for the varied verdicts I

had heard pronounced upon her.
"The sea is so much to me! I want to die with the sound of it in my ears, and the love of it in

my heart."
"You lived near it?"

"Once."

"Then went away?" "No. Then ceased to live at all."

I could not answer. I knew many people would show a sympathy which would woo her on to confidence, but I am so awkward! I stop to think, and that is fatal.

"You mean when you grew rich?" I hazarded at last.

"When I grew poor," she corrected, with a painful laugh; "years before my Australian uncle's fortune came to me as next of kin—to me, a village school-mistress on the Irish coast! That was only six months ago, but since those other awful days
—how many years is it? Three long years, and I have seen no beauty since in anything or any

one."
"But then it was different?" I suggested, stu-

pidly.
"Then! Oh, the freshness and gladness of the and the resences and gladness of the spring, with its promised wealth of bud and bloom and verdure! Oh, the scents and tints from those cottage windows of mine!—the sunlight on the trees or water. Do the wild flowers clothe the valleys now all summer-time from the hawthorn bloom till the acorns fall? Does the heath make the hill-side lovely? Do the birds in very gladness set to music all the poems of the flowers? Not now," she said, pushing the dusky hair from her white forchead. "They all teach one bitter lesson now—love for love, hate for hate,

I never had much money at a time, but at that moment I would have given all I had to know how to say what would soothe those low, concentrated tones, and cool the feverish brightness of the beautiful eyes. I thought of everything—a hundred things—and the more I thought, the less I knew. Just then there burst an old melody from a feeble cornet very much out of tune, and this put a commonplace remark into my head.
"You were very much surprised, I suppose, to

inherit such a fortune?"
"Surprised!" The straight delicate brows came down into a frown, and I saw then that poverty had not taught her the bitterness she showed. "It was years too late for surprise for "It was years too late for surprise for Barbara, can you imagine such a dreadful thing as to wish to be what the apostle holds up to man's horror—'past feeling?'" "I would not like to be so, Mary."

"No," she said, speaking uncertainly, almost as if in a dream; "but you have not had heartache eating your very life, until-until- Can you fancy being conscious of such a terrible capacity for evil that you don't know whether you will do the evil, or have already done it?—until you don't know which is worse, the power to do the wrong without the will to prevent, or the consciousness of having done it without the will to

"Mary, you want change," said I, anxiously.
"Change? No; I have change forever. It is rest I want, and sleep. Who says of sleep, heritage, it seems to me, worth being poor to hold in fee? Why, poverty is sometimes as sweet as sleep itself. Barbara"—she suddenly rose and stretched her hands before her—"why do you let me talk to you so? When you kindly come to eer me I have no right to even remember what Silla calls my bad rest. It will be all right some day"—pressing her white fingers on the fringed lids—"and I shall sleep. 'Her goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade.' Is that it? Come, let us go out of this great aching place."

"Yes," said I, stupidly, wondering why her room should be a great aching place to her, when she looked so easily and prettily at home in it, especially just then, for a waiter had brought in

the coffee, and she began daintily presiding at the little table she had drawn to her side. "We will go out and see the people," she said, but looked the while into the calm fair sky, as the music of the band in the gardens came to us in softened tones. "Barry, I have a thought," she went on presently. "I will give a picnic on Portland Island. A lunch in the prettiest part if there are any pretty parts—at two o'clock, and entire independence of action before and aft-Will that do, or is it too unconventional? I will ask whoever you think your mother and sisters will like, and will arrange with the waiters here; but you and I will go over together early, and see the island first, catching a glimpse of the convicts, perhaps, we two only, if your mother will spare you. We can afterward think how to

I smiled at the notion of there being a doubt about mother sparing me, and also at the consciousness that they would all spare Mary as willingly, both before and after lunch.

There," she went on, as we sipped our coffee. "is the imbecile old man and the Hebe-like girl who always walks beside him. Don't you pity

"No," I said, looking down upon the pretty ace. "I could pity her if she were plain and face. -growing old."

Mary turned sharply and looked into my thin ain face. "Only then?" she queried. "Do youth and prettiness save us from our greatest troubles? The horror of seeing—of watching ah!" with a sudden change, "that girl's heart is full, and she has to walk to and fro, to and fro, hours, and hours, and hours, every day; meeting girls with lovers, with mothers, with fathers, with sisters; laughing, happy, merry-hearted girls; and she will not know what she has missed till youth and prettiness are gone, and a cough and restless nights- Barry, are you ever wicked and mean enough to wonder why we were any of us born? No, I see you never were. Forgive me, dear. I suppose they will be looking for you in the gardens, especially Mr. Vesey"—with a tender smile, as she tried to cheer me. "Poor boy!"

"Boy!" echoed I, astonished, but rather glad she had-so unlike herself-brought up Denis's name, because often I should like, for his sake, to speak to her of him, if there would not come that lump in my throat. "One would think you forty. Do you know his age, Mary?"

"I know," she answered, in her quietly careless way, "that he is as much older than I am

"He looks, and is, ten years older than you,"
I said, stoutly; "and if you knew him better you would not utter—would not even listen to—a slighting word of him. He lives a very noble life, though in the past, through his father's extravagance, he has had even poverty to bear."

"Even!" interpolated Miss Keveene, icily derisive.—"And to bear it nobly requires the very highest kind of manliness. Don't you think so?"
"Ah! a plaintive little question to wind up your

uncharacteristic outburst, and prove you Barbara

"And then he paid all his father's debts, and now he is at the very top of his profession, and you would not believe what good he does both in it and in his private life."
"No, I should not," she answered, chillingly.

"I believe in the good no man does, only the harm. Why should we let them come into our lives at all?"

"Yet," said I, rather surprised at my own sigh, "a woman's life is never complete alone."

"It is never spoiled, and darkened, and destroyed alone," said Mary, rapidly. "But why do you speak so stanchly for Mr. Vesey, yet never for yourself?"

"Because his whole heart is set on you," I answered, boldly, "and it is pathetic to me to see the change in him. I am sure he never loved before. He has been always courteous and kind, and attentive to women, but never in love."

"Wise Sir Pelleas!" laughed Mary, carelessly. "Loved all maidens but no maid. Barry, you have your knowledge of men from books, not

"Of Denis I have knowledge from life," I said, resolutely. "And as for my knowledge of books, it is little enough, as Denis himself would tell you. Only yesterday I covered myself with confusion by mixing up Horne Tooke and Hookham Frere, when Denis was talking of one of them. I think I considered them one man, but at any rate I did not know the difference. I am still as stupid as I was twenty years ago, when Denis gave me Longfellow's poems on my birthday, and I opened and read the 'Village Blacksmith' first, and was so delighted that I wrote 'My Favorite' over it, without trying another. How Denis laughed! Mary," I added, earnestly, "do you dislike Mr. Vason "I".

"Yes," she said, without a moment's hesitation. "Do you hate all gentlemen?"
"I hate all gentlemen, and I hate all barristers,

and as Mr. Vesey is a gentleman as well as a barrister, I hate him doubly."

He is immensely respected and sought after in his profession," I put in, idiotically; for what woman ever loved a man for his professional success? "And he is very well off, and a thorough English gentleman."

"I remember," said Mary, idly, "how a French traveller writes of the English young gentleman as 'tall, pale, well-informed, clear, and incisive, but too large, and too angular; highly learned, and clever, but not a gentleman. You can not contradict a learned Frenchman, can you? Now shall we go? Silla"—to the maid whom she had summoned—" get me a hat and my seal coat."

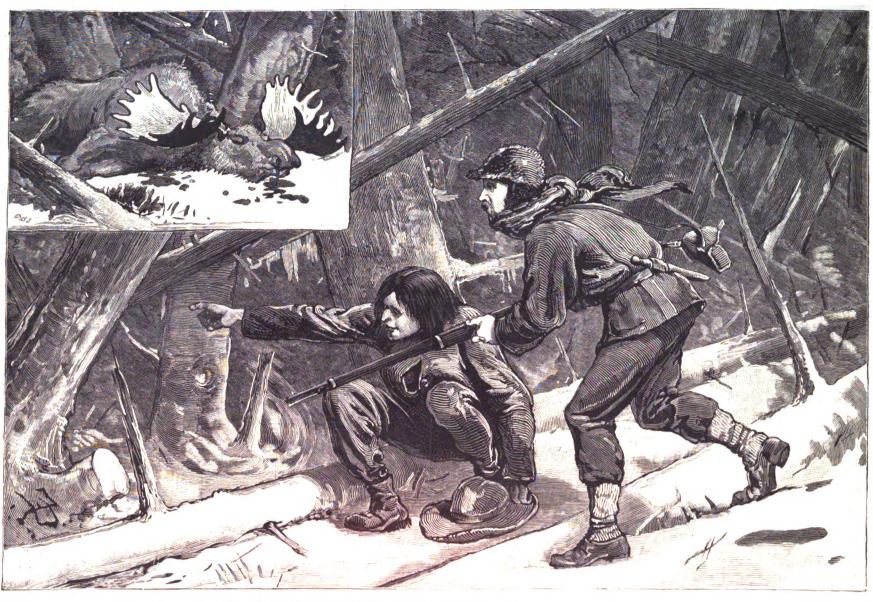
"Where is it, then, Miss Mary?" asked the young Irish woman, placidly; "'tisn't in the bed-

"Why, Mary," I cried, when Silla had left the room, and we had both had a laugh, "you can not mean that you ever feel afraid of her?"

'Sometimes," said Mary, coolly. "But then I should be afraid of anybody-sometimes."

As we walked along the parade her silence was gone, and she talked, as I had often heard her. with cold light cynicism of the people whom we met, and did not seem even aware of the glances of admiration that followed her. Everybody seemed to be in the gardens, as usual, and Mary was won from me at once. It was but natural I am accustomed to sit aside and look and listen, and I can interest myself in my own quiet, spectator-like way. This evening it amused me much to listen to the many criticisms of Mary Keveene, as she passed and repassed, with that prettily indolent air that has no inertness, and is so different from Selina's languor. When she ceased to walk, and came and sat by me, I thought it could only be for a little time, and that she would soon accede to one of the frequent requests to "take another turn"; but she said "No" persist-ently to the gentlemen who asked her, equally coldly and easily, yet, it seemed to me, differently to all and still sat near me silent and with her head half turned away. She wore a lacey white hat with a mass of soft feathers weighing down the broad brim, and this hid all from me save the

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MOOSE-SHOOTING .- [SEE PAGE 45.]

curve of a round white cheek, the curl of the beautiful lashes, and the profile of a delicate little chin. I began to think nothing had ever suited her so well as this big hat, with its brim pinched into curious dents and curves; but then I had always thought every fresh thing she wore became her better than the last, because to each she lent her own exquisite grace and beauty.

Suddenly—so suddenly, I fear, as to show her

Suddenly—so suddenly, I fear, as to show her that I started—she turned with a heavy sigh, and broke this silence which before to-day had been unusual with her—broke it in that sweetly careless way of hers which, though cold, is never unfeeling. And as she did so there came over me the curious sensation that she and I were drifting from the people around us—a ridiculously romantic notion for any one so commonplace as I. Next moment I saw that Archie and Uncle Steven had sat down upon her other side.

"Have you offended Vesey, Miss Keveene?" Archie asked her. "He does not look too amable to-night."

"It is the bottle green coat," said Mary, briefly.
"I like the coat, and he looks the handsomest
man here," I put in, with very tremulous warmth;
and Mary laughed.

"A matter of opinion," asserted Archie. "I must own I have occasionally heard some curious and not too complimentary remarks touching Vesey's appearance."

Vesey's appearance."
"Trust you English!" said Uncle Steven, too shrewd not to see through Archie's jealousy. "If we men have sense enough to vary our costumes between the dog-days and December we excite all kinds of remark. Why, I've seen the ex-Attorney-General of the United States walk a whole mile down Broadway with his coat over his arm, fanning himself with a huge palm-leaf, and no one looking surprised or quizzical in the very slightest degree."

"Oh, Vesey doesn't care how people look at him. He cares neither for the voice nor the eye of the public," said Archie, in a tone I hated, "Why, Miss Keveene, I saw him one winter morning actually himself sweeping the snow from before the door of his own house in Kensington."

"He would look a gentleman doing that," said Uncle Steven, bluntly; "and a man is a noodle who lets his muscles rust."

"But a man might find other ways of exercis-

ing bis muscles," suggested Miss Keveene.

"So he does—many ways; and I'll tell you that an hour after I heard of his sweeping the snow—and there was a reason for that—I heard him playing, making his fine old grand piano talk, as Gavin would give the world to be able to do. That's the music I like, as I smoke there in the half-light without any jarring words. He may play what he chooses—it is all good—but perhaps I am fondest of Schubert's sonatas."

"Schubert's sonatas according to Denis," whispered Mary to me; but of course I could not smile, it sounded so unkind.

"I can fancy, Miss Keveene," said Archie, attempting to speak low, "how exquisitely you

play."
"I do not play at all," she answered, coolly, just as Denis joined us and drew a chair near.

Now I do play, though very seldom asked; but I actually envied her her indifference over risking Denis Vesey's contempt for her deficiency in a talent, or rather an accomplishment, now so universal.

"Then, of course, you would make a good listener," observed Archie, maliciously, when Uncle Steven left us.

"No, indeed. I think one of the saddest sights in this sad world is a room full of guests who, all yearning the while to listen to themselves, sit gazing 'intensely nowhere' while some one else performs, and then have to buzz approval, whether felt or unfelt, while their thoughts—"

er felt or unfelt, while their thoughts—"
"'Do often lie too deep for tears," quoted
Denis, in an odd way, as if he, gazing at her as he
was, had read her speech differently from what
we had, and did not hesitate to let her see this.
But Mary might not even have heard, for the un-

concerned manner in which she spoke to me.

"Barry, look at those gorgeous pink dresses.
I see now that the use of these sea-side promenades is to give us platforms on which to wear out our tarnished evening attire."

"Those are devoted sisters," said I, angry with her inconsiderate remark, and therefore looking quite cordially upon the two girls in the ridiculous pink silk elaborations.

"The lady with them is French," resumed Mary, calmly critical, and unmoved by my fleeting wrath. "Do you notice how seldom Frenchwomen have any bones or any starch? Their laces and silks are limp, their forms indescribably malleable."

"Not to mention plain in this instance, too," supplemented Archie, while Denis looked straight out among the crowd with perfectly grave, stern lips.

lips.
"You should be the last to say it, Mr. Gavin," said Mary.
"According to Byron, no man under thirty ought to know there is a plain woman in the world. Though"—cynically—"he knew it, of course—no one better."

Then I spoke, but hurriedly and awkwardly, as is my way, and seizing on the first thing I saw, because Denis's gaze troubled me. "Aren't those two old gentlemen sociable, having their Bathchairs wheeled side by side?"

"Oh yes; I passed them just now," said Mary, "and—yes, they seemed very friendly and sociable and interesting—exceedingly so. One asked, eagerly, 'How much? how much?' and the other said, with intense and thoughtful mournfulness: 'Only seven per cent. No more, I fear—no more.' Yes, they know how to thoroughly enjoy their holiday, you see."

"You think very meanly of your fellow-creatures, Miss Keveene," observed Archie, bending to her in his ridiculous way, as if he were telling her

"Or rather speak disparagingly of them," amended Denis, quietly; and at that moment Archie answered a signal from Selina, and joined her gay group. "When I saw you last night, Miss Keveene, gazing into that feebly lighted room where there was a lonely child, you looked as if you longed to go and take her away—into happiness."

"She was learning lessons," explained Mary,

without the faintest blush, though there was a tell-tale tenderness both in his voice and eyes. "I was a school-mistress for many years, and so I know that lessons are hard."

"And you did long to comfort her? I knew it. Yet you speak now as if—"

"Oh, I often look into the windows," she interrupted, negligently, "when a light allows me. It is one of my idle habits. In one window not far from here there is an old couple always to gether—always. It positively fills me with terror to see them so wrapped up in each other."

"Why?" I inquired, in my usually prosaic way, though I was quite sure Mary had shivered as she spoke.

"Why?" she echoed, her eyes actually seeming ablaze behind the wonderful lashes as she gazed into the calm gold band above the western horizon. "When the wrench comes, what will they do? People don't go hand in hand even to heaven. One must be left. What were we speaking of before? Oh"—in a quite changed tone—"the windows I so meanly look into, as Mr. Vesey reminded me. Barry, there are two quite up in the town, in no fashionable part, and all day long and all night, I believe—at any rate whenever I have passed—there's a woman sewing in one and a man writing in the other, both pale and solitary, each working hard all day near the window, and at night burning one feeble candle. The problem constantly worrying me is, why don't they meet and burn the two candles in one room? Think of that advantage, as well as

"And the cheery relief of having one another to speak to," added Denis, smiling. "Does not that view commend itself to you with the saving gained?"

"No," said Mary, recklessly; "my life has been devoted to saving, and I appreciate that advantage best. Besides, after all, they would most probably not work half so well disturbed by each other. Each would mar the other's work."

"I do not know why they should," Denis said, gravely. "I believe people are, as a rule, better than we think them—even better than they think themselves—and it does us no harm to idealize."

A little silence, my brain following with a persistent "O willow, willow, waly," to the accompaniment of the band, while I fretted over these sudden changes in the girl whom Denis loved, and her heedless revelation of captious censorious thoughts. Then she went calmly on. "Opposite to the Bristol Hotel, where I staid after landing, there was the house of a young physician, and vou can never believe what its windows cost me, Barbara. My firm belief is that he had not a single patient, yet surely he did all that was possible toward getting them. He had flowers in the windows, bought freshly every morning, I am sure, regardless of expense, and pretty statuettes always turned unselfishly to face the street. He had a model servant kept on purpose to answer the bell the moment it rang, and far too superior to do anything else; and he awaited them all day, and burned a great red lamp all night to allure them. Beyond these weariful outlays, what could he do? He could scarcely go out and knock down a rich old lady that he might take her home and cure her; and if he had tried to propagate scarlet fever in the town it would, of course, only have scized the very poor, who could not pay. Barry, don't look at me as if I were a lunatic. It was a most tangled sensation really; for how could I wish patients for this poor fellow, who did his best to get them, without wishing suffering to somebody?"

"I think it was his solitude affected you," said Denis, quietly, "though you profess to love it yourself. When we drove to Lulworth yesterday you isolated yourself all the time, even in the storm, yet I can not help fancying you were alarmed."

"You found me very soon," she said, in her cold, gentle way, "but I can not fancy even a thunder-storm making me alarmed." Then there fell over the beautiful face a strange momentary shadow, which haunts me a little queerly, as if just for that second I had had a glimpse of Marry's past—or future.

ry's past—or future.

"And you think solitude is better than the union between two?" Denis asked it very gently, gazing in his earnest way straight into her face, while I turned aside, looking in a vacant manner among the lights on the esplanade.

try, gazing in his earnest way straight into her face, while I turned aside, looking in a vacant manner among the lights on the esplanade.

"Indeed I do," she answered, with perfect ease.

"I have a most pious horror of what Queen Mary calls that sort of religion."

"I are tree were "alled Design and installed."

"Love, you mean?" asked Denis; and just then the two red beacons looked to me like eyes grown blood-shot from long looking out upon the cruel horrors of the sea.

horrors of the sea.

"Marriage, she meant, did she not? As for love," Mary went on, unconcernedly, though she must have seen, as I did, that strange perplexity which I had noticed more than once before in his steadfast regard of her, "I was reading only this very evening some words I remember, and that are very true: 'Sir, quoth I, your age doth not yet bear that you should perfectly know what love meaneth. It is the foolishest thing, the most impatient, most hasty, and most without respect, that can be.'"

"Who says that?" I asked, wishing I had taken cognizance of the old book I had found her reading.

ing.
"A very clever statesman—one who well knew

the world."

"I think," said Denis, in his quiet, earnest way, "that One who knows the world as no statesman ever knew it yet has given us love as the highest impulse of our lives, knowing exactly what those lives need."

"It has not been given to me at all," said Mary, coldly; and "Twenty love-sick maidens we" went the harassing words in my brain to the air from a dozen instruments, while we were all silent. Presently others joined us, and we went to walk until the day slowly and beautifully died, when Mary Keveene and I once more together sat. Then Denis came up to us, asking, quietly, and I thought for him a little proudly, if it were not late enough to leave. I rose at once, though

Mary took no notice.
"Do you know, Miss Keveene," he said, with





LITTLE MIM.

that puzzled glance at her which I had noticed many times, though I fancied he could only see, as I could, the delicate profile of chin and cheek, and a glimpse of the round white throat, "your face gives me back a strange haunting memory

which I can not grasp. Can you help me?"

"No," she said, and then was silent; while I, watching her, saw, to my astonishment, a slow blush, which saddened me as if it told of pain, yet was most beautiful, never touching her fore-head, but seeming to brighten and deepen the red of her sweet sensitive lips.

"Do you know Devon?" he went on in his

quiet, courteous way.

"No," she said, answering readily, but without

way. And then she added, slowly and stiffly, "Why do you ask?"

"It is my own county; my father's place was there," he explained, "and I was only going back in my thoughts for a clew. You do not know it?"
"No."

"And you can give me no solution of this odd

"No," she repeated; and then I found that white as her face had always been, save for that one momentary blush, it could grow whiter still; and I doubted whether I could indeed have really seen that soft pink color where there was so

sorrowful a pallor now.
"You forgive me?" he questioned, gently, as she rose; but she only bent her head and walked away in silence, I at her side, though of no use or comfort to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE MIM.

THE readers of Dickens will recognize in this graphic picture the little deaf-mute heroine of one of his most touching Christmas tales, *Doc*tor Marigold, looking, indeed, as if she might have escaped from the wild-beast show in the tattered, unkempt condition in which she was rescued from her cruel step-father, the showman. We can well believe that the transition to the Cheap Jack's cart seemed palatial luxury to the poor neglected child, and that the fatherly tenderness with which he adopted her in the place of his lost Sophy made her the happiest of mortals. And as it is more blessed to give than receive, he had his reward in her love, which brightened his lonely, humble life, and gave him a new prescription for happiness.

MOOSE-SHOOTING.

See illustration on page 44.

THIS sketch shows a scene in the forests of Northern Maine, where the artist spent several weeks in tracking moose, accompanied by an experienced Indian guide. Their permanent camp was a rude log cabin, whence they scoured the was a rude log cabin, whence they scoured the woods, sometimes meeting an abundance of game, and at others passing days without a shot. The picture illustrates the moment when, after a long and silent march through the wilderness, carefully following the trail, they have at last come in sight of the prey. By a gesture the Indian points out the moose, while the hunter eagerly raises his gun to take aim. That the shot was successful we see from the noble animal lying dead in the corner. corner.
Digitized by

Ladies' Muffs.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on double page.

See illustrations on double page.

The muff Fig. 1 is made of dark green cloth, lined with satin of the same color, which projects in a shirred frill at the ends, and trimmed with two three-inch bands of gray fur. A piece of cloth nineteen inches long and uline wide is required to make it. Dark green satin ribbon three inches wide is drawn through it, and tied on the outside in a bow.

The satchel muff, Fig. 2, is made of dark brown plush and satin. A piece of plush ten inches wide and twenty-four long is lined with a thin layer of wadding, turned in an inch all around, and faced with a three-inch bias strip of satin at the short ends. It is then lined with satin; a box-pleated frill of double satin an inch and a half wide is set in between the plush and lining along the sides to two inches and a half from the ends, and a satin pocket is let in between the outside and lining at the end which forms the back of the muff when it is folded over. The short ends are brought together, and the long sides are joined where they are left bare of the frill; a satin frill is set into the top, which forms the opening to the pocket, and the muff is gathered into a space of seven inches on each side by elastic braid. A satin ribbon bow is on the front.

Ladies' Caps.—Figs. 1-3.

Ladies' Caps.—Figs. 1-3. See illustrations on double page.

The cap Fig. 1 is made of black Spanish lace. It has for a foundation a creecent-shaped frame of black stiff net, measuring eleven inches around, three inches wide at the middle, and sloped narrower toward the ends. The frame is wired and bound, and a small puffed crown made of Spanish net is joined to it. The whole is surrounded with two rows of pleated lace, on which strands of jet beads are set, and a tea-rose and leaves are fastened on the left side. The frame of the cap Fig. 2 is similar in shape to that of Fig. 1, but measures fifteen inches around. The cream-colored lace draped on this frame is fashioned into a scart a yard and a quarter long; a strip of lace four inches wide is taken for the centre, and surrounded with similar Loce gathered. A pearl bead ornament is set at the middle of the front. The cap Fig. 3 has a round stiff net frame, the ends of which are held together at the back by a band two inches long. The crown consists of a piece of rose-bud brocade eight inches long and seven wide, which is pleated at the eige, and joined to the frame. Two rows of wide pleated lace are set on the frame, and a bow of similar lace at the back of the cap. A cluster of rose-buds is at the left side.

Rorders for Dresses, Wrampings, etc.—Figs. 1

Borders for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on double page

The border Fig. 1 is an appliqué lace which may be executed in white or black. A strip of Surah silk is fastened on a strip of fine net, and the embroidery is worked through both materials with floss silk, after which the Surah is cut away from between the figures, and both net and Surah from around the edge. Fig. 2 is embroidery in chenile and beads worked on a silk or satin ground. Worked on a color, the chenille and beads are both of the same or else a slightly darker shade than the ground. On a black ground black chenille and jet are used.

Portable Foot-Muff.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on double page.

Thus foot-muff, which is light and easily carried, is designed for use in church, riding, travelling, etc. It is made of black leather lined with fur, and consists of a straight plece twelve inches wide and twenty-four long, which is folded over so as to form a pocket eight inches and a half deep. A leather cord edges the side, and a band of thick fur is set around the upper edge. When in use the projecting upper part is connected to the pocket with cord loops and buttons; and when rolled up, the loop seen in Fig. 2 is drawn over a button on the outside. A leather handle is attached to the back five inches from the upper edge.

Opera Toilettes .- Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on front page.

See illustrations on front page.

Tum front of the strawberry red capote bonnet shown in Fig. 1 is of velvet; a smooth facing is on the inside, and two wide bias scarfs are folded across the outside, and caught down at the ends with steel and gilt creecents. The back, which is illustrated on page 41, is made of bias satin in short, pleated, interlaced pieces. Three red ostrich plannes are on the right side. The strings are of four-inch ottoman ribbon. The fan has an ebonized frame with gilt ornamentation, and a red satin leaf decorated with a cluster of pansies in embroidery, and bordered with gold-lace.

The light blue chenille bonnet, Fig. 2, has a stiff frame, on which the chenille, which is taken double and twisted, is sewed down in straight rows on the brim, and spirally on the crown. The short pleated cape at the back is of light blue velvet embroidered in colors, and with an edging of gold-lace set inside the bottom. Two similar bands of velvet, joined and gathered, form a large Alsacian bow on the front, which is fastened down with fancy gilt pins. A bird in fame-color and brown is on the left side. Strings of wide ottoman ribbon. The fichu is of cream-colored silk gauze trimmed with Oriental lace, flat around the outside, and in full jabots down the front.

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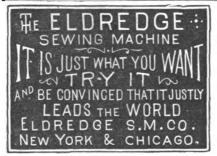
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And sleepless nights may intervene,
But Nature gives her recompense
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When business cares o'ertax the brain, And leave the body lank and lean, Would you your nervous force regain, Then wear the Ferric Odyllne.

However cold the clime may be, O'er marshes damp or mountains green, Your feet from Chills are ever free When soled with Ferric Odyline.

From youth's first dawn to hoary age
The fertile fields of life we gleau,
And on the world's historic page
We'll fix the Ferric Odyline.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents by the Ferric Odyline MTg Co., 842 Broadway, New York. To fam-lies. 6 pair for \$2 50. State size wanted and whether for lady or gentleman. Agents wanted in every town.

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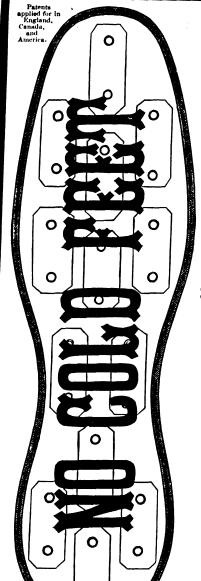
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So I'll take in the artist to-day."



Said the bear: "Well, his picture

is chaste,
But his limbs are all drawn with
much haste;
He's an artistle lad;
Though his distance is bad,
His color is just to my taste."

A LIVELY DAY FOR MCGUFFIN VON DIKE.

FACETLE.

An amusing illustration of the ignorance of the Chinese in the matter of a judicial oath was furnished some time ago by the native usher in the Consular Court at Shanghai. He was observed to be making an anxious search for some missing object; and on being questioned by the judge, he stated that he was looking for the little book which is given to the witnesses to smell! And this man had been for eighteen years usher of the court!

A grave and dignified D.D., after listening to the recitation of the catechism by a class of children, was asked to make a few remarks to them; whereupon he arose and said: "I desire, my young friends, to express an unqualified approbation of this exercise. I regard the catechism as the most admirable epitome of religious belief extant." The superintendent pulled his sleeve, and asked him to explain the word "epitome," which he elucidated as follows: "By 'epitome,' children, I mean—that is—it is synonymous with 'synopsis."

Fogg went to the hatter's. He tried on a hat. The shop-keeper told Fogg it was too young for him. Fogg said it was fortunate that the fellow put it just that way. If he had said that Fogg was too old for the hat, Fogg would never have forgiven him.

THE AGE OF REASON—Very hard to tell.

Why do girls kiss each other, while boys do not?—Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and the boys have.

MEN WHO GET CREDIT FOR THEIR GOOD WORKS-Watchmakers.

A few days ago, as two young men were passing near Trinity Church, they were stopped by a little boy, who was sitting on the outside of the railing, with, "Young gentlemen, please help the blind."

with, "I oning generally,"
the blind."
"How do you know we are young gentlemen," said one, "if you are blind?"
"Oh," said the boy, "I meant deaf and dumb?"
They gave him a copper.



FRANKENSTEIN!

(Brown goes in for breeding Champion St. Bernards-and at last succeeds.)

"Well, you ought to be happy, now, Me, Brown! He is a splendid Specienen!"

"Happy! I'm the wretcherdest Man alive! Why, he's so brastly fond of me that if I leave him for five minutes he howes the hours inchous keeping and bon's stie out of the House without me! He won't touch a mobbel of Food enless I feed him with my own hand, and he wants feeding all day! My Wife won't have him in the Bedroom byggues he snoees so, and I have to sleep with him in the Pantry! We've had to send all the Children to School, begains he's so erightfully playful with Children! Not a Soul domes near us, broater he always insists on giving his Paw! And when I beat him, he just sits like Patherof on a Monument, smiling at Me! By George! I've half a mind to go and bury myself in the Snow, where at least he'll never be able to find me again!"

[Exit with his keeper.]

[Exit with his keeper.

The beautiful Duchess of Gordon being one day in conversation with Henry Erskine, he inquired, "Is your Grace never coming back to live among us at Edinburgh?"

She answered, "No; it is a vile dull place."

Erskine retorted, "Madam, the sun might as well say, 'This is a vile dull morning, I will not rise to-day.'"

A little boy asked "mamma" the following questions, to which all "mamma" answers are not yet recorded:
"Mamma, if a bear should swallow me I should die, shouldn't I?"
"Yes, dear."
"And should I go to heaven?"
"Yes, dear."
"And would the bear have to go too?"

Charlie's father wished to find out his son's bent, so he asked: "Charlie, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

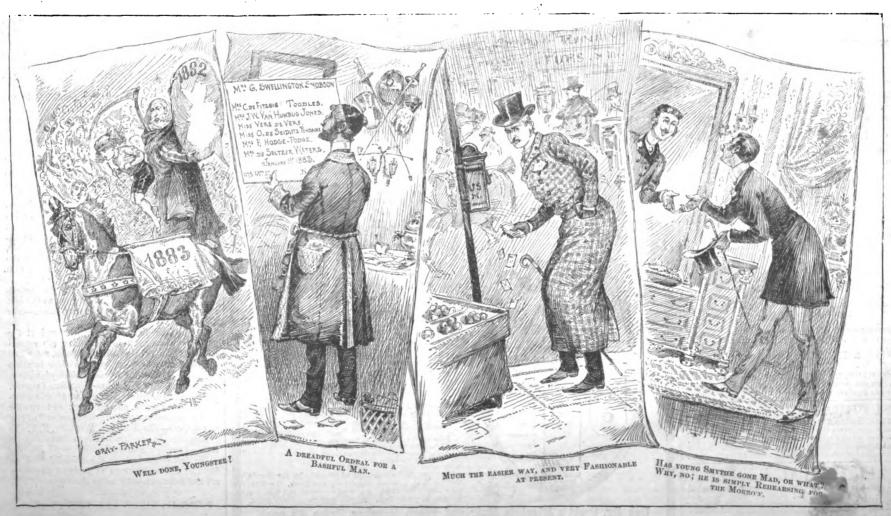
"Going to be a man!" came quick as a flash. "Isn't that a good thing to be?"

A minister made an interminable call apon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key, "Didn't he bring his Amen with bim, mamma?"

A pair of scissors were lost, and the little one suggested that a prayer be said, asking that they might be found. There was, however, a lurking consciousness that there ought to be a combination of prayer and work, so the youthful philosopher said, "Now, mother, I'm tired; so I'll pray while you hunt."

A certain little Pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "O Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am."

It sounds a little paradoxical to say that the man whose life is insured must die to recover, but it is neverthe-



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moderation



"She placed herself on the hearth-rug before him." — (Chapter I.)

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.

Next morning his nervous anxiety to get Yolande away at once out of London was almost pitiable to witness, though he strove as well as he could to conceal it from her. He had a hundred excuses. Oatlands was becoming very pretty at that time of the year. There was little of importance going on in the House. London was not good for the roses in her cheeks. He himself would be glad of a breather up St. George's Hill, or a quiet stroll along to Chertsey. And so forth, and so forth.

Yolande was greatly disappointed. She had been secretly nursing the hope that at last she might be allowed to remain in London, in some capacity or another, as the constant companion of her father. She had enough sense to see that the time consumed in his continually coming to

* Begun in Habper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

stay with her in the country must be a serious thing for a man in public life. She was in a dim sort of way afraid that these visits might become irksome to him, even although he himself should not be aware of it. Then she had her ambitions too. She had a vague impression that the country at large did not quite understand and appreciate her father; that the people did not know him as she knew him. How could they, if he were to be forever forsaking his public duties in order to gad about with a girl just left school? Never before, Yolande was convinced, had the nation such urgent need of his services. There were a great many things wrong which he could put right; of that she had no manner of doubt. The Government were making a tyrannical use of a big majority to go their own way, not heeding the warnings and protests of independent members; this amongst many other things ought to be attended to. And it was at such a time, and just when she had revealed to him her secret aspiration that she might perhaps become his

private secretary, that he must needs tell her to pack up, and insist on quitting London with her. Yolande could not understand it; but she was a biddable and obedient kind of creature; and so she took her place in the four-wheeled cab without any word of complaint.

out any word of complaint.

And yet, when once they were really on their way from London—when the railway.carriage was fairly out of the station—her father's manner seemed to gain so much in cheerfulness that she could hardly be sorry they had left. She had not noticed that he had been more anxious and nervous that morning than usual; but she could not fail to remark how much brighter his look was now they were out in the clearer air. And when Yolande saw her father's eyes light up like this—as they did occasionally—she was apt to forget about the injury that was being done to the affairs of the empire. They had been much together, these two; and anything appertaining to him was of keen interest to her; whereas the country at large was something of an abstraction; and

the mechanical majority of the Government—for which she had a certain measure of contempt—little more than a name.

"Yolande," said he (they had the compartment to themselves), "I had a talk with John Shortlands last night."

"Yes, papa?"

"And if England slept well from that time until this morning it was because she little knew the fate in store for her. Think of this, child: I have threatened to throw up my place in Parliament altogether, letting the country go to the mischief if it liked; and then the arrangement would be that you and I, Yolande—now just consider this—that you and I should start away together and roam all over the world, looking at everything, and amusing ourselves, going just where we liked, no one to interfere with us—you and I all by ourselves—now Yolande."

you and I all by ourselves—now, Yolande!"

She had clasped her hands with a quick delight.

"Oh, papa, that would indeed—"

on; and
Digitized by

FEED THE SPARROWS.

By FRANK J. OTTARSON.

When a man is good to the helpless,
And kind to the weary and weak,
Be sure he is well on the pathway
That all of us ought to seek—
The path that goes upward to Heaven,
Through love of what Heaven has made,
That we tread with true self-abnegation,
And an ear for what Heaven has said.

So I thought when a long open winter,
With its days so sunny and warm—
A seeming reversal of nature—
At last brought the cold and the storm.
For months I had seen my pet sparrows
From the bare earth securing their bread,
But that morning the king of the sparrows
Lay prone on the door-step, and dead.

And over the streets and the gardens
The snow like a pall was laid,
And, oh, what a pitiful chirping
The poor little sparrows made!
For weeks on the walks and the highways
The dear little birdles had fed,
And now on the snow-covered door-step
The prince of the sparrows lay dead.

O men, and O women and children,
Do you heed when the winter has come?
Do you know that the chirp of the sparrow
Is weakening, and voiceless, and dumb?
Do you know that the birds who protected
Your flowers and fruits all the year
Are starving and freezing and dying
In sight of your comfort and cheer?

Do you mind when the parks and the gardens
For months were the prey of the worm,
The ladies even yet seem to feel them
As over their dresses they squirm.
Then the sparrow appeared, and the horror
That ruined the summer's cool shade
Was quickly swept out of existence,
And we wandered abroad undismayed.

Throw out from your windows and doorways
Full food for your perishing friends;
For the generous protection they gave you
In Heaven's name make your amends;
Look down from your kings and your princes,
Look down from to the humble and true,
And as Heaven in mercy has blessed you,
May the dear little sparrows bless too.

We are told that a terrible lion Was caught in a net or a snare,
And for all he could do with his power
He might have gone dead then and there;
But a weak little mouse saw the monarch,
And soon with sharp teeth set him free.
Though the sparrow is not yet a lion,
Thou caust make him a lion to thee.

For never since stars sung together Went a good deed without its reward: Be sure, then, to feed the poor sparrows is to work in the name of the Lord. The crumbs that to-day you may scatter Will return in great loaves of white bread, And never again in the winter Will you find on your door-step the dead.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS. HARPER & BRO-THERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 9, contains Part II. of Mrs. Hays's Christmas Fairy Tule, with a front-page illustration by Alfred Fradericks; "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Part I., with an illustration by Howard Pyle; "Two Unexpected New-Year's Calls," a short story by Margaret Eytings, illustrated by Sol Eytings; and Chapter XVI. of the serial story "Nan," by Mrs. John Lille with an illustration by Inscription of the serial story "Nan," by Mrs. LILLIE, with an illustration by JESSIE SHEPHERD.

In an article entitled " Concerning Wild Boars" EDWARD I. STEVENSON gives an entertaining account of the old English customs connected with the chase. Mr. G.W. Shellon contributes a most interesting article on "Peter Cooper and His Institute," in which he describes the benefits to humanity resulting from the labors of that eminent phi-

The Number is enlivened by a beautiful fullage engraving, entitled "The Picture-Book," K. G. COTMAN, and a very humorous sketch, illustrating a poem, by M. Helen Lovett, entitled "The Pink of Politeness." The sixteenth page is Wiggles."

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

COMPETITION IN LABOR.

POREIGN writers have been of late much disturbed in contemplating the future of women and of the race, when the effect of allowing women to undertake any employment they can secure, including, moreover, those hitherto performed only by men, is fully appreciated both in relation to their own health and the well-being of their pos-

This fear and its implied doubt would seem to be the last stronghold and citadel of the opposition of equal rights-not, be it understood, equal political rights—but merely the equal right to live in the world-

to labor, that is, and to receive payment for

There has been already a goodly amount of complaint that women, entering upon fields of labor previously occupied by men, do, by increasing the market of laborers, diminish the price of labor. But evidently that is no just cause of complaint in relation to sex, for the same diminution would take place if other men were added to the number of laborers instead of any women; and there seems to be nothing stated against the right of men to make themselves laborers if they choose, let it diminish or not the price of labor, labor being, like the air, free to all, and one of the natural rights of mankind, as may be said.

It is but fair, then, both being human beings, that men should take their chance with women in the competition; and if this competition really does bring down the price of labor, perhaps the race will be helped rather than injured by the necessity that will then force men to live, as women have long found that they could do, without cigars and fancy drinks, billiards and horses, and that this benefit may quite counteract any injury from consequences of undue exertion on the part of the other party.

Yet the world is wide, and in the present condition of its affairs, at least, there is room enough in it for all. We would not, on any account, cruelly deprive a single soul of the luxury dear to it, but when we see young girls beginning to go out into the West and take up land in Dakota and other regions as wild, it scarcely seems a hardship or cruelty that young men should do the same. In the new phases of civilization that follow the taking up of land, it would at any rate be some time before the question of competition could arise, and in the even-handed march and progress of affairs, after such nearly equal beginnings, perhaps it never would arise at all.

But all this is so self-evident that it is not worth while to waste words on the matter, for it stands to reason that as women here have a right to food, they have a right to earn it. What really is of a subtle and specious nature, needing our attention, is the assertion that, by performing unaccustomed, and thereby supposably improper labor, women must necessarily so injure themselves as to injure their children, and thus with them all the generations that are to come.

One would think, to hear such an argument seriously advanced, that women had really never performed any labor whatever, but since time began had sat at perfumed ease, playthings and darlings, for whom everything has been done by others, and who themselves have done nothing at all. They never rise in the morning before others stir, split kindlings, build fires, prepare breakfasts, and clear them away; they never sweep a house from garret to cellar, and dust it afterward, and then cook dinner; they turn no unwieldy mattresses, move no furniture, fetch no water, lift no weighty pots and kettles, scour no paint, scrub no floors, sift no ashes, do no washings, never stand on their feet all day over ironingboards, lug about no heavy children, and lose no sleep walking the floors with them at night; they pack no trunks, put down no carpets, churn no butter, knead no bread, never sit still from noon till midnight hurrying over sewing; but, in fine, high or low, rich or poor, they are so waited upon in every particular by men that their sitting at desks, standing behind counters, setting of type, sending of telegrams, attending upon patients, sifting of evidence and preparation of briefs, delivering of sermons and lectures, filling of post-offices, and any of the other ways in which they are entering into competition with masculine labor, shall make such an immense difference in their burdens that mental and physical health and strength will fail under it, so that they must needs injure themselves and ruin the race!

If that is indeed the last resort of those who fear the education of women, and their elevation to a proper level as the helpmeets and co-workers of men-and it really is the only important consideration that has ever been adduced-then there is little to fear from it on the side of the woman who aspires. It is, of course, an appeal to the universal instinct of self-preservation, and no more powerful appeal is to be made. For neither man nor woman will be willing to do, or suffer to have done, that which will in the slightest manner react on this vital point. The safety from such an appeal lies in the fact that there is no danger of any reaction whatever in the matter; that there is nothing to react, in fact; that the effect upon her children of any amount of labor that woman may be called to do will be just as injurious as the corresponding effect of the labor done by man, and no more so: and that no labor done by women under the new conditions will be more severe than that done by her under the old ever since there has been any labor to do.

Indeed, if labor really did injure women. those great brawny Swiss and German matrons who follow the plough, or are yoked with the ox or the ass to help draw the team, would be examples of physical deterioration instead of the examples of rude health which they are. But labor injures only the weak and sick, and the weak and sick will not often undertake it unduly, nor through the self-interest of those who have labor to give will they be permitted to undertake it. As the back is fitted to the burden, and as the muscle grows by use, so labor that does not overstrain is calculated to help growth and development rather than hinder them, and we have only to anticipate from it the sharpening of the intellect and the perfecting of the body. As long as there is not a single force of the universe that is not constantly at work, as long as the perpetual interchange of atoms goes on throughout the physical world, it would appear to the thinker that labor is a natural condition, injurious to nothing in creation; and why woman should so exalt her horn as to suppose herself an exception to universal and beneficent law might be worthy of wonder. For our own part we see every reason to believe that so far as one woman labors it is to the benefit of all other women, and that if every woman labored in some way or other it would enure to the benefit and not to the injury of future generations and the whole human race.

ASH-RECEIVERS.

THERE is no more important article of furniture than the ash-receiver, and unfortunately no more potent cause of dissension between the sexes.

Man, being irrational, must smoke-as BYRON ought to have said, but accidentally or maliciously omitted to say. Being a smoking animal, man produces ashes to a very great extent, and these ashes must be got rid of in some way.

There is a strange reluctance on the part of smokers to use the legitimate ash-receivers provided by careful housewives or intelligent sisters. They prefer either to place their ashes in prominent but objectionable places, or to conceal them where they must somer or later be discovered. In fact, men might be divided into two classes—the reckless ash-strewers and the secret ash-concealers. The former often maintain that the proper way of disposing of ashes is to scatter them on the carnet. This they assert protects the carpets from the ravages of moths. The moth, being a dainty and self-respecting insect, naturally abhors cigar ashes, and when he finds a carpet thoroughly permeated with them he abandons it for woollen fields and fur pastures that are not contaminated with ashes. But in vain are the ashes spread in the sight of the housewife. She insists that if she must choose between ashes and moths, she prefers the latter as the more cleanly and less choking pest. Moreover, she invariably denies that ashes keep moths out of carpets. On the contrary, it is her unalterable, opinion that ashes are "dirt," that moths owe their origin to dirt, and that hence carpets strewn with ashes are simply reservoirs and nurseries of moths. These arguments have no effect upon the ashstrewer. He scatters his ashes where he listeth, and no matter how often his patient wife comes with dust-pan and brush and silently removes the evidences of his guilt, he gives no signs of repentance, and stubbornly maintains his theory that ashes are the only efficient protection against moths.

There are other men who, as miscellaneous ash-strewers, respect neither woman nor furniture. While they prefer the top of the piano or the marble mantel-piece as a place of deposit, there is no object upon which they show the least hesitation in strewing ashes. Any small ornament presenting either a flat or a hollow surface, whether it be a book, or a bit of Sèvres, or the interior of an inkstand, seems to them a fit place for ashes. If there is any one place which they prefer to another, it is the foot of a lamp. This they never fail to cover with ashes so that it can not be removed without promoting that broad and general distribution of ashes which is apparently their dearest object in life. A prudent woman never permits a man of these habits in regard to ashes to smoke while lingering at the dinner table over his coffee. If in these circumstances he is trusted with a cigar, he deposits ashes on half a dozen different dishes, and if the sugar-bowl escapes, it is only because it happens to be beyond his reach.

Even more exasperating to the gentler sex is the concealer of ashes. This variety of domestic criminal is fond of dropping his ashes behind the sofa. He knows that in time his guilt will be discovered, but he hopes to be safely out of the way when this day comes. If he is sitting at a distance

from a sofa, he will put his ashes behind the clock, or behind any picture that may happen to rest on the mantel-piece. He has been known to conceal ashes in the interior of the piano and the sewing-machine, and even to open the drawers of any convenient article of furniture, and to mix ashes with the hair-brushes or table knives and forks that may lie therein. With it all he wears an air of innocence, and if an ash-receiver is thrust before him, he pretends to be grateful, as if it were the very thing he was looking for. However, he will never use it unless he knows that he is watched, and he will even drop ashes into his own coat pocket rather than into the ash-receiver.

The cause of this strange reluctance to use ash-receivers is unknown. It is a powerful and undeniable but inexplicable fact. Women have sought to combat it by trying every variety of ash-receiver, from the tiny marble vase to the gigantic porcelain cuspidor. A room may be fairly crowded with little marble shell-like vases, attractive china or metallic cups, and bits of wooden ware made from the cedars of Lebanon or the olive-trees of Sorrento, or full of holy and European associations, but the smoker will none of these. He scorns the cuspidor with its unpleasant suggestions of what our English friends declare to be a distinctively American habit, even when they kindly refer its origin to a climate clearly designed in the interests of catarrh; and though he will toss the stump of a cigar into a cuspidor, he is never willing to consign his ashes to its dark recesses. Every variety of ashreceiver that ingenuity has invented has been tried by housewives determined to protect, if possible, their carpets and their furniture, but not the slightest sign of reformation have they elicited from the ashthrowers.

The only remedy seems to be some plan for compelling smokers to consume, or, in other words, to carry away with them, their own ashes. Were the smoker compelled to Were the smoker compelled to wear around his neck some ingenious machine that would at stated intervals automatically knock his ashes into his pocket, there would be far more happiness in domestic circles than can be secured by an unlimited supply of the best ash-receivers hitherto invented.

THE MANAGING WOMAN.

THERE are very few people in the world who love to be managed, or who will submit to it if they know it: therefore the managing woman is most often born subtle in temperament, and with a certain insistence of character, in order that she may pursue her natural avocation in spite of the unreasonableness of those who do not know what is good for them. If she marries, she is usually satisfied, or finds her hands full at least, in managing her husband and children, her servants, guests, and neighbors; if she happens to be a spinster, she manages the parish, her friends, and the heathen to her heart's content. But, married or single, there are two varieties of the species: the one who shows her hand at the outset, who is clumsy at the task, loses half her enjoyment if she can not have the credit of her success, if the managed does not recognize that she is managed; and the other the artist at the trade, who manipulates the affairs of a whole clique, settles or unsettles the parson, elects the school-teacher and the committee-men, paints the church, organizes societies, makes matches, interrupts flirtations, and sometimes even selects her neighbor's carpets, and has a finger in her mincepies, and a suggestion for her spring bonnet, sometimes possibly without suspecting it herself, since she possesses a mind, it may be, of more native force and has more decided tastes and opinions than those about her, together with a genius for presenting her ideas, a happy knack at suggestion, which makes one feel as if the thought were one's own, had always dwelt in some back chamber of the brain, and that she had only recalled it to our notice. She may not be the most cultivated woman of her neighborhood by any means, but she is the one most largely interested in human affairs, it would seem, because they offer her a field for deploying her talents; and she is one who loves to feel the reins in her hand, loves control, and has such unbounded confidence in her own ways and methods that when they miscarry she fails to recognize them as her own. It is almost unnecessary to say that the managing woman is not a favorite where she is understood, neither are her own affairs always in the best order, since she manages "not wisely, but too well," at times; but she has such a faculty for arranging, such a determination that the wide world shall wag not as it wills, but as she wills, that it is almost impossible for the boldest to escape her influence or be undisturbed by her attempts; consequently people are apt to grow shy of her, while by virtue of her



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peculiar gifts she may be tolerably successful, securing the best of everything for herself, except the best esteem of her friends and acquaintances.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

REDUCTIONS OF PRICES.

SINCE the holidays are over, and now that the season is far advanced for buying dress goods, a still greater reduction of prices has followed those noted early in December. Excellent twilled woollens are sold in solid colors of the new shades for \$1 25 a yard, and for the same price are those with contrasting colors introduced in quaint figures such as lotos leaves, arabesques, pyramids, with shaded balls, disks, and crescents. The latter are used merely for parts of the dress, and require a plush or velvet over-skirt, but the plain stuffs constitute the entire dress when made in simple tailor-like fashion. The pattern dresses, such as are embroidered, or braided, or stamped along the selvedge, are now offered at a little more than half the price required early in the season, and as there are long winter and spring months to come in which these may be worn, the economist who has waited until the holidays are ussed before purchasing will be well repaid. The staircase plush, with ridges across, is sold low, and is much used for covering the foundation skirt from the knees down, and also up the front or back breadths, or wherever the openings of the over-dress may leave it possible; but these heavy stuffs are not used for the entire lower skirt, nor is it considered a mean sham to put them only where they are seen, because this greatly lessens their weight. Plain and barred plushes for cloak linings are found in good shades of old gold, ruby, violet, or olive for \$1 a yard, and there are figured plushes, with all the silk thrown up in the nile on a cotton background, that make effective trimmings, for \$1 50 a yard; these are used on woollen and satin dresses as borders, plastrons, collar, cuffs, and panels. The satin-finished goods, especially those that have brocaded figures, are sold at similarly low prices, and they still find great favor, notwithstanding the frequent predictions that satins are going out of fashion. Plain sating of fine quality in stylish colors, in white and black, still rival the ottoman

silks for making handsome trained dresses.

The late winter has also brought about great changes in the prices of fur garments, those of fine seal-skin having been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent, on the prices asked in the autumn; the careful purchaser will find this great difference in the shorter sacques and in the long cloaks as well. The fur-lined garments so indispensable for comfort in midwinter are sold in simple circular shapes for \$10 to \$25 less than the prices of the early winter, and this is a safe purchase, because wraps that give so much solid comfort as these are not apt to be abandoned; moreover, their simple shape does not cut up the materials of which they are made; hence they can be easily changed in style if it should be necessary. The long silk and satin cloaks with fur trimmings and quilted linings are to be had now at cost prices, and are considered economical garments because they conceal the entire dress beneath, and make fewer changes of street suits necessary. The furs with very long fleece are liked for these borders, such as fox and lynx skins, while the closely curled furs are preferred for cloth pelisses and Russian Dolmans.

NEW JET TRIMMINGS.

Ladies who always have a handsome black dress among their house toilettes are using the new strung jet beads for the trimming, with some thread lace, or else the heavy Andalusian lace that has Spanish rose and leaf designs, with thick cords of silk outlining each figure on a ground of guipure meshes. These jet beads are finely cut and very light, and the large sizes, of pea shape, are threaded and hung in three strands, festoon ed on each side of the skirt front, beginning in the centre, and draping the side breadths; there are usually three of these curved clusters on the skirt, and smaller ones on the corsage. Sometimes gold beads are alternated with the jet, but the brilliant glistening black beads are most used alone, especially on handsome black satin dresses. Another fashion is the use of these beads, or else of nail heads, for flat wheels, disks, or half-moons of jet, from each of which is pendent fringe. These trim each side of the corsage and the pan els on the skirt in the way so fashionable for braid and cord ornaments. The sleeves of such a dress may have the upper half or else a band down its whole length of tulle, with this jetted ornament laid upon it. The beaded collar is also a beautiful finish for square-necked dresses of black velvet or satin. This is the Medicis collar, standing at the back of the neck, and rolled over with ires to keep it in shape, and is made of fine cut jet beads strung into shape in a lace-like pattern; black thread lace is gathered inside of this, and if the wearer is fair, all white inner lace is omitted. Bangle jets, shaped like small coins, very thin and light, are attached to meshes of silk cord, and are used to cover the front of the skirt, and form the vest and sleeves of the corsage. There are also fine latticed patterns of small jet beads that are arranged in the same way, and some of these have drooping flowers, like fuchsias or lily bells, at intervals, made of larger jet beads. Small jet buckles are used on corrages, for fastening straps of satin ribbon, or for the centre of lace and ribbon bows or rosettes. Bronzed slides and buckles, also those of old silver and of Rhine pebbles, are made much use of for colored dresses, and there are pearl-beaded ornaments in similar designs to those described for jet. Crystal and pearl beaded ornaments are the garniture for evening dresses of light

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT DRESSMAKING.

The round Jersey basques are now less frequently made than the coat-tail and postilion basques that have a full square back, with box pleats in puffed-out funnel-like shape, or else with flatly pressed pleats closely folded. The modistes whose styles are most in advance are using these tail basques for cloth, velvet, and all handsome wool suits, and they also form part of the pelisse or demi-polonaise now so fashionable as an over-dress. The front of such a basque has a short point, or else it is attached to the waist by a cross-basque seam at the waist linenot below it—and the sides are still shorter than the front, but must be long enough to show the natural curve of the waist. The sides and front are seldom trimmed across the lower edge except with a narrow piping or cord; all their ornament must be lengthwise, in the shape of a vest, plastron, a Directoire collar, or else two bands of em-broidery that are placed down each side of the bottom, and extend around the neck or are lost in the shoulder seams. The turned-over revers called the Directoire collar is again very much in favor; it is made of velvet, ottoman silk, satin, or some fabric different from that of the dress, and is lined with stiff crinoline; it is wide and pointed just below the neck, and is sloped to a point at the waist line. It may be further trimmed with small square buckles and straps of ribbon velvet, three of these being placed across between the throat and the waist line. Another simple and pretty way of trimming dress waists is to cut out a square neck as if to leave it open, curve this in two large scallops on each side and two across the breast, then bind the edges, sew lace beneath the scallops, and place under the lace a plastron of satin of a lighter shade, or else in contrast to that of the dress. Thus for a pale blue cashmere dress the plastron may be pink or white moiré, while for one of black camel's-hair it is bright ruby satin, and the lace may be either black or white for dresses of either of these col-ors; a dark green camel's-hair dress may have lighter green ottoman silk inside and for binding the scallops. Terra-cotta of the reddest shade is very effectively used on black camel's-hair dresses for binding small scallops on a vest or a plastron, and dark green flannel or rough twilled wool dresses will be warmly brightened by a Byron collar, square cuffs, and plastron of terra-cotta cloth; for the skirt of such a dress there should be a deep pleating, with a strip of terra-cotta inside the lining of each pleat. Vest and plastron trimmings-indeed, all trimmings for the front of dress waists-must be put very narrow and quite close together in order to give the slender long-waisted effect now in vogue; these should, however, clear the small buttons and button-holes well, leaving these to form a part of the neat and simple trimming. High corsages are very high indeed, leaving merely a rim of the standing linen collar in sight, and when frills of lisse or lace are used, requiring only the narrowest of their kind, and those most closely crimped. When a Byron collar is put on the dress, it rolls over so high about the throat that it is now most often attached to a standing band that is sewed to the corsage. The shoulder seams remain very short, and require the upper part of the close coat sleeves to be well rounded. The full padded effect for the tops of sleeves grows in favor, but to be becoming to most figures this must not be exaggerated by gathering the sleeve into the armhole; the sleeve should be enlarged only enough to fall in gradually by being held next to the seamstress when it is sewed into the armhole. The darts of the corsage are made very short, in order to give a low drooping bust, and they are slanted quite near together at the waist line to make the waist taper there. Padding and wadding on the bust and under the arms is avoided, as it is the fashion of the time to have the figure supple and natural-looking in preference to the stiff wooden tightly laced dresses formerly worn. To be well fitted a dress must now be easy, and indeed loose, rather than with tightly drawn and strained seams with gaping stitches, and the slender effect is given by the low darts and length-wise trimmings already described. There are fresh efforts to introduce the French back with only two forms, so wide that side forms are dispensed with, but at present the side forms are most used, and Worth still makes double side forms on his handsomest dress waists. The box pleats for dress skirts have grown so

wide that they look like panels, especially when only three are used, as on cloth and cashmere skirts. There are double or triple box pleats, with the centre one of each a fourth of a yard wide, and three of these are all that are needed for the front and sides of a skirt. A trimming of some kind is added to box-pleatings; thus a band of velvet six inches wide is around box-pleated camel's-hair skirts, or there is a row of brocade placed lengthwise between each bunch of pleats, or else there are rows of braid or a braiding tern done on the material before it is folded into

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

THE society novel, A Transplanted Rose, which has been so successful in book form, after attracthas been so successful in book form, after attracting marked attention during its publication in HARPER'S BAZAR, and which has been ascribed to several well-known authors, was written for the BAZAR by Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD, a lady familiar with the best circles of New York society, and who knows whereof she speaks.

—Professor WAGNER, the founder of the Free Institute of Science, in Philadelphia, although in his ninety-fourth year, still delivers lectures personally, and not by proxy, as was stated. He

personally, and not by proxy, as was stated. He is as hale as he was a half-century ago, writing a firm hand without spectacles, and addressing

arge audiences without fatigue. Professor WAG-NER served a mercantile apprenticeship in the counting-room of STEPHEN GIRARD. Nearly fifty years ago he retired from business, and founded, without outside aid, a free scientific college, with a corps of learned professors, and a financial basis of three hundred and fifty thou-

sand dollars.

The editor of the Williams College Athenœum.

- The editor of the withing control is H. A. Garrigel, son of the late President.

- "American actors," Salvini has been polite enough to say, "have more genius than English

"Transplantation" is the name of the picture Rosa Bonheur is working upon at Nice.

"Englishmen," says a Boston critic, "may get what enjoyment they can out of American Duisy Millers and Fair Barbarians, but we will own that we prefer them to the Languages and Laboucheres."

Miss Alice Stanwood, eldest daughter of —MISS ALICE STANWOOD, eldest daughter of ex-Secretary BLAINE, is engaged to marry Colonel John J. Coppinger, of the United States army, and it is thought that wedding gifts will be in order in February.

—Two hundred men have for a year past been

busy building the new mansion for Mr. Ross R. Winans and family, of Baltimore, which is said

to resemble a French château, is five stories high, and cost nearly five hundred thousand dollars.
—Six thousand dollars were given away to his employes on Christmas-day by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.
—For twelve years Lord Berwick, who has just succeeded to the title, lived on his yacht, with his wife summer and winter

with his wife, summer and winter.
—Miss Tressie Buckstone, youngest daughter of the late comedian, was the original of Mil-LAIS'S "Cinderella."

The appointment of "Grand Master of the House," with a residence and large salary, has been offered to the son of Mrs. Leonowens by the King of Siam, she having been his English governess at one time.

—Captain MAYNE REID's farm of sixty acres

in Herefordshire is his hobby, and gives him a fine living; he still receives an income from his boys' books. Owing to the re-opening of a wound received in Mexico, he is obliged to walk

on crutches.

—Miss Ann C. Carroll, who died in Washington, D. C., the other day, prepared a plan during the war for the conduct of the Western armies, which was substantially adopted afterward in the March to the Sea. She was the grand-aughter of a signer of the Declaration of Inde daughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

-A manuscript deed of land from "GEORGE —A manuscript deed of land from "George Washington and George Clinton, of the city of New York, Esquires," to Nathaniel Griffin, of Whitestown, Montgomery County, signed not only by the first President of the United States and the first Governor of the State, but by their private secretaries, Tobias Lear and DeWitt Clinton, has been given to the Clinton and DeWitt Clinton, has been given to the Clinton and DeWitt Clinton, has been given to the Clinton and DeWitt Clinton, has been given to the Clinton and the State Library TON collection of MSS. in the State Library by ex-Governor Horatio Seymour. The land was sold for six hundred and thirty-one dollars, and

is now probably worth nearly fifty thousand.

—The Moon is the name or a weekly newspaper published by the inmates of the insane asylum on Ward's Island, New York.

—Alexis Landry, one of the Acadians expelled from Grand Pré, the founder of Caraquet, Nam Brenswick is builed in a grow of beaches.

New Brunswick, is buried in a grove of beeches and maples on a headland of the shore of Cha-

-The remains of a villa of the time of Ha-DRIAN, with mosaic pavements, statues, and busts, have been found in one of his properties in old Rome by Prince Torlonia.

—A pamphlet describing his four weeks' tour in this country has been published by one of the VON STEUBENS who visited America for the

YON STEUDERS with Yorktown celebration.

—"The American Christmas is purely due to Charles Dickens," says Edmund Yates. Live and learn!
—Miss Longfellow, Mrs. Agassiz, and Mrs.

ARTHUR GILMAN are among the Board of Man-

agers of the Harvard Annex.

—Because the bunch-grass and the hair on the buffalo is short, the Montana Indians predict a short open winter, which it is thought will be glad tidings to those whose pocket-book and coal-bin are also "short."

—The wife of Apart's triand Mr. Wittensp.

—The wife of Arabi's triend, Mr. WILFRED BLUNT, is BYRON's granddaughter.
—Professor Palmient, who has lived in an observatory built on the edge of the crater of Mount Vesuvius for twenty-eight years, giving his time of the study of the proportion by his time to the study of the mountain, has just

-A Roman sculptor has made a statue

—A Roman sculptor has made a statue of Stradivarius, representing him as "short, little, thin, and slightly hunchbacked," as Ferris describes him, but with intelligent eyes, high forehead, and hair lalling upon his shoulders.

—Among the works of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti to be exhibited at the Royal Academy will be "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," his first publicly exhibited picture.

—The first Archbishop of Canterbury born in the nineteenth century was Dr. Talt.

—The finest private library in the East is owned by Achmet Vefik Pasha, which contains books in a dozen languages; the owner thinks that the "Boston Longfellow" is far ahead of all modern poets. ahead of all modern poets.

The leading ladies of fashion in Washington

had no intoxicating drinks on their lunch tables

The girl students in the Experimental Kitch. en of the Iowa Agricultural College learn the philosophy as well as the practice of cooking.

—On his circly-fourth birthday, which occurred lately, WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, of Wash-

ington, lunched, with his three children and Miss Eustis, their aunt, at the Louise Home, with his beneficiaries.

-King Humbert, it is said, is falling into a confirmed melancholy, and does not speak to anybody.

A learned Hindoo lady has been lecturing in Bombay, named Pundita Romabai, a widow, hardly twenty-five, renowned for her knowledge of Sanskrit, who has consecrated her existence to the work of promoting female education in India.

-Mr. BOUCICAULT says that the production of Iolanthe at the Bijou Theatre in Boston, Mas-

sachusetts, far excels that in London.

—A series of family portraits of the Tupon period, painted on panels, a fine gallery of old pictures, and the most beautifully carved wainscoting, were destroyed by the flames that devoured Christmas gift.

Stanford Court, one of the finest English places, built in Queen Anne's time by the Salwers, and which contained concealed rooms and secret ssages used by Roman Catholic priests in the

-Under Pope GREGORY XVI. the late MI-

CHAEL ANGELO GRETANI, Duke of Sermoneta, was chief of the Fire Department in Rome, and under PIUS IX. he was Minister of the Police.

—The Woman's Club of Boston gave a reception the other duy to Miss MARIA MITCHELL, of Vassar College.

—The Indian schools at Hampton and Carlisle

—The Indian schools at Hampton and Carlisle are to be visited by Red Cloud, who has come East for that purpose, and is now in Washington.
—Ten years ago Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, who now has a salary of eight thousand dollars, was learning a mechanic's trade. He is not quite thirty.
—A Christmas present from the Chinese Minister to Mrs. Frelinghuysen was a gilded cage of artificial singing birds, which are life-size, with real feathers, and delude many by their warbling.

warbling.

—The diminutive size of the late Louis Blanc. who was once mistaken for a page, and once for Tom Thumb, was accounted for by his brother Charles, who used to say that it was caused when they were at school together at Rodez, by Louis sacrificing to himself, his younger brother, half of his own small rations of beans and boiled

-When living at Waltham Anthony Trol-LOPE used to be up at five, work till nine, then dress and breakfast and go off to the meet, in the season, returning by five in the afternoon, take his hot bath, and work again till seven o'clock, dinner, and to bed at ten.

—A coffin was discovered, while some excava-

tions in the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, were being made, containing a box which held the skulls of Dean Swift and Stella, and glass bottle in which a manuscript was sealed which it is thought may contain something of

-MARY COWDEN CLARKE was a daughter of VINCENT NOVELLO, the musician, and sister of CLARA NOVELLO, the prima donna.

-When the women of the United States, aid-— When the women of the Onited States, Rided by Edward Everett, saved the home of
Washington, Mrs. Mary Cilley Foots, great
granddaughter of General Joseph Cilley, of
Washington's staff, was one of the lady managers of the undertaking.

— Lord Houghton is interested in sugar plantations in Lorusia and his Florida estate con-

tations in Januaica, and his Florida estate contains sixty thousand acres in oranges.

—Carlos de Mesquita, the pianist, receives

an allowance from the private purse of the Emperor of Brazil, that he may make his musical

studies in Europe.
—Some poems in the Magyar tongue have been written by the Austrian Archduchess VALERIE, who is only fourteen years old, and is now en-

gaged with a drama.

—Don Carlos, for so long a pretender to the Spanish throne, is a man of towering stature and soldierly bearing; he has large, dark, sympathetic eyes, speaks with a great deal of gesture, and is decidedly a leader of men. His wife, Dona Margerita is a mistress of English.

Dona Margerita, is a mistress of English.

The administration of Monte Carlo, the famous—or infamous—gambling-place, has increased the income of the Prince of Monaco

creased the income of the Prince of Monaco eighty thousand dollars yearly, and in return he renews the grant to keep the tables in his principality. The press meanwhile in this Lilliput has been cut off some eighty thousand dollars.

—A silver coin fourteen hundred years old, with a portrait of ATTILA, King of the Huns, on one side, with the inscription "ATTILA Rex," and the outlines of a fortified place and the word "Aquilega" on the other side, has been unearthed at Brünn. Moravia.

—A marble sarcophagus in memory of Admi-

—A marble sarcophagus, in memory of Admiral De Coligny, has been for two years employing Gustave Crank, whose "Winged Victory" is in the Luxembourg Museum,
—It is said that the Prince of Wales is naturally in the control of the Prince of Wales is naturally in the Prince of Wales in the Prince of Wales is naturally in the Prince of Wales in the Prince of Wales is naturally in the Prince of Wales in the

rally in favor of putting Longfellow's bust in the Abbey, although he has never read his poetry, because he is always in favor of a bust.

—The fund for Anne Whitner's statue of

HARRIET MARTINEAU is not yet completed, and sums to increase it, whether large or small, may be sent to Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & CO., Boston. It is the statue of a great woman made by a great woman, and is a work in which every woman of America should feel some personal

At the "sun-dance" of the Sloux, Miss ALICE —At the "sun-dance" of the Sioux, Miss ALICE C. FLETCHER tells us, each family is obliged to be present, as it is a religious festival.

—The 'prentice hand of WILLIAM WINTER as a journalist was first tried, we are told, upon the

a journalist was first tried, we are told, upon the Boston Transcript.

—It is stated that WILLIAM E. GLASSELL, a first cousin of JOANNA GLASSELL, the Duchess of Argyll, is living in Fauquier County, Virginia.

—Out of a family of twenty-four children ABD-EL-KADER has only eleven surviving, and his second son has lately arrived in Paris from Damascus to undergo an operation for cataract.

—Count FITZ-JAMES, of France, a direct descendant of CHARLES II. and Mrs. CHURCHILL, is one of the social lions of Washington this

one of the social lions of Washington this season. -The Earl of Dudley is in a mental state near-

ly akin to imbecility, while his income in good years sometimes approaches five millions, as he derives more from minerals than any other man

Three little sisters, MATTIE, RACHEL, and MARIAN COFFIN, of Muirkirk, Prince George's County, Maryland, became interested in the effort to endow HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital, New York. worked all summer, and on December 15 held a little fair in the Muirkirk school-house, the result of which was a contribution to the fund of \$100. More than \$1600 of the \$3000 called for has been raised by the readers of Young Prople.

—Three Ayrshire heifers will soon reach the Evangelist Moody's home in Northfield, Massa-

chusetts, which were given him abroad.

The daughter of Bishop Lyman is soon to marry Mr. Cox, the Representative, of North Carolina.

The sidercal charts on which Dr. C. H. F.

The sidereal charts on which Dr. C. H. F. PETERS, director of the Litchfield Observatory of Hamilton College, has been working for twenty-two years have just been completed, and he has presented a set to every observatory, to the leading astronomers, and to the members of the Board of Trustees of Hamilton College, as a

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PEONY AND LILY PORTIÈRE.—DESIGNED BY MISS CAROLINE TOWNSEND, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

FROM THE SPECIAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—[SEE PAGE 53.]





Ribbon-work Designs.

A MONG the most admired embroideries at the Special Autuum Exhibition of the New York Decorative Art Society were several beautiful specimens of the famous ribbon-work, so much in vogue in the days of Marie Antoinette, and which has recently been revived in England under the name of rococo embroidery. A fancy basket in this kind of work was illustrated in Harper's

Bazar, Vol. XV., No. 9.

In the articles herewith illustrated the ground is of cream-colored satin. The designs are floral-a basket of flowers for the centre and a surrounding border forming the decoration for the cushion, while in the baby blanket or bassinet cover the ground is powdered over with small sprays of many kinds, and the whole is surrounded by festoons. The flowers and leaves are executed in the ribbon, which is about three-sixteenths of an inch wide, and comes plain and shaded; the stems, bracts, and other light parts of the work are worked in chain or stem stitch with embroidery silk, and French knots in silk form the centres of the flowers; in the cushion the basket is worked in solid chain stitch. The ribbon is in soft, old-fashioned colors, and the effect is exceedingly quaint and delicate. Fanciful floral designs are chiefly used in this work, and small simple flowers are most appropriate, those being best reproduced in which each petal can be represented by a single ribbon stitch, as violets, lilaes, daisies, forget-me-nots, etc. Much, however, depends on the skill and experience of the worker. At the top of the bassinet cover there is a wreath of dwarf roses in which the raised effect of the flowers is very cleverly given by thickly overlapping stitches of shaded ribbon. The work must be done in a frame. The ribbon is threaded into a tapestry needle, and sewed in and out in satin stitch just as silk. would be. A steel piercer is used, the sharp end to pierce the material, and the round blunt end to put under the ribbon to keep it from twisting when the stitch is drawn close. In flowers the

Peony and Lily Portière.

See illustration on page 52. THE peony portière, which was designed by Miss Caroline Town-send for the Society of Decorative Art of New York, attracted marked attention at the late Special Autumn Exhibition of modern embroideries. The portière is made of a cream-colored satin, bordered with plush of mignonette color. Springing from the vase—which is in applique of cold gray-blue and gold Japanese silk—are peonies of various colors, large stalks of rich white lilies, and trailing purple Japanese clematis. The vase is supposed to be standing on a broad window-seat, below which is a trellis-work composed of narrow strips of mignonette plush on the creamcolored satin ground, which surmounts a broad solid band of mignonette plush, the whole forming a rich and most effective dado, corresponding to which is an embroidered frieze of the same plush.

The combination of colors and flowers is superbly rich and effective, and the design has been most happily carried out in every way by the Society of Decorative Art. It goes with several other beautiful portières to embellish a palatial residence now nearly ready for occupation.

CURIOSITIES OF DIET. FLESH, FOWL, AND FISH.

WE become so accustomed to a certain home routine in the matter of table fare that it is difficult to believe how extensive is the list summing up the whole diversity of human food. The ignorance and necessities of savage and half-civilized people furnish a very queer addition to what the Christian world considers edible.

Leaving out cannibalism-which in most cases is a matter of ceremonial rather than feasting, or else the last resort of famine—I may begin with the quadrupeds, and find some curiosities, though this is the familiar ground of beef, mutton, and venison. Few tropical races let the resemblance of monkeys to mankind worry them, and all pronounce a baked where to mankind worry them, and all pronounce a baked "howler" (despite its resemblance to a burned baby) very good cating. What quadruped, indeed, is exempt from service to our human appetite! We usually consider the carnivorous beasts of prey" unfit for the stomach but the Central Africans devour lions, jackals, hyenas, and all the rest; the puma is a delicacy of the pampas, wild-cats are eaten in the Cascades, and tame cats fattened for the table in Bolivia. Bears I know to be good, and a dog, often fed in confinement for the purpose, forms the pièce de résistance of savage feasts the world over, and enters into the cuisine of the Chinese.

Nevertheless, the rule is abstinence from feline, canine, and fur-bearing quadrupeds. The objection to the latter is chiefly their muskiness, yet skunks and badgers are killed for food by the native Californians, while the Helinkeets and Aleuts devour the carcass of the sea-otter, despite its rankness. As for the river otter of Europe, it was admitted to be eaten on Fridays by Rome, and hence was a favorite with the old monasteries of Europe. As for the marine mammals-manatee, walrus, sea-elephant, sea-lion, and seals, they are of the utmost importance to the people of the rigorous climates they inhabit. Perhaps no one animal in the world serves so many useful purposes as the Greenland seal; even his bones (crushed when fresh) are eaten, and every scrap of him is utilized in some fashion. The whale, too, generally in a putrid state, gives bloody and blubbery feasts to barbarous and half-civilized captors on both sides the globe. It is a rule, in fact, that savages rather prefer decomposed to fresh meat.

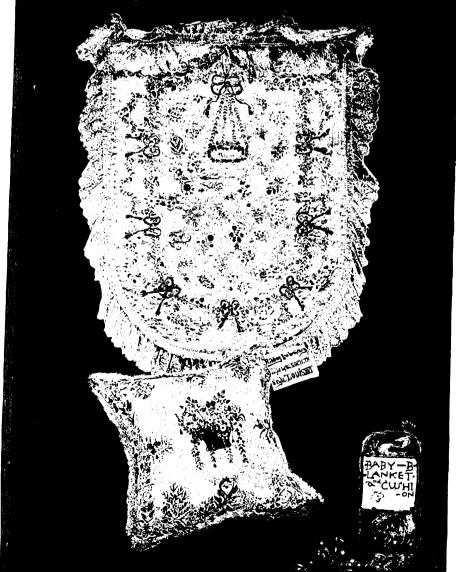
Of the hoofed and horned classes only horse-flesh requires

mention—a diet upon which the people in parts of Tartary and along the Rio de la Plata subsist almost exclusively, and which finds many lovers among white people, particularly in sieges and army campaigns.

Certain parts of common beasts are eaten by some people

that others refuse, or vice versa. Siberians make use of every part of a reindeer except the horns: these, in the growing condition, are sold (together with sinews) to the Chinese, who boil them into a thick, richly seasoned soup. The saving of the blood, practiced by the ancient Egyptians, is still followed by many rude people, who drink it warm, or curdled, or mixed into a mush with the half-digested contents of the same animal's stomach. Entrails, often without expulsion of the contents, are eaten in regions where meat is a scarcity, and no part whatever can be wasted. Let the italies stand for en-

Oppositely, superstition, priestly dictation, or prejudice have



RIBBON-WORK DESIGNS .- FROM THE SPECIAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY .- DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

set apart portions of good flesh as inedible in various quarters of set apart portions of good nesh as inection in various quarters or the world; Buddhist, Mosaic, and Druidical laws will occur to the reader at this point. The Chinese avoid the use of milk almost wholly; among certain East African tribes it is regarded as only fit for women, or else sweet milk is "male" and sour is "female," with accompanying restrictions and notions of propriety; New-Zealanders drank milk, but despised cheese and butter; and so on. Superstitions about food would make an essay by them-

Of the rodents, harcs, squirrels, etc., are "good" in all regions. The "rats" savages are often accused of eating are generally wild plant-eating species, that ought to be as tasty as hares or gophers. Many Orientals, however, cook the disgusting rats and mice of their cellars, and some miserable savages in Africa, Australia, or Western America make no distinction in any small quadrupeds, but eat all alike, after only singeing off the hair as a pretense at cooking. Bats, I thought, must surely scare away the sharpest tooth; but I find them eaten greedily in South Africa, Madagascar, Malaya, and the islands of the Pacific.

Birds leave little to say. I do not know any that have not served as food with good report (including birds of prey and all sorts of seafowl) except the carrion-eating vultures. Along both antarctic and arctic coasts birds, drawn and smoked, form with preserved fish almost the only stores provided against winter. How important a matter eggs of birds-I mean apart from domestic fowls-are in the world is shown by the frightful risks run by the people of the Orkneys and the shores of Norway in getting them from their nests in the cliffs. Whole communities exist by this perilous industry. On the coast of our own country hundreds of miles of beaches and islands once the resort of sea-birds have been depopulated by the eggers, and thus important changes made in the avifauna of the region. The similar industry, lucrative and protected by government, which supplies the Chinese market with the esculent "birds' nests" of the Malayan cliff-swallows, is familiar to you, or can easily be "looked up" in books about the East,

Two delicacies derived from birds ought to be mentioned. One is cockscombs in pickle, imported from Italy by our grocers; and the other ducks' feet, prepared by the Chinese. To bring these latter to perfection a living duck is fastened upon an iron plate, which is slowly heated. The increasing warmth draws the blood down into the tarsus and webs, which are thus engorged when the cooking degree of heat overtakes them. This is more cruel than the prelim-

inaries to a pâté de foie gras.

With fish, as among birds, exceptions to the rule that all are eaten are alone notable. Russian caviare, living fishes vivisected and eaten by the old Romans and present Japanese, the shark steaks of sailors and shark fin, an expensive delicacy of the Chinese, are "points" here. Skates and rays are sold daily in the New York markets to foreigners from the south of Europe. In fact, for a large part of the world fish forms the staple and almost exclusive diet; but some interior tribes won't touch it if from the sea. It is also a fact that the races subsisting upon an excessive quantity of fish and other sea food are those having the meanest intellects and the grossest conceptions of nature and a deity. That their bodies are feeble and likely to be deformed is perhaps a secondary effect due to the indolent life involved in the pursuit of fishing compared with the exertion and hardihood called for in those who live by the chase. Let the Araucanians change places and occupations with the fishermen of Magellan Straits, and a few generations would show they had exchanged physique and sentiment also-sturdiness for debility. boldness for cunning, nobler ideas for debased and timid superstitions, fortitude and love of cruelty for sensuality and soft-heartedness.

WINTER ON EARTH, BUT JUNE IN THE SKY.

By EDITH M. THOMAS.

Br EDITH M. THOMAS.

Stow through the light and silent air,
Up climbs the smoke on its spiral stair—
The visible flight of some mortal's prayer:
The trees are in bloom with the flowers of frost,
But never a feathery leaf is lost;
The spring, descending, is caught and bound
Ere its silver feet can touch the ground:
So still is the air that lies, this morn,
Over the snow-cold fields forlorn,
Tis as though Italy's heaven smiled
In the face of some bleak Norwegian wild;
And the heart in me sings—I know not why—
Tis Winter on earth, but June in the sky!

June in the sky! Ah, now I can see The souls of roses about to be, In gardens of heaven beckoning me, Roses red-lipped, and roses pale, Fanned by the tremnious ether gale; Some of them tearting from waysides. Some of them peering from way-side hedge, As yonder, adrift on the serv stream As yonder, adritt on the acry stream,
Love drives his plumed and filleted team;
The Angel of Summer aloft I see,
And the souls of roses about to be!
And the heart in me sings—the heart knows why—
Tis Winter on earth, but June in the sky!

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

But she stopped; and instantly her face grew

grave again.
"Oh no," she said, "no; it would not do. Last night, papa, you were reproachful of me—"
"Reproachful of me!" he repeated, mock-

ingly.
"Reproachful to me?" she said, with inquiring eyes. But he himself was not ready with the correct phrase; and so she went on: "Last night you were reproachful that I had taken up so much of your time; and though it was all in fun, still it was true; and now I am no longer a school-girl; and I wish to help you if I can, and not be merely tiresome and an incumbrance

You are so much of an incumbrance, Yo-

lande!" he said, with a laugh.
"Yes," she said, gravely, "you would tire of
me if we went away like that. In time you would

tire. One would tire of always being amused. All the people that we see have work to do; and it might be a long time—but some day you would think of Parliament, and you would think you had given it up for me-

"Don't make such a mistake!" said he. "Do not consider yourself of such importance, miss. If I threw over Slagpool, and started as a Wandering Jew-I mean we should be two Wandering Jews, you know, Yolande-it would be quite as much on my own account as yours-

"You would become tired of being amused.
You could not always travel," she said. She put her hand on his hand. "Ah, I see what it is," she said, with a little laugh. "You are concealing. That is your kindness, papa. You think I am too much alone; it is not enough that you sacrifice to-day, to-morrow, next day, to me; you wish to make a sacrifice altogether; and you pretend you are tired of politics. But you can not make me blind to it. I see—oh, quite clearly I

can see through your pretense!"

He was scarcely listening to her now.

"I suppose," he said, absently, "it is one of those fine things that are too fine ever to become true. Fancy now, the two of us just wandering away wherever we pleased, resting a day, a week, a month, when we came to some beautiful placeall by ourselves in the wide world!"

have often noticed that, papa," she said-"that you like to talk about being away, about being remote—"

But we should not be like the Wandering Jew in one respect," he said, almost to himself. vears would tell. There would be a difference, Something might happen to one of us.'

And then, apparently, a new suggestion entered his mind. He glanced at the girl opposite

him, timidly and anxiously.

"Yolande," said he, "I—I wonder now—I suppose at your age—well, have you ever thought of getting married?"

She looked up at him with her clear, frank eyes, and when she was startled like that her mouth had the slight pathetic droop, already noticed, that made her face so sensitive and charming.

"Why, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times!" she exclaimed, still with the soft clear eyes wondering.

His eyes were turned away. He appeared to attach no importance to this confession.

"Of course," she said, "when I say I have thought hundreds of times of getting married, it is about not getting married that I mean. No. That is my resolution. Oh, many a time I have said that to myself. I shall not marryno one."

In spite of himself his face suddenly brightened up, and it was quite cheerfully that he went

"Oh, but, Yolande, that is absurd. Of course you will marry. Of course you must marry,'

"When you put me away, papa."
"When I put you away," he repeated, with a

"Yes," she continued, quite simply. "That was what Madame used to sav. She used to sav. 'If your papa marries again, that is what you must expect. It will be better for you to leave the house. But your papa is rich; you will have a good portion; then you will find some one to marry you, and give you also an establishment.' 'Very well,' I said; 'but that is going too far, Madame, and until my papa tells me to go away

from him I shall not go away, and there is not any necessity that I shall marry any one." wish Madame had minded her own affairs," Mr. Winterbourne said, angrily. "I am not likely to marry again. I shall not marry again. Put that out of your head, Yolande, at once and for always. But as for you-well, don't you see, child, I-I can't live forever, and you have got no very near relatives, and, besides, living with relatives isn't always the pleasantest of things, and I should like to see your future quite settled. I should like to know that-that-

"My future!" Yolande said, with a light laugh. "No, I will have nothing to do with a future: is not the present very good? Look: here I am: I have you; we are going out together to have walks, rides, boating—is it not enough? Do I want any stranger to come in to interfere? No: some day you will say, 'Yolande, you worry me. You stop my work. Now I am going to attend to Parliament, and you have got to marry, and go off, and not worry me.' Very well. It is enough. What I shall say is this: Papa, choose for me. What do I know? I do not know, and I do not care. Only a few things are necessary -are quite entirely necessary. He must not talk all day long about horses. And he must be in Parliament. And he must be on your side in Parliament. How much is that—three ?-three qualifications. That is all."

Indeed, he found it was no use trying to talk to her seriously about this matter. She laughed it aside. She did not believe there was any fear about her future. She was well content with the world as it existed: was not the day fine enough, and Weybridge, and Chertsey, and Esher, and Moulsey all awaiting them? If her father would leave his Parliamentary duties to look after themselves, she was resolved to make the most of the

"Oh, but you don't know," said he, quite falling in with her mood-" you don't know, Yolande, one fifteenth part of what is in store for you. I don't believe you have the faintest idea why I am going down to Oatlands at this minute."

"Well, I don't, papa," she said, "except through a madness of kindness."

"Would it surprise you if I asked Mrs. Graham to take you with them for that sail to Suez or

"Alone?" she exclaimed. "To go away alone with strangers?"

"Oh no; I should be going also—of course." "But the time-

"I should be back for the Budget. Yolande," said he, gravely, "I am convinced—I am seriously convinced—that no one should be allowed to sit in Parliament who has not visited Gibraltar, and the island of Malta, and such places, and seen how the empire is held together, and what our foreign possessions are-"

"It is only an excuse, papa-it is only an excuse to give me another holiday."

"Be quiet. I tell you the country ought to compel its legislators to go out in batches—paying the expenses of the poorer ones, of course and see for themselves what our soldiers and sailors are doing for us. I am certain that I have no right to sit in Parliament until I have visited the fortifications of Malta, and inspected the Suez Canal."

"Oh, if it is absolutely necessary," Yolande

said, with a similar gravity.
"It is absolutely necessary. I have long felt it to be so. I feel it is a duty to my country

that we should personally examine Malta."
"Very well, papa," said Yolande, who was so
pleased to find her father in such good-humor that she forbore to protest, even though she was vaguely aware that the confidence of the electorate of Slagpool was again being abused in order that she should enjoy another long and idling voyage with the only companion whom she cared to have with her.

The Grahams were the very first people they saw when they reached Oatlands. Colonel Graham -a tall, stout, grizzled, good-natured-looking man -was lying back in a garden seat, smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper, while his wife was standing close by, calling to her baby, which plump small person was vainly trying to walk to her, under the guidance of an ayah, whose dusky skin and silver ornaments and flowing garments of Indian red looked picturesque enough on an English lawn. Mrs. Graham was a pretty woman, of middle height, with a pale face, a square fore-head, short hair inclined to curl, and dark gray eyes with black eyelashes and black eyebrows But along with her prettiness, which was only moderate, she had an exceedingly fascinating manner, and a style that was at least attractive to men. Women, especially when they found themselves deserted, did not like her style; they said there was rather too much of it; they said it savored of the garrison flirt, and was obviously an importation from India; and they thought she talked too much, and laughed too much, and altogether had too little of the dignity of a matron. No doubt they would have hinted something about the obscurity of her birth and parentage had that been possible. But it was not possible, for everybody knew that when Colonel Graham married her, as his second wife, she was the only daughter of Lord Lynn, who was the thirteenth baron of that name in the peerage of Scotland.

Now this pretty, pale-faced, gray-eyed woman professed herself overjoyed when Mr. Winterbourne said there was a chance of his daughter and himself joining her and her husband on their suggested P. and O. trip; but the lazy, good-humored-looking soldier glanced up from his paper

and said: "Look here, Polly, it's too absurd. What would people say? It's all very well for you and me; we are old Indians, and don't mind; but if Mr. Winterbourne is coming with us-and you, Miss Winterbourne-we must do something more reasonable and Christian-like than sail out to

Suez or Aden and back, all for nothing."
"But nothing could suit us better," Yolande's father said. Indeed, he did not mind where or why he went, so long as he got away from Eng-

land, and Yolande with him. "Oh, but we must do something," Colonel Graham said. "Look here. When we were at Peshawur a young fellow came up there-you remember young Ismat, Polly ?-well, I was of some little assistance to him; and he said any time we wanted to see something of the Nile I could have his father's dahabeevah-or rather one of them, for his father is Governor of Merhadj, and a bit of a swell, I fancy. There you are, now. That would be something to do. People wouldn't think we were idiots. We could have our sail all the same to Suez, and see the old faces at Gib, and Malta; then we could have a skim up the Nile a bit, and, by-the-way, we shall

have it all to ourselves just now—"
"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Winterbourne, eagerly, for his imagination seemed easily captured by the suggestion of anything re-"Nothing could be more admirable! Yolande, what do you say?"

Yolande's face was sufficient answer.
"My dear child," said Mrs. Graham, in an awul whisper, "have you got a Levinge?" "A what?" said Yolande.

"You have not? And you might have gone to Egypt, at this time of the year, without a

"What are you talking about the time of the year, Polly!" her husband cried, peevishly. "It is the only time of the year that the Nile is tolerable. It is no longer a cockney route. You have the whole place to yourself—at least, so Ismat Effendi assured me; and if he has given me a wrong tip, wait till I get hold of him by the nape of his Egyptian neck! And you needn't frighten Miss Yolande about mosquitoes or any of the other creatures of darkness; for you've

only to get her one of those shroud things-" "Just what I was saying," his wife protested. Indeed, she seemed greatly pleased about this project; and when they went in to lunch they had a table to themselves, so as to secure a full and free discussion of plans. Mrs. Graham talked in the most motherly way to Yolande; and petted her. She declared that those voyages to America, of which Yolande had told her, had nothing of the charm and variety and picturesqueness of the sail along the African shores. lande would be delighted with it; with the people on board; with the ports they would call at; I am so sorry for you—"

with the blue of the Mediterranean Sea. It was all a wonder, as she described it.

But she was a shrewd-headed little woman. Very soon after lunch she found an opportunity of talking with her husband alone.

"I think Yolande Winterbourne prettier and prettier the longer I see her," she said, carelessly.
"She's a good-looking girl. You'll have to look out, Polly. You won't have the whole ship waiting on you this time."

"And very rich—quite an heiress, they say."

"I suppose Winterbourne is pretty well off."

"He himself has nothing to do with the firm now, I suppose?"

"I think not."

"Besides, making engines is quite respectable.
Nobody could complain of that."

"I shouldn't, if it brought me in £15,000 or £20,000 a year," her husband said, grimly. "I'd precious soon have Inverstronan added on to In-

verstroy."
"Oh," she said, blithely, "talking about the North, I haven't heard from Archie for a long I wonder what he is about—watching the nesting of the grouse, I suppose. I say, Jim, I wish you'd let me ask him to go with us. It's rather dull for him up there; my father isn't easy to live with. May I ask him?"
She spoke very prettily and pleadingly.

"He'll have to pay his own fare to Suez and back, then," her husband answered, rather

roughly. "Oh yes; why not?" she said, with great innocence. "I am sure poor Archie is always willing to pay when he can, and I do wish my father would be a little more liberal. I am sure he might. Every inch of shooting and fishing was let last year! even the couple of hundred yards along the river that Archie always has had for

himself. I don't believe he threw a fly last year—"
"He did on the Stroy," her husband said, gloomily.

"That was because you were so awfully good to him." said his wife, in her sweetest manner, And you can be awfully good to people, Jim, when you don't let the black bear ride on your shoulders "

Then Mrs. Graham, smoothing her pretty short curls, and with much pleasure visible in the pretty dark gray eyes, went to her own room, and sat down and wrote as follows:

"DEAR ARCHIE,-Jim's good-nature is beyond anything. We are going to have a look at Gib. again, and at Malta, just for auld lang syne; and then Jim talks of taking us up the Nile a bit; and he says you ought to go with us, and you will only have to pay your passage to Suez and backwhich you could easily save out of your hats and boots, if you would only be a little less extravagant, and get them in Inverness instead of in London. Mr. Winterbourne, the member for Slagpool, is going with us, and he and Jim will halve the expenses of the Nile voyage. Mr. Winterbourne's daughter makes up the party. She is rather nice, I think, but only a child. Let me know at once. There is a P. and O. on the 17th; I think we shall catch that; Jim and the captain Your loving sister, "Polly." are old friends.

She folded up the letter, put it in an envelope, and addressed it so:

> The Hon. the Master of Lynn, Lynn Towers, by Inverness, N. B.

CHAPTER IV. A FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

A VOYAGE in a P. and O. steamer is so familiar a matter to thousands of English readers that very little need be said about it here in detail, except, indeed, in so far as this particular voyage affected the fortunes of these one or two people. And Yolande's personal experiences began early. The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool Street Station, hurrying, talking, laughing, and scanning possible ship-companions with an eager curiosity, and in the midst of them Yolande, for a wonder—her father having gone to look after some luggage—found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-resounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She was a respectably dressed person, apparently a mechanic's wife, but her features bore the marks of recent crying; they were all "begrutten," as the Scotch say. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny—but it was only the women she regarded-she went

up to Yolande.
"I beg your pardon, miss," she said; but she could say no more, for her face was tremulous.

Yolande looked at her, thought she was drunk, and turned away, rather frightened. "I beg your pardon, miss;" and with that her

trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eves that said something to her. She was startled, and stood still.

"Are-are you going farther than Gibraltar, miss?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so," said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak. ineffectually; then she said:

"Two days out from-from Gibraltar-would you be so kind, miss, as to put—these flowers—on the water? My little girl was buried at sea—two days out—"

'Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly, "Oh yes, I will. with a big lump in her throat.



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She took the basket. The woman burst out crying, and hid her face in her hands, and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up, hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"What is this?"
"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea; these are some flowers—"
Yolande went quickly after her, and touched

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face. "Jane. We called her Janie; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, miss; it was—it was two days be-yond Gibraltar that—that we buried her."

"Oh no; do you think I could forget?" Yo-lande said; and she offered her hand. The woand said; and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand and pressed it, and said, "God bless you, miss! I thought I could trust your face;" then she hurried away.

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them (with her own eyes a little bit moist) of the mission with which she had been intrusted; but neither she nor they thought of asking why, out of all the people about to go down by the steamer train, this poor woman should have picked out Yolande as the one by whom she would like to have those flowers stream on her child's ocean grave. Perhaps there was something in the girl's face that assured the mother that she was not likely to forget.

And at last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind; the former establishing them-selves in the compartments, the latter talking all the more eagerly as the time grew shorter. And

Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother. "There!" she said to her husband, as the door of the carriage was finally locked, and the train began to move out of the station, "I told you... I told you I should not be surprised. It is just like him...always wanting to be too clever. Well, his coolness has cost him something this time. I told you I should not at all be surprised if he missed the train altogether."

"I don't think the Master's finances are likely to run to a special," her husband said, good-humoredly.

"Oh, it is too provoking!" exclaimed the pretty young matron (but, with all her anger, she did not forget to smooth her tightly fitting costume as she settled into her seat). "It is too provoking! I left Baby at home more on his account than on any one else's. If there was the slightest sound, I knew he would declare that Baby had been crying all the night through. There never was a better baby—never! Now, was there ever, Jim?"

"Well, I can't answer for all the babies that ever were in the world," her husband said, in his easy, good-natured way; "but it is a good enough

"It is the very best tempered baby I ever saw or heard of," she said, emphatically; and she turned to Yolande. "Just think, dear, of my leaving Baby in England for two whole months, and mostly because I knew my brother would complain. And now he goes and misses the train -through laziness, or indifference, or wanting to

be too sharp—"
"I should think that Baby would be much better off on land than on board ship," said Yo-

lande, with a smile.
"Of course, Miss Winterbourne," the Colonel "You're quite right. A baby on board a

ship is a nuisance."

"Jim! You don't deserve—'

"And there's another thing," continued the stout and grizzled soldier, with the most stolid composure. "I've seen it often on board ship. I know what happens. If the mother of the baby is old or ugly, it's all right; the baby is let alone. But if she's young and good-looking, it's wonderful how the young fellows begin and pet the baby and feed it up on toffy and oranges. What baby, and feed it up on toffy and oranges. What do they know? Hang 'em, they'd fetch up pastry from the saloon and give it to a two-year-old. That ain't good for a baby."
"Poor Archie!" said his wife, rather inconse-

quently; "it will be such a disappointment for

"I'll tell you what it is," said Colonel Graham ; "I believe he has never heard that the P. and O. ships don't stop at Southampton now. Never mind, Polly; he can go overland, if he wants to catch us up at Cairo."

"And miss the whole voyage!" she exclaimed, aghast. "And forfeit his passage-money? Fancy the cost of the railway journey to Brindisi!"

"Well, if people will miss trains, they must pay the penalty," her husband remarked, quietly;

and there was an end of that. At Tilbury there was the usual scramble of

getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender; and the natural curiosity with which every one was eager to scan the great and stately vessel which was to be their floating home for many a day. And here there was a surprise for at least one of the party. When, after long de-lays, and after a hurried steaming out into the river, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lascar crew were the most conspicuous points of color. But there were obviously a number of other people on board, besides the dusky crew and their English officers.

"There he is—I can make him out," observed Colonel Graham.

Who?" his wife asked.

"Why, the Master of Lynn," he answered, coolly "Well, I never!" she exclaimed, in either real or affected anger. "Sha'n't I give it him! To think of his causing us all this disquietude!"

"Speak for yourself, Polly," her husband said, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane-deck leaning over the rail and watching the approach of the tender. "I wasn't much put out, was I? And apparently he hasn't been, for he is smoking a cigar and chatter the property of the p ting to-yes, by Jove! its Jack Douglas, and young Mackenzie of Sleat; oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him?—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay; there's young Fraser, too, eyeglass and all—a regular gathering of the clans. There'll be some Nap going among those boys!"

"I hope you won't let Archie play, then," his wife said, sharply. But she turned with a charming little smile to Yolande. "You mustn't think my brother is a gambler, you know, dear; but really some of those young officers play far beyond their means, and Archie is very popular amongst them, I am told."

But by this time everybody was scrambling on to the paddle-boxes of the tender, and from thence ascending to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gang-way awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, slim, well built, with a pale olive complexion and a perfectly cleanshaven face; and he had the square forehead. the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant gray eyes with dark eyelashes that his sister had. But he had not her half-curly hair, for his was shorn bare, in soldier fashion, though he was not a soldier.

"How are you, Graham? How are you, Pol-

ly?" said he.
"Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said,
angrily. "Why were you not at the station?
Why did you not tell us? Of course we thought you had missed the train. I wish you would take the trouble to let people know what you are about.—Let me introduce you to Miss Winterbourne. Yolande dear, this is my brother Archie. -Mr. Winterbourne, my brother, Mr. Leslie. Well, now, what have you to say for yourself?"

He had thrown away his cigar.
"Not much," said he, smiling good-naturedly and taking some wraps and things from her which her husband had selfishly allowed her to carry. "I went down to see some fellows at Chatham last night, and of course I staid there, and came over in the morning. Sorry I vexed you. You see, Miss Winterbourne, my sister likes platform parade; she likes to have people round her for half an hour before the train starts; and she likes to walk up and down, for it shows off her figure and her dress: isn't that so, Polly?

But you hadn't half your display this morning, apparently. Where's Baby? Where's Ayah?"
"You know very well. You would have been grumbling all the time if I had brought Baby."
"Well," said he, looking rather aghast, "if

you've left Baby behind on my account I shall have a pleasant time of it. I don't believe you. But tell me the number of your cabin, and I'll take these things down for you. I'm on the spardeck, thank goodness!"

"Miss Winterbourne's cabin is next to mine;

so you can take her things down too."
"No, thank you," said Yolande, who was look ing out for her luggage (her maid being in a hopeless state of bewilderment), and who had nothing in her hand but the little basket. "I will take this down myself by-and-by.'

There was a great bustle and confusion on board; friends giving farewell messages; passengers seeking out their cabins; the bare-armed and barefooted lascars, with their blue blouses and red turbans, hoisting luggage on to their shoulders and carrying it along the passages. Mr. Winterbourne was impatient.

"I hate this-this confusion and noise," he said.

"But, papa," said Yolande, "I know your things as well as my own. Jane and I will see to them when they come on board. Please go

away and get some lunch—please! Everything will be quiet in a little while."

"I wish we were off," he said, in the same impatient way. "This delay is quite unnecessary. It is always the same. We ought to have started before now. Why doesn't the captain order the skin to be cleared?" the ship to be cleared?"

"Papa dear, do go and get places at the table. The Grahams have gone below. And have something very nice waiting for me. See, there comes your other portmanteau now; and there is only the topee-box; and I know it because I put a bit of red silk on the handle. Papa, do go down and get us comfortable places—I will come as soon as I have sent your topee-box to your cabin. I suppose we shall be near the Grahams

"Oh, I know where Mrs. Graham will be," her father said, peevishly. "She will be next the captain. She is the sort of woman who always

sits next the captain."
"Then the captain is very lucky, papa," said Yolande, mildly, "for she is exceedingly nice;

and she has been exceedingly kind to me."
"I suppose the day will come when this capr suppose the day win come when this cap-tain, or any other captain, would be just as glad to have you sit next him," he said. "Papa," she said, with a smile, "are you jea-lous of Mrs. Graham for my sake? I am sure I

do not wish to sit next the captain; I have not even seen him vet that I know of.

But this delay, necessary or made him irritable and anxious. He would not go to the saloon until he had seen all the lug--both his and Yolande's-dispatched to their respective cabins. Then he began to inquire why the ship did not start. Why were the strangers not packed off on board the tender Why did the chief officer aland sent ashore? low these boats to be hanging about? The agent of the company had no right to be standing talking on deck two hours after the ship was

Meanwhile Yolande stole away to her own cab-

in, and carefully and religiously—and, indeed, | and hushed joys all hidden away there in the siwith a little choking in the throat—opened the little basket that held the flowers, to see whether they might not be the better for a little sprinkling of water. They were rather expensive flowers for a poor woman to have bought, and the damp moss in which they were imbedded and the basket itself also were more suggestive of Covent Garden than of Whitechapel. Yolande poured some water into the wash-hand basin, and dipped her fingers into it, and very carefully and tenderly sprinkled the flowers over. And then she considered what was likely to be the coolest and safest place in the cabin for them, and hung the basket there, and came out again-shutting the

door, involuntarily, with quietness.

She passed through the saloon, and went up on deck.

ck. Her father was still there.
"Papa," said she, "you are a very unnatural
rrson. You are starving me."

"Haven't you had lunch, Yolande?" said he, with a sudden compunction.

"No, I have not. Do I ever have lunch without you? I am waiting for you."

Really, this delay is most atrocious!" he said. "What is the use of advertising one hour and sailing at another? There can be no excuse.

The tender has gone ashore."
"Oh, but, papa, they say there is a lady who missed the train, and is coming down by a special-

"I don't believe a word of it. Why, that is worse. The absurdity of keeping a ship like this waiting for an idiot of a woman!"

am so hungry, papa!"

"Well, go down below, and get something, if you can. No doubt the gross mismanagement reaches to the saloon tables as well."

She put her hand within his arm, and half drew him along to the companionway.

'What is the difference of an hour or two," said she, "if we are to be at sea for a fortnight? Perhaps the poor lady who is coming down by the special train has some one ill abroad. And -and besides, papa, I am so very, very, very hungry!"

He went down with her to the saloon, and took his place in silence. Yolande sat next to Mrs. Graham, who was very talkative and merry, even though there was no captain in his place to do her honor. Young Archie Leslie was opposite; so was Colonel Graham. They were mostly idling; but Yolande was hungry, and they were all anxious to help her at once, though the silent dusky stewards knew their caties well enough.

By-and-by, when they were talking about anything or nothing, it occurred to the young Master

of Lynn to say,
"I suppose you don't know that we are off?"

"No! impossible!" was the general cry.
"Oh, but we are, though. Look!"
Mr. Winterbourne quickly got up and went to one of the ports; there, undoubtedly, were the river-banks slowly, slowly going astern.

He went back to his seat, putting his hand or Yolande's shoulder as he sat down.

"Yolande," said he, "do you know that we are off—really and truly going away from England—altogether quit from its shores?"

His manner had almost instantly changed. His spirits quickly brightened up. He made himself most agreeable to Mrs. Graham; and was humorous in his quiet, half-sardonic way; and was altogether pleased with the appearance and the appointments of the ship. To fancy this great mass of metal moving away like that, and the throbbing of the screw scarcely to be detected!

"You know, my dear Mrs. Graham," he said, presently, "this child of mine is a most economical, even a penurious, creature; and I must de-pend on you to force her to make proper purchases at the different places—all the kinds of things that women-folk prize, don't you know. Lace, now. What is the use of being at Malta if you don't buy lace? And embroideries, and things of that kind. She ought to bring back enough of Eastern silks and stuffs to last her a lifetime. And jewelry too—silver suits her very -she must get plenty of that at Cairo-

"Oh, you can leave that to my wife," Colonel Graham said, confidently. "She'd buy up the Pyramids if she could take them home. I'm glad

it won't be my money.' And this was but one small item of expectation. The voyage before them furnished forth endless hopes and schemes. They all adjourned to the hurricane-deck; and here his mood of contented cheerfulness was still more obvious. He was quite delighted with the cleanness and order of the ship, and with the courtesy of the captain, and

with the smart look of the officers; and he even expressed approval of the pretty, quiet, not romantic scenery of the estuary of the Thames. Yolande was with him. When they walked, they walked arm in arm. He said he thought the Grahams were likely to be excellent companions; Mrs. Graham was a charming woman; there was a good deal of quiet humor about her husband; the Master of Lynn was a frank-mannered young fellow, with honest eyes. His step grew jaunty. He told Yolande she must, when in Egypt, buy at least half a dozen Eastern costumes, the more gorgeous the better, so that she should never be at a loss when asked to go to a fancy-dress ball.

And at dinner, too, in the evening, it was a delight to Yolande to sit next him, and listen to his chuckles and his little jokes. Care seemed to have left him altogether. The night, when they went on deck again, was dark; but a dark night pleased him as much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And then they sat down with their friends: and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long thin dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night-time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and despairs,

And perhaps Yolande was thinking most lence. And perhaps Yolande was unusually of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that whose neart she knew right went was heavy max night with its aching sorrow. It was her first actual contact with human misery, and she could not help thinking of the woman's face. That was terrible, and sad beyond anything that she could have been said to be a second anything that she could be seen to be se have imagined. For indeed her own life so far had been among the roses. As Mrs. Graham had said, she was but a child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriber.—Read about Prince Albert frock-coats in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 49, Vol. XV.

PROSERFINA.—All the information we have to give you about cosmetics will be found in a volume called the Univ Girl Papers, which will be sent you from this

office, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$1.

MBS. C. F. S.—A redingote would not look well in the way you suggest. Instead of a redingote you might use your velvet for the back and front of a mantilla, and have the side pieces of new brocaded velvet, trimming the whole with fur, feathers, or chenille fringe, and lining it with plush or wadded silk.

TITA.-Get embroidered mull, or else white nuns veiling, and make with a short skirt, paniers, and heart-shaped pointed basque, with elbow sleeves that stand up high shove the shoulders. Use Oriental lace and some pale Roman sash ribbons, with dark red

R. S. H.—Get cretonnes of small figures and subdued colors, mingling dark olive, pale blue, and red, for covering your summer furniture. Stripes weary the eye when often repeated in a set of furniture, hence you had better choose small patterns of flowers and leaves. The curtains may be of the same, or else of white serim, or of tamboured muslin, or the pretty colored

Madras muslin.

Mrs. L. J.—Camel's-hair wraps made of shawls are still very fashionable. The Bazar illustrated last sea-son the best method of arranging such a wrap from a shawl; you can have the paper containing it sent you for 10 cents. Very narrow braids, or else those two or three inches wide, are more used on cloth and flan-

nel dresses than those of medium width.

Hardwick.—We can not assist you in disposing of embroideries. Address the managers of the Woman's

Exchange for the information you desire.

Ternna.—Embroider your dark green cloth pelisse with green shades—not with gay colors—for the street. Let the design extend up the fronts. If the Jersey pelisse is too plain in the back for you, you should use the Russian pelisse pattern with box pleats in the skirt.

M. D. S.—Let your boys say, "What, mamma?" or "What, father?" or "What, sir?" or "What, ma'am?"

when they do not understand the question.

Marki.—A young girl's school dress will be preffiest with a plain Jersey basque, apron over-skirt, and pleated lower skirt. Add the plush cape to the cloak, or else get one of the fur pelerines or chasubles now in

COLORADO.—The Muscovite cloak illustrated in Bazar No. 44, Vol. XV., is one of the handsomest patterns for a cloth cloak. Trim it with chenille fringe like that in the illustration, or else fur or plush bands. It is very difficult to find embroidery to trim any cloth except that with the work done directly on the selvedge. Many rows of black braid, or else a braiding pattern done in soutache, would be handsome for trimming a blue Jersey cloth dress.

An old Subsoriber —We know of no schools where

dressmaking is taught, except that of a good dressmaker's rooms.

G.—Velvet of the same green shade will be the most stylish trimming for your Surah silk. SUBSORIBER.—Your figured green velvet will make a handsome basque to wear with other green or black

skirts, and indeed with white skirts for dress. Rifle green is as dark as the leaves of myrtle. Peacock blue is still used, but is not very fashionable this winter. Shrimp pink feathers would lighten it, or clae a bird of its own shades, or a white or gray dove, might be worn with it, or, if you prefer it, you might use ficelle gray

A Subscriber.—Have a white silk lining for your white mull dress, and also for the sleeves, which must reach to the elbows and be made very high on the shoulders, and slightly cushioned there. Have the waist shirred slightly on the shoulders and into the neck in Breton vest fashion, with a dog-collar of velvet and lace above that. You might have the shirred vest of embroidery, or else edge it each side with embroidery, and a cuff of the embroidery turned back on the sleeves. Paniers, puffs, pleatings, and flounces trim the skirt. Long tan-colored kid gloves, black slippers, and pink or black silk stockings, with an immense bouquet on the waist and one in the hand, complete the toilette.

Eva D.—It is perfectly proper for you to go into soclety after the birth of your still-born child if you feel

VIOLET. - A daughter wears deep mourning for a perent one year, and frequently longer. Black-edged note-paper is used as long as she wears black. It is proper to attend a quiet wedding of a relative or friend within four months after your bereavement, but crape should not be worn; a black silk is an appropriate

W., NEWARK.-There is no law of to which side of a lady a gentleman walks. He allows circumstances to determine on which side will be most agreeable and safe for her. Nor does he keep changing at the corners of streets,

S. R. E.—Have a pleated skirt and panier drapery made of your Irish poplin, with a corsage of the velvet; then have a jacket or visite of the poplin trimmed with velvet. There is a decided preference for repped goods, and though few poplins are yet worn, you can make yours no with propriety.

Mrs. S .- You will find the address in Bazar No. 8.

Vol. XV. We can not repeat it.
S. S. C.—Write your regret or acceptance on a sheet of note-paper, and put it in an envelope directed to the person who invites you. Unless you are to send it by post, one envelope is enough. Do not write regret or acceptance on your visiting-card; that is vulgar. It would be proper to send a card to the bride if you can not call in person, but it is better to call, and especially must you call on her mother, who invites you. est form for acceptance is the simplest. Smith has much pleasure in accepting the polite invitation of Mrs. Brown for Thursday, the 15th." Your description of your proposed dresses is very good, would be appropriate and useful.

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About our glowing firesides, when winter days are cold, The merry children cluster close, like happy lambs in fold; The dancing dimples come and go, the dear ones laugh and sing, And though the tempest rage without, naught fear we: Love is king.

But winter days are harsh and drear to children young as ours, Whose lives have felt the hunger pain—a frost that blights the flowers.

They shiver at the wind's long howl, they shrink from snow and sleet— The city's waifs and strays, who drift through alley, wharf, and street.

No sheltered spot these homeless ones may reach and call their own; Their hearts are chill; nor mother's kiss nor father's care they've known. And yet, O Christ of Nazareth, are such not kin to Thee, Who with no place to lay Thy head once walked in Galilee?

WAIFS AND STRAYS

There are to-day who worship Thee, their Master and their Lord, Who lift to Thee the stately psalm with many a swelling chord, But could not keep a quiet mind in service so divine Unless they helped, for Thy dear sake, some humble child of Thine.

And so they take the wheaten loaf, the generous cup they pour, and feed the famished lavishly from out their ample store.

it 'mid Thy seraphim, the melody of praise, gh the winter sorrow bursts from thankful waifs and strays?

Dost hear That throu

I count it d For such re And clothe And, sweet and clear, dost speak, dear Lord, and say, "As unto me lone the work ye do in lowliest charity." ward well may they toil, the bread may blithely break, the naked joyously: it is for Jesus' sake.

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS,"
"Under which Lord?" "My Love," etc.

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

AT THE DOWER HOUSE.

IONE STEWART.*

time to have heirs so as to secure the family, he was content to abide in patience, neither consumed with desire nor tormented by the delay. So there the two stood, looking at each other across that narrow strip of silence which a hint from her or a word from him would have bridged over, while Anthony wondered and fumed at this long adjournment, and Oakhurst speculated and antedated at its pleasure.

Pending the final arrangement of things, Edward Formby often went to London; perfected himself in billiards and in whist; bred a few horses for the turf, and ran as straight as he rode; drove a spanking team of chestnuts and the neatest drag in the country; was devoted to polo, pigeon-shooting, and pure breeds all round; was a keen sportsman and a lenient magistrate, as well as the most generous of all the guardians on the Board; was acknowledged to be a good judge of jockeys, but a bad one of men; had a refined mine taste in wine and a catholic one in women; was a man of his hands in all be ways, and the best-tempered and kindest-hearted gentleman of the district. Such as he was, with the figure of an athlete and the face of a faun, with see as his elever hands and his unstored head, his faults and his virtues, his worldly wroow in the content of the district. Site is the seed of the content of the district is the words and his morated to exist and he related in his own now

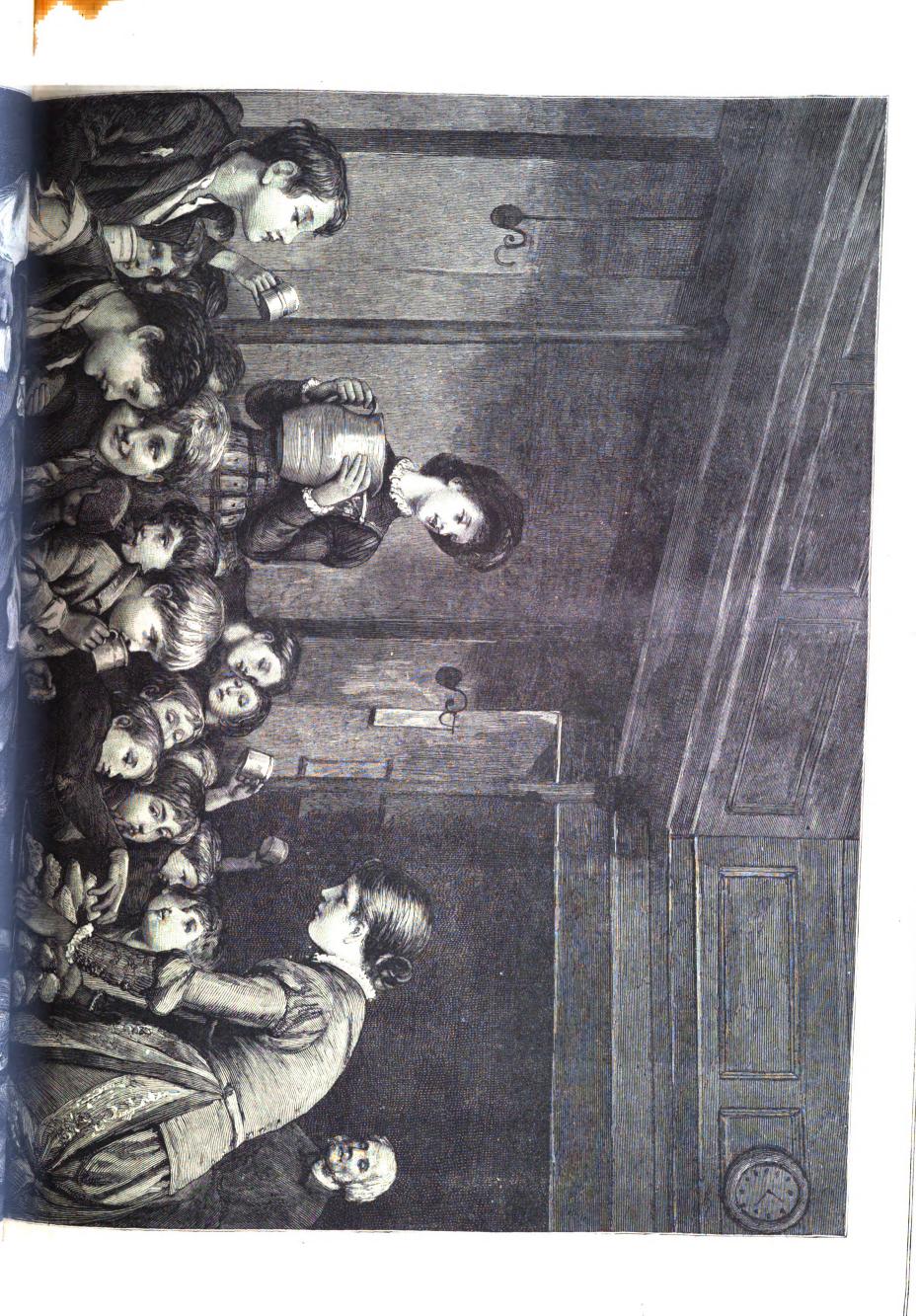
would have been as impossible as political rebellion to the Princess Beatrice. Her mother was her life, the object of her deepest devotion, her daily care, her hourly thought and love. Anthony was in the place of her father—the appointed ruler of her destinies as head of the house whereof she was but a minor member. Between them both she had neither the wish for nor the possibility of freedom; and she did not regret what she did not desire. She made her own private world of dreams. For her outward life she ministered to her mother; for her inward, she lived in an ideal land where she wrote poetry and conquered the world's praise like Cornne, where she was This, then, was how matters stood with respect to Monica and her marriage. Not formally betrothed, she was yet in a certain sense engaged; and not even for the Duke himself would her brother have allowed her to fling over Edward Formby, nor would her mother have consented to any other alliance. And though English girls are free by the law to marry where they list when once the magic age of twenty-one has been reached, yet legal freedom does not always tear asunder domestic bonds, and parents and elder brothers have quite as much power as the Master of the Rolls or the Lord Chancellor. With Monica Barrington disobedience to her natural heads the control of the control of the control of the Rolls or the Lord Chancellor.

sit hand in y would live where the sun ever shone and the earth was ever the starry night was as the silver lining to the golden robe of the sun did not scorch nor the north wind chill, and where to hand among the flowers would be the consummation of their

This habit of dreaming made Monica in some sense indifferent to the facts and the daily life, always excepting her care for her mother. She created her own happiness, and reigned as queen in her own domain. No one could destroy her gods, nor desolate her shrines, nor desocrate her holy places. She admitted no one into her confidence, and not even her mother guessed at the form of that veiled Isis to whom those long spells of silence were consecrated. When the snow fell and the bitter east wind blew, Monica was safe in this seems of flowers and the far-off songs of birds. When all Oakhurst was convulsed over some petty dispute in the vestry, some misunderstanding at the Board of Guardians, and the like, Mrs. Barrington's daughter was menthe and the might of Orpheus. What had she to do with the sordid world of prosaic fact, or what had it to do with her? Isolated on her pure heights, she lived above and beyond her surroundings, and possessed her soul in

Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

Ir must be confessed that Edward Formby, though by no means a cold man, was not a very ardent wooer. He liked Monica Barrington far away the best of all the girls he knew; and whenever he said, as he sometimes did, that he wished he had had a sister, he thought of her. But when he pictured the women for whom the world has gone mad—the Helens, the Aspasias, the Cleopatras of men's love—he did not give them a line nor a hue from her. He knew that he was designed by Providence and the fitness of things to take her to Hillside as his wife; but his state was one of philosophic waiting on the clearing of events and the ordering of days, rather than



peace. But her ideal life was rendering her unfit for practical existence, and she was running into dangers of which she knew neither the name

CHAPTER III. OVER THE WOOD-WORK.

WHILE Theodosia was appearing to criticise Monica's work with judgment, and Monica was appearing to think her words worthy of atten-tion, the young doctor was seen driving up the sweep before rounding the angle to halt at the hall door.

"Why, here is Dr. St. Claire!" said young Mrs. Barrington, with more than usual anima-"Why has he come, mamma? Is any tion. "'

"Grace has a cough and a pain in her side,' was the elder lady's reply. "I must see him before he goes, Monica," she added, turning to her daughter. "Ring the bell, my dear. They must not let him go before I see him."

"I hope Grace is not really ill-she is such a good servant," said Theodosia, with unwonted amiability.

"I did not think you had ever noticed her,' returned Mrs. Barrington, with a gratified smile.

The arrogance of her manner to servants, and the indifference of Anthony's wife to all the humane side of mistresshood, had always pained her mother-in-law, and Mrs. Barrington was glad to see what she took to be the sign of better things. To her, servants were beings of a lower race, destined by Divine wisdom to subordination and ignorance, incapable of right judgment or true morality, unless led, or if need be coerced by their betters, but coerced with as much gentleness as strictness, dominated for their own good and the glory of God in the setting forth Simple in her own tastes, she of discipline. looked on fashionable array in her female servants as both indecorous and sinful; and the man who should have smoked a cigar when in her service would have been warned for the first offense, and discharged for the second. She liked best those maids who could neither read nor write, and those men who abjured newspapers and knew nothing of politics. She translated the famous division of men, women, and the Harveys into men, women, and domestic servants; but if they were ill, she had them carefully nursed; if they were in sorrow, she comforted them by telling them how good it was for them to suffer, and how great a sign of Divine favor was affliction; when they grew old, she pensioned them; when they married, she set them up in blankets, crockerv, and a copper kettle; she never scolded, even when displeased, and she rewarded them for welldoing liberally. For all that, this gentlewoman, who reminded one of some faint and exquisite perfume, like dried rose leaves still sweet even in their decay, thought the humanity of the lower classes something different from her own, and looked on the endeavor to educate them as the beginning of social strife, the starting-point of revolution, and flying in the face of Providence in a wild and willful way.

"Oh, I know that you think me a horrid hard hearted little monster!" laughed Theodosia, gay-"But you see I am not so bad as you make out; and I have always liked poor Grace."

"I am glad of it, my dear," said Mrs. Barrington, kindly. "And Grace is a good girl, poor thing, and does her work very creditably."

Yes, she is very nice," said Theodosia; and Mrs. Barrington looked pleased.

All the same it was fortunate she did not put any leading questions. Had she done so, she would have found that Theodosia did not know whether the girl whose efficient service she had commended was the house-maid or the lady's

Presently Dr. St. Claire came into the room. With that easy grace of his which seemed to assert and claim absolute equality even with the proudest, he came up to where the three ladies were sitting, and offered his hand as if he had been Edward Formby himself. Mrs. Barrington would have liked it better if he had not. But when her sense of station and her sweetness of nature came into collision, the latter always won the day, and she was sure to forgive what she did not approve. People do not mean to do wrong, she argued. They sin chiefly from ignorance. And at the worst, it is right to forgive.

"How do you find poor Grace?" she asked,

with kindly anxiety.
"She is very ill," said Dr. St. Claire. "She has double pneumonia, and her state is critical."

Mrs. Barrington's mild face grew anxious. "Poor thing!" she said, compassionately. am indeed grieved to hear this; but I was afraid

she was very ill."
"I am so sorry! Poor Grace!" said Monica, looking up with her whole heart of compassion

in her eyes.
"Is it catching?" asked Theodosia, her cheeks dyed crimson for fear. "Mamma," she added, excitedly, "do be careful! do mind what you are

"No, it is not infectious," said Armine, re-as suringly. "I would not allow you to remain here if it were."

"How nice of him to say that!" thought Anthony's wife, taking the pronoun to herself, and sending for acknowledgment a pretty, half-grateful, half-roguish look to the thoughtful and clever young doctor who took such especial care of her

He, on his part, glanced at Monica, then fixed his eyes steadily on her mother. Young Mrs. Barrington had not been in his thoughts.

"I should urge her removal from the Dower House if there were risk to you in her remaining," he continued. "But you need have no fear. The illness is severe and will be long, but it is not dangerous to others. Only she will require good nursing and great care."

"My servants are always well looked after when they are ill," said Mrs. Barrington, a trifle stiffly. "Tell me what has to be done, and your orders will be obeyed to the letter."

He told her the usual routine of equable tem-perature and the like, adding: "I gave all these instructions upstairs to the—housekeeper?—the person they called Mrs. James."

"My maid. But I would rather go and see for myself personally," answered Mrs. Barrington,

rising.

She expected the young doctor to leave the room with her. Instead of which he simply went it for her to pass through, to the door, opened it for her to pass through then came back to where Monica was sitting, still with her wood-work in her hand.

"This is pretty," he said, taking it from her in the most natural way of equal comradeship im-aginable; "and well done. Would you like me to aginable; "and well done. Would you like me to lend you some patterns, Miss Barrington? I have some good designs which have not been published, and are therefore quite fresh. Shall I bring them up with me this evening when I come to see

"Thank you, yes, I shall be glad to have some new patterns. I did not know that you carved, said Monica, pleasantly smiling as she spoke.

"A little. I do a little of many things," he an swered, also smiling and speaking pleasantly.

"I am glad you carve, for then we can exchange our patterns. One gets so tired of things, looking at them so long before one begins to work on them! They seem to lose all their freshness and interest by being looked at," said Monica.

"Do you soon get tired of things, Miss Barrington?" asked Dr. St. Claire.

He was looking intently at the acorns on the frame, and he spoke in the indifferent way of a man asking a half-foolish and totally unimportant question. But his voice had a curious little tremor in it, and his breath came just a trifle checked and hard.

"I do of wood-work patterns, when I have them a long time before beginning to work on them," said Monica, with simple literalness. But in general I do not soon tire of things."

"Of people?" asked Armine, with the same strange under-current of emotion beneath an exterior as calm as if he were making a professional diagnosis.

"Of people, never!" she answered, emphatic ally, thinking of her mother.

"No; there is a good reason for that," said Theodosia, with her shrill laugh. "As you care nothing for anybody, I do not see how you can get tired. You must have, Monica, before you can lose."

St. Claire raised his eyes to Monica and as suddenly let them fall. Hers were turned on him in the fixed way of one whose mind is preoccu pied. She was thinking of his question and her answer, and now of Theodosia's commentary; she was not thinking of him personally. But when their eyes met, hers dropped as suddenly as his. Something seemed to have passed between them which made her abashed and him afraid—she abashed by what she saw, he afraid of what he felt and what he knew that she had seen. Fortunately at that moment young Mrs Barrington was looking at herself in the handglass by which Monica judged the better of her work by reflection, and thus saw nothing of that look which had told so much. When she looked again at St. Claire there was nothing to see. The young doctor was a man of self-control and a quick recovery.
"Do you carve, Mrs. Barrington?" he asked,

in quite his usual manner, that manner which was so sweet and tender, so almost caressing in its tones and gestures.

"No. I do not care for making clumsy knobs or cutting little holes in bits of wood. It seems so silly!" Theo answered, with a laugh. no better than that ridiculous open-work embroidery which ladies used to be mad about a few years ago-cutting holes in a piece of cambric and then sewing them up again! I think all that kind of thing so intensely stupid. I like lawn tennis and billiards and quick riding so much better. I hate all missy things."

And at this she laughed again, and looked at Monica as the point of her aim.

"It is a pity you do not carve; you would find it very interesting. And it is not difficult; in fact, it is wonderfully easy in proportion to the results," answered Armine, passing over the items of her disclaimer, and going back on the central fact.

"Should I? As you recommend it so strongly, Dr. St. Claire, I think I will try it. Your advice is like a prescription," she added, with a naughty smile; obey." a prescription which somehow one mus

She meant to please the young man by this flattering attention to his wishes, poor fellow! And when she had pleased him, what then? Chi lo sa? She was one of those women who put their foolish heads into bags and run among the quicksands, never looking to their feet.

"Will you teach me, Monica?" she continued, looking at St. Claire as if she wished him to take up the offer.

"Yes, with pleasure," answered Monica. Armine said nothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRAWING-ROOM DECORATION.

TOTHING, or as little as possible, should be admitted in the room that is not itself a good background to humanity. No chair or cab-inet of ugly color and ungainly shape, no sofa or table-cloth that an artist would disdain to paint, ought to occupy a place in the living picture Keep chairs and cabinets that can be in any way made to look pretty; choose (if you can not get old marquetry and carved oak) simple forms in sofas and tables, that you can treat with nice dra-

peries and vases of fresh flowers. Of course the piano is always a trial, for it is never less than ugly, though it is often more; but even that can creened off, or draped so as to be bearable. Book-cases allow of imaginative treatment, with niches for pots and fancy glass; and Oriental carpets are now so cheap that they are within everybody's reach.

All darkish walls are more becoming than pale ones, because the light which falls on the furniture and on the living folk brings out bright por-tions and edges that lose their importance if seen against a pallid background. Light upon light is as ineffective as dark upon dark, and in a picture an artist makes the surroundings subservient to whatever he means should catch the eve first. Surely that ought to be the people, when people

Gold is a good background, therefore gilt objects are always effective, but not too many nor too bright; above all, not in vulgar masses of coarse moulding, like the chairs and consoles sold to an ignorant Crœsus.

The Queen Annites protested very properly against too much of anything, when they tabooed great mirrors and gilt frames; but they went immensely too far. They are the rabid teetotalers of art. They condemn useful elements overmuch, demanding total abstinence where they should have merely taught us to be temperate and rooms furnished on their principles are always cold and unsympathetic: dull as a table

Let us learn to make a proper use of all good things; and a bit of old gilding (old gold tones into a darker tint and loses some gloss) is a beautiful ornament when understood, and I unhesitatingly add, so is a big mirror.

One of the little old Indian caskets and cab inets, of ivory or whitewood, delicately carven in lace-like patterns, gilt like sun-lit threads on milk, gives a cachet to any room. So does a piece of Moorish Renaissance work whereon gilding forms a prominent part. One fine gilt chair is never out of place; and well-chased and hammered brass-work (originally a mere substitute for the richer metal) is always a useful bit of color.

No doubt brasses-even old brasses-may be overdone, like masses of cheap gilt stucco. Everything is bad when you get too much of it. Even gold plate, of which few of us have an overplus, may vulgarize a dinner table when in too great profusion and mixed ill with other ele-

Never be afraid of a little bit of nice gilding in a dark corner. It brings light, defines distance, accentuates a desirable angle, as nothing else

Avoid flimsy curtains hanging over the fireplace. They are bad in taste, for they suggest a conflagration, even if they don't lead to it. are too short and tubby to add anything to the "background." But long curtains at window or door, and especially when cleverly arranged about a large mirror, immensely add to the grace and comfort of a room, and often magnify its size, though I have known people object to such use of a mirror on moral grounds—as they would object to padding their dresses and replacing lost teeth and hair. These people, however, don't rule the world, and the world has happily concluded to do without their rule.

A curtain, wherever it is, is a valuable oppor tunity for good color and well-managed folds, and many of the modern copies of old hangings are a really splendid ornament. Draperies are not enough used.

REPORT OF THE SMITHVILLE COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

OUR committee having examined several witnesses on the subject of social entertainments, offer their report.

Mrs. Terrapin Brown, being questioned, de osed as follows.

"Do I entertain? Frequently, of course, Why? A singular question. It answers itself: it is necessary; that is, for a woman in my position. It is expected. By whom? I don't know—everybody. What do I mean by everybody? The gentlemen of the committee are really very persistent: the world, of course-society. My neighbors? Dear me! no! I am not acquainted with them. Mrs. Outfit, or Mrs. Rohir? You are quite mistaken. I have never been able to comprehend why these ladies should be quoted as leaders of fashion. I can assure you their opinion on any subject is a matter of indifference to me. One entertains to keep a foot-hold in society A plant that puts out neither leaves nor blossoms is considered dead, and uprooted. Dinners, dances, Germans, crushes, are the leaves and blossoms of society.

"What do I give my guests? The best—emphatically! Best of what? Of suppers and course. Why? An absurd question again. What is to be done with a mob of people except to feed and keep them in motion?

"Do I enjoy my own entertainments? Certainly not. I have always a feeling of nervous apprehension. It may prove one of the cook's red-rage days, or things may drag, or somebody may get out handsomer favors than mine, or something like that. I am glad when it is

"Do I think I have made a certain number of people happy? I have never considered it in that light. How can I tell? They would be unhappy not to be asked. For the rest, everybody says the same thing, you know. Possibly the debutantes enjoy it. Perhaps the others feel as you do about certain wines. You miss them if they are not served, but it would be too much to

say you enjoyed them.
"Do I suppose some other style of entertainment might be preferable? No; if I did, I

should act accordingly. You have a social position to maintain; therefore you invite people—that is, you wish to be remembered, and with respect. It is my opinion that the organs of memory and veneration in most individuals are situated in the stomach. Therefore I appeal to it. 'The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon where one dines,' is the judgment of the world in nine

cases out of ten.
"Do I think well of Mrs. Vraiment Cuteancleare's method? I have never considered it. She receives a la Modjeska, or any other fine actress-French salon sort of thing; relies on Ideas. Well enough, perhaps, for those who fancy it, but hardly the thing for a Mrs. Terrapin Brown.

Miss Batiste, being questioned, deposed as fol-

"Desirous to entertain? Oh! quite so; but I am opposed to the received Hottentotisms. do I mean by that? That I have no toleration for the Pig element and the Blind Beetle element.
Explain? The Pig element insists upon a supper; the Blind Beetle element insists upon dashing into all the other people in the room, in time to a Strauss waltz. Sarcastic? Not at all; only

"How would I entertain? Why, beautifully, of course. Have I succeeded in so doing? It has not been accepted beautifully. Why not? Society is pig-headed. It supposes something is wrong unless it sees the inevitable chairs set out for the inevitable German. Perhaps it enjoys such things best? Nothing of the sort; it never enjoys itself at all. Why, then, are my entertainments unsuccessful? Society is like Joe Gargery: it considers it necessary to be purified by suffering for a holiday. Without a certain amount of stiff discomfort and indigestion, it can never be

brought to believe that it has enjoyed itself.
"Do I mean that I find my guests unresponsive? Precisely. Hint a charade, and they hide. Suggest something with rhymes or sketches, and you strike them imbecile. Attempt conversation, and they freeze. Give them music, and they gape

and talk scandal.

"Am I myself fond of any of these things? Not specially; but what has that to do with it?
"What do I consider the average conversation-

al power? Ninety degrees below zero. Are intellectual entertainments failures? Decidedly-in the proportion of twenty-five acceptances out of fifty invitations, and twenty of those twenty-five feminine.

"Have I attempted anything beyond charades, rhymes and sketches, and musicals? Yes; Shakspeare and Dickens receptions.

"What was the result? What might be expected. Every one knew that something was expected; no one knew what. People sat about, morally in collapse, and mentally in ruins. Everybody was preternaturally solemn, and afraid of everybody else; and all the costumes came straight out of Bedlam.

"Do I suppose that the cause of failure may exist in myself? Why should I, unless it is that I can offer pearls, but will not offer acorns. Do I consider myself, then, the clever exception to the general stupidity? Thanks for the implied sarcasm; and—ves.
"What do I think of Mrs. Vraiment Cutean-

cleare's method? I was not aware that she had a method. She is a coquette. Gentlemen like coquetry of course. Equally of course girls will flock where they are sure of finding gentlemen. If that is to be dignified as a method, I can only say it will never be the method of Belinda Batiste.

Mrs. Vraiment Cuteancleare, being questioned,

deposed as follows:
"Fond of entertaining? I consider it one of the chief pleasures of life. Method? What is my method? Is not that too fine a word? Something less pretentious would better describe what to do. I am obliged to think, certainly. I have a small house and a limited income. My friends are of the class who pique themselves on the subdued elegance and costliness of all their appointments. It would be hard never to dare to receive them. It would be absurd to wear even an appearance of competition with them. I can not afford to entertain them after the usual received programme. I dispense with the programme. To make it agreeable without the usual programme—that, you see, requires thinking.

"Do I find such thinking wearisome—some-thing like a voke? Quite the contrary. There is in it the pleasure of the scholar, the explorer, the discoverer. You comprehend! The only thing I can offer them is an idea of some sort early social strawberries, some new moon-stone straight out of the eye of a hitherto undiscovered idol. First I have to catch my idea, like Mrs. Glass's hare; to chase it, dig it out, trave lfor it, and, after all, perhaps stumble on it. Wearisome! Why, nobody is more interested in my ideas than I myself. I should never dare try them otherwise. You know that current phrase about having a 'good time.' If I have it not in my own proper person, how can I offer it to others?

"Give some more exact idea of my system? I am not sure that I can; that is, if I have a sys-

tem.
"My house is small, so I only ask a few on each occasion who are sympathetic with each other. My income is small, and I give only coffee and cake, or bouillon, or ices, and plenty of wax lights and music.

"I have observed that children love their 'shop happiness'-their elaborate dolls and mechanical toys—for a week or so; their lasting devotion is given to the battalion of empty spools, the rage, and bits of wood, that they can chop and change and manufacture themselves. Grown people are only grown-up children. They like that social boat or drama best in which they themselves can take an oar or a part; that experiment best in which they touch the springs or turn the cranks.
"Do I find some difficulty in getting them to

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step into position? I never ask them. They step into position? I never ask them. They would start away, of course. I just push the 'oar' or the 'crank' within reach, and they seize

it instinctively.

"Explain? That is difficult, unless I give you some special example. Shall I try? Yes? My 'chance party,' for instance? That will do? Suppose, then, I ask a few people to a 'chance party,' and offer them no further explanation. Naturally they are on the qui vive to know what, where, when, is the 'chance.

"I have observed that people, in the German, for example, like to pin on themselves as many of the pretty, useless, inexpensive little favors as they can get. I resolve that each 'chance' shall they can get. I resolve that each 'chance' shall be a pretext for so decorating everybody. I notice that people like the excitement and uncertainties of lotteries. I resolve that each 'chance' in some different way shall give them an opportunity to try for 'luck.' The greatest 'chance' of all in any reception is whether it will prove a success. I tell them that is the first 'chance' in the proper party and of course every one learner.

our chance party, and of course every one laughs.

"A clever and imperturbable young man is necessary to act as my right-hand man—my master of ceremonies. I want the cleverest man, for in all entertainments a large margin must be left for the unforeseen and the accidental.

"Our second 'chance' is the election of this master of ceremonies by lot; and I do not say that this was drawn with perfect fairness, that the 'cleverest man' was not sworn in beforehand, and that the decisive lot was not hidden in his sleeve while he passed the hat about to others. How else should I have been sure of the clever one? The rest of the programme was conducted with scrupulous honesty. Let that plead for me.

"It is a much-contested 'chance' who shall be the belle of the evening. We drew for 'the belle of the next half-hour.' The gentlemen secured gay little bows of ribbon. The ladies were decked with mittens, except the fortunate one who drew the tiny bell, and was at once hailed as the belle of the hour, and presented with a suitable train of adorers.

"Another 'chance' is as to individual 'luck,' as it is termed. Therefore a pie was brought in, surmounted by twenty-four blackbirds in pasteboard, each bird bearing a number. It was carried solemnly about the room, and according to the numbers drawn each person received a German favor, save the 'luckiest one,' who obtained the prize.

"Each announcement of these various 'chances' was in this case received with a hush of sur-prise, and then a burst of laughter; and there was much amusing anxiety and comparing of notes and pinning on of the nondescript favors: and for fear of monotony between each 'chance' was a pause occupied by music, dancing, and chatter.

"Another 'chance' secured partners for dancing. The gentlemen were presented with small wooden potato-mashers, the ladies with wooden spoons. Numbers were tied on each by gay ribbons. The 'spoons' and 'mashers' compared numbers, matched them, and danced. Still another 'chance' told the fortune of the coming year. There is a little furtive superstition down deep in every human heart. Every one smiles, but every one likes to try. A spinning-wheel was decorated as Fortune's wheel, bearing the word 'Kismet' and other appropriate insignia, and as many numbers on card-board as there were guests attached. A name was called. The person summoned turned the wheel swiftly, and then allowed it to 'die,' as the children say. The number at which it stopped was evidently the destined number of the revolves, and drew an appropriate emblem of Fate's designs on the individual in question—a rose, a sack of gold, a star, two spoons, wings of spun glass, etc., with pro-

phetic rhymes attached.
"You see? Nothing could be more simple. It was the novel situations, and the audacious lack of pretense, and the transforming each guest into an actor, that made all the pleasure. Coffee and cakes came in somewhere, and the affair end ed in a fifteenth-century torch-light dance mod-ernized into a Virginia reel, in which each person held a small lighted taper, and whenever the music ceased, which it did at the most unexpected intervals, tried to blow out the neighboring lights. Apart from the general amusement, the effect was rarely beautiful and artistic.

"I do not know that I can explain more clear-

ly than by the example just given.

The witness was here excused, and the meeting adjourned. Submitted.

JOHN AXAM, SMITH MAINRIGHT, Of the Social Committee.

BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDRLTON'S MONRY," "NOBA'S LOVE TEST," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," ETC.

This was the day of Mary Keveene's picnic to Portland Island, and according to her arrangement I breakfasted with her, that we two might start early and independently. My sisters won-dered over our choosing to waste so many hours alone, fatiguing ourselves and growing hot and dusty and dishevelled before the hour of assembling; but I am sure the wonder touched Mary only, as they knew too well that it made little difference to me whether my dress was fresh or my face cool—I was, in any case, so little likely to be noticed. We were to lunch at Bow-and-Arrow Castle at two o'clock, and when I joined

Mary she had given all the necessary orders, and by nine we were ready to start. It was quite a habit of ours now to spend several hours of each day together, and though I was still puz-zled often by her moods, and positively wounded sometimes by her mistrust and cynicism, I was more and more each day drawn, almost unwillingly, within her strong yet gentle influence. One day she really offended me in a humor of strange passionate coldness, but her ready, wistful apology, and fearless acknowledgment of wrong, her generous refutation of the slightest provocation on my part, and humble, loving entreaty for a kiss, were so different from our cool way at home of accosting each other after any disagreement that afterward I loved her better than before

"I am expecting great enjoyment to-day, Mary,"

I said. "Do you believe in anticipations?"
"No—oh no," she answered, hurriedly. "And it is Friday, too! Why did I pick out Friday when I had six days of the week to choose from Well, it will be a change, Barry, and that is always welcome; though I dare say if anything happened to-day to make a break in this quiet life, I should long for even these days back again. Are you content to come with me alone, leaving to your sisters that pretty Mr. Gavin and the pensive curate, and-not to meution others?'

"It is a question for you, not for me," I said, smiling at her pause. "Denis Vesey is the only person difficult to be evaded, and it is not I whom

he will go forth to intercept."
"Nor any one," said Mary, calmly. "I don't forget that you described him to me as a stern, inflexible ascetic. I am quite sure that for him y sad experience wise, at rosy cheeks and spark-

ling eyes, his heart no longer flutters."
"No, not at rosy cheeks," I assented; "but at last he wooes in earnest, Mary, and in what I call a quite old-fashioned way.

"Appropriate to buckled shoes, lace ruffles, and a powdered queue," suggested Mary, dryly.
"Now I am ready. What a sun we shall have all day upon our faces! O ruddier than the cherry—that I shall sing this evening to my nose. O browner than the berry—that I shall address to the rest of my classic countenance. Why didn't I borrow that ugly linen hat of Mr. Vesey's, in which he looks so like a wandering Bedouin, or perhaps a Nawab? Has he been in India ?'

"Yes, three years ago; on some professional business, and literary too, I think." "Oh! he writes! Novels? No, I thought not, as you describe him so inflexible. Do his writings also give one that subtle suggestion of the powdered queue and ruffles?"

"I told you that was the change in him since he has known you. Yet don't you be deceived; he has the blood of his forebears in him, and one of them shot an Italian dead on the spot for pay-

ing a compliment to his wife."
"Insanity? What a good thing he is the last of his race. Don't look so shocked, my Barbara. Woman is divided into two classes. First, woman whom everybody likes in a general way, and nobody especially loves; and second, woman who is not liked, yet will win one— Come."

"Go on, Mary." "Go on with what?" she asked, coolly; yet her fingers were a little nervous over fastening her

"Finish what you were going to say, for you meant that you belonged to that second class."

"If so, I must have meant they were nonenti-

"No, you did not; and I thought-" "Don't think," said Mary, with a laugh. "Why, that was always a fatal habit, even back in the days of Naaman, wasn't it? Now I am ready."

She stood before me, fair and cool, with a wreath of pink convolvulus round the small straw hat, whose brim was squeezed into a shadowy poke above her lustrous eves.

"I positively don't think," I declared, "that you could look fast even in a jockey cap, or—or unrefined even in a Tam o' Shanter. What are you going to wear to-night, Mary?"—for mother had elected to give a little carpet dance as a conclusion to Mary's picnic, and I was accustomed to hear discussions on these matters, though to my mind among us the real art of dress was never studied. Selina always knew what was fashionable, and what she called artistic, and the others followed her lead, whether the garments suited them or not: evidently that was not to be of any

the garment. As we chatted we walked quickly to the station, anxious to leave Weymouth unperceived. Once Mary gave a start when we met Denis's retriever walking sedately down from the station with the Times in his mouth; but I knew he fetched the paper every morning, so I had no fear of his

master being near. When Mary rejoined me on the platform, after taking our tickets—for she de-

clared I was her guest to-day, and must do no-

moment, for the wearer must adapt herself to

thing but enjoy myself—she looked at me a little quizzically, her eyes bright with excitement. "I was on the point of taking third-class tickets, Barbara; I only remembered just in time. Old habits cling to one, and I never used to travel otherwise. Are you very much ashamed of

I laughed because there was so little abashment for herself in the eyes which, with all their radiance, had more of sadness in them than of

"You must be glad that you have no need to do so now," I said, in my matter-of-fact way; but once more that slow pink flush rose in her cheeks, and I knew how wrong was my surmise

"I would travel third-class all my life for one of those old journeys again," she said; and for the first time in my life I understood what it meant to hear tears in a voice. "I have forgotten all their discomforts, if there were any, and all their humiliations, if there were any; I only remember their joy. Oh, Barbara, what an awful yearndream of the-dead!

Of course I thought it would soothe her to change this subject; but I soon found, as I so often do, how little I understood the strength, as well as pride, of her reticent nature.

"They were nearly always amusing journeys," she added, quite suddenly calm. "I remember once in London, just as the train was leaving one of the under-ground stations, a porter at the door of our carriage—I mean the carriage I was in hurried in two chimney-sweeps who were looking for seats. Barbara, if you had but seen the glance one gave the other when they were safely in, and his gravely uttered cogitation, 'Now how did he as we wuz third-class passengers?' Do my old surroundings startle you? I remember once hearing a smart girl, who sat next to me, whisper to her mother to hide the tickets, that their fellow-passengers should not see they were thirdclass. And as for civility, I've heard a guard ask a poor man for his ticket in a tone which said quite plainly, 'Never mind if you haven't one; I'll make it all right with the directors.' Not"—with a droll little smile—"always, of course. But indeed, Barbara, I am in earnest. Why, the very last journey we I technique. last journey we—I took, an old woman was ill, and I could not describe to you the sympathy and anxiety of all those poor people—poor by courte-sy, as they were travelling cheaply. It was a suf-focating day, yet all the windows were closed in an instant, lest the air should be bad for her; and one girl went on to a station beyond her destination because the old woman had fallen asleep against her arm. Oh, Barbara, what lessons do I learn in my travelling now? What good is the attention I win now? What does it avail me that the guards say 'Please' and 'Ladies' now? I te these different journeys."

"I think each position has its good side, per-haps," I said, with a frail idea of this being the

sort of thing Denis might say.

"Perhaps so," she answered, coldly. "And I suppose this is our train."

Mary seated herself beside an old gentleman, who began at once to talk to her, drifting into events which must have happened years before her birth, and introducing each with "If you recollect." Mary answered in that easy, gentle way of hers just as if she did remember, but I was afraid to meet her eyes, and so looked out as the train ran along beside that wonderful stretch of shingle beach which seems to separate the island from the coast. Opposite to me was an august lady of middle age, who left the train at Rodwell, and then turned and offered her hand in farewell to a friend who had entered the carriage with her at Weymouth, but to whom she had not spoken on the way. "I presume we shall not meet again," she observed, rigidly; but the other answered, with a sort of cheerful spasm, "Oh, I don't see why not." "But I do," was the stately retort. "I shall neither visit you again, nor invite you to visit me." And Mary's glance at me was irresistible.

There were no courtier clouds attendant on the sun this morning. He shone unveiled upon us when we came out from the Portland station, to

be assailed by numerous all too willing guides.
"Why should we not wander at will, and explore as we choose?" I asked Mary, in a semiwhisper, while she stood patiently detained by a dejected individual with boots cut skillfully open, possibly to give free play to his feet, but certainly to give us an unimpeded view of his stockings. He followed us, though other visitors came within his ken, and overtook and clung to us so unobtrusively and resignedly (when we tried to walk away from him) that we were obliged to accept the valuable services so modestly proffered. He could show us everything on the island as no other guide could, and bring us nearer to the convicts-so he assured Mary-than any other man ever born.

"I know he will cheat us," she explained aside to me, "and we shall have no independence; but I saw you could not resist the melancholy tones,

Barry."
"We can drop him presently," said I, looking Mary's half-humorous, half-sarcastic interest. "He has a very disreputable appearance, and we shall soon know our own way about."

"Cause and effect," smiled Mary, as we went up

the steep street at a snail's pace, not because there was anything noteworthy to detain us, but because it agreed best with our melancholy lead-er's financial projects and rheumatic ankles. He obliged us to pause continually, and always began to speak as if he had a great deal to say, but the words trailed off into sighs, and we never once ascertained that he had been going to tell us anything definite.

"Shall we never see the convicts?" I asked at last. Mary was looking away to the languid sea, now we had reached the height, but I was searching the hideously uncultivated stony scene around us.

"I have power to show you them quite close," he answered, in his very unassuming way. "I can take you where no one else on the island

can. You will see all with me.
"I have no doubt we could see them just as easily alone," whispered Mary. "But why do you wish it so, Barry? Isn't there wickedness enough in every one we meet, without desiring such a conglomeration of it?"

I could see that hers was frank and honest contempt; but I could not deny that I wished to see the convicts, nor could I resist talking about them as we crept on.

'Surely sometimes a prisoner escapes ?" I said ; but our guide answered sadly that it had occurred only once, he thought. "The men were making the reservoir, miss; I'll show it you presently. "No haste," interpolated Mary, drolly.—" There came on a dense fog, and one man swam away. No one knows whether he was picked up or whether he landed, but afterward the governor received his prison clothes back, with thanks for the loan.

ing that is for one of the old days!-for even a | I'll show you the reservoir. With me you are

sure to see everything worth seeing."
"Now here we are"—this with a moan, when at last we were among the quarries, and Mary appeared to be still pondering his story. "The quarries are closed while the prisoners are at work. They will be going to dinner at eleven

o'clock, and I will show you them near."
We paused just then at an iron turnstile on the road-side, and looked through. Above us an armed sentinel walked slowly to and fro on a raised path overlooking the quarry, and where he turned another sentinel took up the march. I gazed first into Mary's sweet pale face as she looked through the iron bars, then into the dis-At first I could not distinguish any figures save the darkly clad ones of the warders, because the convict dress is just the color of the stone they work in; but presently their movement revealed them to me, swarming, as it seemed, about the dark figures, idle and watchful, while they were busy; yet surely having harder work to do, and looking so few among them. I was gazing, in a dismal fascination, when the sentry told us respectfully we were not allowed to stand there, and we moved on at once, Mary's lips twiching a little with what I thought sympathy, but what I found to be genuine, honest indignation against these outlaws

When we have looked at the important objects I have to show you, ladies," murmured our keeper, "I will take you where you can distinctly see the gangs as they return to their work at one

"But that will be two hours hence," intimated Mary, humbly.

"Yes, miss, it will," with resolute meekness:

"but I've a great deal to show you."

Of course he had not a great deal, but what he had took a great deal of time, and so the two hours were over when we found ourselves in the same spot again, with no distinct remembrance of anything beyond having been lured by eagerly trading children into buying various lumps of what they called congealed water, found in the quarries, and of vainly trying several times to

dismiss our guide.

"Now, ladies," he gently sighed, stopping at the little inn called the Clifton Arms, "they know me here, and will show you into a room upstairs where you'll see the convicts come from their dinner, nearer than any one else on the island can. I'll wait below."

Mary stopped to pay and discharge him, and with melancholy consideration for us he at last accepted payment for five hours' attendance. Then we followed a pleasant young woman up-Venetian blinds, which she drew up, and muslin ones, which she took down.

"Of course," said Mary, looking round, when we were left alone, "we could not have gained

access to this public room in a way-side inn without the influential interest of our guide, philosopher, and friend. Oh, Barbara, what a world of shams this is!" which made me smile, of course, for she had been his mildest dupe. Then I called her to the window to see, for the gray figures, carrying their implements, were tramping two and two along the quarry paths, the dark forms scattered here and there among them. I tried to count the number of men in each gang, and thought it must be five-and-twenty; but as I could not be sure, I turned presently to ask Mary. She had gone away from me, and was walking up and down the room slowly. "It is as bad," she said, "as looking down upon the Shambles on this calm, sunny morning, and knowing what deadly mischief they will work—another day. What, ready to go on, are you? Why, Barry, I should have thought this morning's experience would have totally unfitted you ever to hasten again. I suppose we must order something. We need not touch it, and can leave money on the

So Mary left a half-crown beside the untasted lemonade, and then we went down-stairs to find our guide imbibing beer with pensive wariness. And indeed I was not surprised that Mary spoke sharply to him at last, when he persistently maintained that his further society would be a necessity to us.

Free at last, we strolled across the fields behind the inn, when there happened what I had all morning been prepared for. We were not conscious where we were going, only that, through the soft and dreamy air, we could hear the slow lazv wash of the waves upon the Chesil beach, when Denis came up to us in his boating flannels, his grave face brightening in the frankest man-

ner when he met Mary's eyes.
"At last!" he said. "I rowed to Fern Cave, fancying you would be there. I hoped to be in time to show you all you cared to see."

"Oh, we have had a guide," said Mary, careless—"a good man, who grew so much attached to us that he would not part with us under half a sovereign, and then not without a struggle.

"Miss Keveene, this is all the heath I can find vet in blossom here. Please take it; you told me you loved it. Now we can go on, for, of

course, your wish is to see the convicts."
"Why should it be?" inquired Mary, calmly fastening the heath at her neck-though we went the while with Denis out into the road and back toward the prison — "why should we care so much to see an accumulation of crime? bara, was not our guide enough for you? for surely he was a convict once, or is to be, else why that cunning glance in his mournful eye?"

"Miss Keveene, you should wear green glasses when you try to be hard on your fellow-creaobserved Denis, tranquilly.

"Surely you feel what a terrible life this imprisoned one is for men to lead," I said, with a glance into her thoughtful eves.

"Only what they deserve."

"For some—yes," acquiesced Denis; "and the very justice of the punishment for some makes it

^{*} Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 8, Vol. XVI.

for others, what Barbara says it is, a terrible life. Picture a man well brought up, refined, educated, who in a moment of great temptation or fear, or perhaps in a grievous emergency, has done one wrong act, for which, apart from all other punishment, he suffers in every hour of the day and night acute remorse and penitence. Think of his herding for years with ruffians and semi-idiots; brutal villains—no, that is an insult to the brutes—hardened villains, not only guilty of hideous and barbarous crimes, but actually revelling in the anticipation of committing others; professional, life-long thieves, born in the prison or work-house, growing up in an atmosphere of vice until no other is endurable to them—very devils, who don't know what conscience means! Surely even one day's incarceration with such vile associates would be punishment enough for one un-

repeated crime such as I spoke of."

"Evidently you have a sympathy with these convicts and criminals, Mr. Vesey," said Mary,

with chill disdain.

"In a certain sense, I have," returned Denis, gravely. "It is my hope to do something toward changing the punishment for such as those. But"—throwing off his seriousness—"we need not think of that to-day. See, there is a little gang of convicts at work just where we shall

pass, and only one warder needed to them all, you see. I notice Barbara is far more ready to study them than you, Miss Keveene.

"It is a dreary and disappointing study," Mary said.

"Oh, they are just like ordinary workmen," I put in, as one young man, his white unsheltering cap pushed back from his sun-burned face, looked down unabashed upon us from his ladder.

"Some of even those were horrible faces," said Mary, hurrying, and actually shuddering when we had pass-ed; "and how fearful for them to have to raise by their own hands these great pris-on walls that shut them in!"

"Look over here, Miss Keveene," said Denis, showing us, in the pretty garden of the governor's house, a man in blue, and with hair of ordinary length—indeed, long-er than Denis's—work-ing on his knees among the flower beds, while a dainty little maiden of five or six stood talking to him. "The men in blue

are serving their last three months," Denis explained, "and their hair is allowed to grow.

Any friend of that fellow's could recognize him now, don't you think, while among the others one could scarcely detect even an old friend-could one, Miss Keveene?"

"I could," said Mary, readily. "What dis-guise is there? Should I not know his step, his bearing? What? It would change, you think? Oh, what nonsense we are talking!" she added, with a smile, as Denis returned a salute from some one in the prison gateway, and we walked on past the warders' with their fresh white curtains,

and windows filled with brilliant flowers, showing care and love for pretty things. "I can not think," she said, glancing from the groups of children in the road to the women sewing in the doorways, "how mothers can bear their children

to grow up here.' I intended, in my practical way, to ask her why, but just then I saw that the church-yard gate was open, and that distracted my thoughts. There was to be a funeral presently, the loiterers told us, so we passed in unhindered, and strolled round into the quietness behind the church; while Denis told us how it was built by twenty-eight convicts who had been brought up to no trade, and how the one who did most if not all of the really beautiful carving staid voluntarily three months beyond his time to finish, and now was earning a handsome income by this power he had discovered in himself. We stood beside a gate in the further wall, and looked into a large quarry, smiling to think that chance had given us here the very opportunity which had been out of reach even of our boastful guide. Presently, while my eyes were fixed upon the distant gray figures, so little noticeable among the masses of gray stone, Mary called my attention to one man wheeling a barrow heavily along on the other side of our wall, a warder following close behind

"What an evil face!" she said, when he had passed. "He must have a pigtail hidden in that cap, Mr. Vesey, for surely he may well answer to the name of 'Ah Sin.'"

"Denis, what does that L mean on the blue badge on his sleeve?" I asked.

That his sentence was for life; and below are

"That his sentence was for life; and below are his number and initials. The ticket being blue shows that he has served three years already."

"Three years—already!" echoed Mary, with a quick catching of her breath. "You speak of three years as if it were a day, instead of—a lifetime. But"—with one of her sudden changes of tone, as she looked after the two men—"I would rather be a convict than a warder."

"Oh bush Mary! I know you don't mean it."

"Oh, hush, Mary! I know you don't mean it;

but why do you speak so recklessly?"
"I suppose it is reckless, Barry," she said, her lovely eyes strangely puzzled, "for it is Satan, isn't it, who says, 'Make thy souls better, Lord—

or worse'?"
"Denis," I said, hurrying in my speech for fear of these words of Mary's hurting him as they hurt me, "what is that whistle and command for?'

"I see that I must be dressed in my best for the party," announced Denis, laughing over her emphatic accent of the added word

"Yes, but can you do it unaided? He could not, for

"'Hokee Pokee Ching-em-e-Ring, Nineteenth wife of this mighty king, Loved her lord above everything, And decked him out for the party.'"

"Ah! then," said Denis, "I must wait until I have a wife who loves her lord above everything. ell, my comfort is that I'm a fellow whom no body notices at any party, and might go decked with the broad arrow, like the poor fellows there,

"No, you are not unnoticed, Denis," I put in, awkwardly, "for Uncle Steven says it is in the papers that you are here—the popular writer they call him, Mary."

"The writer writ; I see. Do you write—clev-

erly?" asked Mary, glancing at him with ludi-

crous inquiry.
"No, indeed," he answered, his eyes warm and tender in their merriment, while I worried myself whether it could be contact with the world which had taught Mary Keveene this trick of taking all things coldly, or whether it could really be, as I But even you may be some day glad to feel that you were one man's only love."

"But why could not the model knight love one

"But why could not the model knight love one only, and not cleave to her?" inquired Mary, absurdly. "That would have been more unselfish, and more comfortable for her."

"Mary," said Denis, uttering her name a little brokenly, "will you remember some day how impossible it would be for me to love again, however hopeless my love is? And how through all my life now I must love one only, even if she—"
"Ah." cried Mary, lightly, interrupting "there

"Ah," cried Mary, lightly, interrupting, "there comes another convict across the quarry, directly toward us. Is it another Ah Sin?"

I saw that Denis did not turn his eyes away from her face, taking this merely for an ingenious diversion of the subject; but I followed her gaze. The light swinging step of the man who came toward us in his white knickerbockers and dark blue stockings, carrying a pick upon his shoulders, and with the dark watchful jailer following closely upon him, struck me instantly, and there came into my mind a sudden perception that there was something different from the other men in the way that this man even wore his Then I remember mechanically trying to

read the number on the blue ticket on his sleeve.

But I got no further than the L—he had a lifetime of punish-ment to come, and so what matter that three years of it were over? How they had told upon him! for the face, though young, was terrible to look upon in its hopeless, haggard despair
—I could gaze unembarrassed, for his eyes were fixed strangely and vague-

ly far away from us.
Involuntarily I turned with a questioning glance at Mary, though I can not unthough I can not understand why, unless I hoped that she might acknowledge this face was not wholly evil. She stood as she had done before but your with fore, but now with her elbows resting on the gate, and one clinched hand on either temple. In the first second I thought she had fainted against the bar; in the next I knew this change in her was worse than any swoon. Her dark dilated eyes were filled with terror, her breath came in hurried and irregular gasps, and her parted lips were col-orless as the white forehead from which she had feverishly pushed the soft dark hair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dinner and Evening Dresses. Figs. 1-3.

THE dress Fig. 1 is of black ottoman silk, trimmed with Spanish guipure lace. The round skirt is completely covered with three deep flounces in triple box pleats, edged with lace. A looped drapery is on the back, and a scarf is draped across the top of the front and caught together with a long ottoman ribbon bow on the right side. The pointed basque puffed elbow has

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sleeves with ribbon bands and bows and lace frills. Lace jabots trim the front and postilion,

and a ribbon bow is at the throat. Lilac gauze and embroidery in floss on white silk muslin are the materials of the dress illus-trated in Fig. 2. The skirt is covered with flounces of embroidery alternating with gauze puffs. The drapery forms a shawl point on the left side of the front, and is looped in full puffs on the back. A garland of pale yellow roses edges the point. The basque has a plastron of embroidery, and elbow sleeves made partly of gauze and partly of embroidery. A gauze drapery and frills of embroidery together with a cluster

of roses form the throat trimming. Fig. 3 is composed of a box-pleated skirt of light blue cashmere, and an over-dress of white cashmere, bordered with dark sapphire blue cashmere, and girdled with thick blue silk cord, to which an embroidered châtelaine bag is attached. The round waist, which is embroidered with soutache on the front, is cut low and square, and completed by a white crêpe lisse chemisette and ruche. The long tight sleeves are of dark blue cashmere, with white cashmere puffs at the elbow and shoulder. A dark blue belt encircles the



Fig. 1.—Black Ottoman Silk Dress. Cut Pattern, No. 3373: Basque, 20 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents.

Fig. 2.—GAUZE DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 3.—Cashmere Dress.

Figs. 1-3.—DINNER AND EVENING DRESSES.

"For the men to fall in and be counted," he told me, his grave stern eyes turning neither to Mary nor me. "Each warder counts the men under him once in fifteen minutes."

I remember that after that we chatted together quite merrily, leaning on the wooden gate; indeed, we grew even frivolous when Denis, having asked Mary to tell him what flowers she would wear that night, for him to send them to her, she plunged into a gravely ridiculous discussion as to what he would wear himself. I should at any time have been shy of beginning such a silly feminine topic before Denis, but to my astonishment he seemed quite interested. How strange it is that the same subject should be so different uttered by two different people!

"You have your sisters to consult, Barry," said Mary, with droll solemnity. "Poor Mr. Vesey and I have to study the art of dress alone."
"You have no occasion to study it," said I,

warmly; "and, luckily for them, men do not need. It makes so little difference in them."
"So little!" she cried. "Why, Barry, even

"'Hokee Pokee Crack-my-crown,
King of the Island of Gulp-'em-down,
Was thought the finest young man about town
[Only] When dressed in his best for a party."

feared, that nothing ever could stir her save some hidden past.

"I think," she said, carelessly, "there is no need for any of us to know more than just enough to talk about."

"Or is it better," he asked, "to know enough to think about ?"

"And best, you mean," she added, with a little laugh, "to know enough to write about? haps so. It certainly makes a wonderful difference how things are written for us. For instance, if Barbara and I read of a fight among those men, we should sludder with horror; but when we read of the knights whose good swords carved the casques of men, it is a little different, isn't it, Barry? What? They fought in a good cause, you say? Who is to decide that? Not Mr. Vesey," she added, audaciously, "for I'm sure he knows more about these felons than about Tennyson's knights."

"I know of one-and I understand him best-

'who loved one only, and who clave to her.'"

I felt very silent, looking away among the busy, distant figures, but Mary answered him placidly. "It must be very dull to love one only—always."

"You can not understand," he said, in Iris earnest way. "I can not expect that you should.

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BEHIND THE YASHMAK.

THAT Oriental women are kept shut up befast becoming an exploded idea, as well as being far from fact. hind the latticed windows of the harem is

In the streets of Constantinople, on the steamers which are constantly moving up and down the Bosporus, in the bazars, and at the "Sweet-waters" and other places of resort, crowds of them may be seen, wrapped in the long feredji, and peering out from the folds of the yashmak, the heelless overshoes giving them a shuffling moveheelless oversnoes giving them a standing move-ment suggestive, especially when seen from be-hind, of animated bundles. And yet, except the very poorest specimens—and where is poverty at-tractive?—there is a wonderful picturesqueness tractive?—there is a wonderful picturesqueness and charm about a company of Turkish women. The younger women do not follow the old simple style of outside garment, which was made without trimming of any kind, and without fastening, and was wrapped about the person, and held by the hands and arms. The modern femili is always made of plain material last in the control of the contr neid by the names and arms. The modern feredji is always made of plain material, but is often of finest cashmere or rich silk, and of bright colors.

At the "Sweet-waters" on Tri-

day (the Mohammedan Sabbath) I have seen ladies with the feredji trimmed with frills and lace down the entire front, like a lady's dress. One was dressed in pink from 'her parasol to her gloves and boots; another in pale green silk, and others in bright crimson, with enough of grays and browns and black to act as foils to the bright colors; and as they sat on the steps of the marble fountain, upon the cushions taken from their caïques, or sauntered through the beautiful green val-ley, it was a brilliant sight. The gauzy yashmak covers without concealing the features, and heightens the effect of their diaphanous complexions and wonderful eyes.

Children were running about among the venders of ice-cream, candies, whirligigs, and every other thing that tickles the fancy of childhood. You are jostled by a peripatetic hurdy-gurdy, borne on the shoulders of one man, and another turning the crank which grinds out the music. Cries of "Shekirs!" "Dondolmah!" "Helvah!" "Semit!" etc., fill the ears.

The élite are here, attended by eunuchs or men-servants. The husbands do not accompany their wives; it would be considered a shame for them to be seen togeth-

Women of rank do not sit in the harem part of the steamers, but in little side cabins; and when shopping in Pera, at Frank stores, generally remain in their carriage and have the goods brought to them. Yet, with all the apparent liberty, the women are carefully guarded.

On one of our excursions to Curfez for flowers and ferns we were shouted at to turn back. Pretending not to understand Turkish, we walked on, but soon found ourselves confronted by a man, his girdle bristling with weapons, who looked so fierce and gesticulated so violently we concluded it was best to understand his motions, and made our way back to the landing, followed by

"curses on the Giaours!"

He said, "These fields were for the use of the harem of the owner, and we must take the most direct road to our boats, and not stop to pick a flower by the way." We had gentlemen in our party, and we might meet some Turkish women.

Human nature is, however, much the same behind the yash-mak and under the bonnet, though its developments were often novel to us Occidentals.

I sometimes availed myself of a woman's privilege to sit in the haremlik on the steamers and on the tramway, and excited as much

As it was a long ride, I went into the haremlik to amuse myself by watching the women, and, in order to hide my real purpose, took out my tatting. I soon had a group around me, examining my work and my different articles of dress. They asked the time that they might look at my watch, for it was no satisfaction to them to know Frank time. One o'clock, Turkish time, is always at sunrise, and their watches must be set by a chronometer nearly every day to be at all exact.

Though no male member of a family can enter the haremlik, men selling coffee, cakes, and water can freely pass in and out among the women. I found that they made their boots quite useful. The boot is made of soft leather, about as high as an ordinary gaiter boot, and wide enough at the top to slip the foot in, and is therefore quite loose about the ankle. Over this is worn a slipper that can be dropped off on entering the house. The man who collects the tickets was standing before a woman waiting for her marque

ed them out. Zarra yok! The face was cov-

They made the slippers useful also, as one of my friends learned to her chagrin and pain. going up the steps from the steamer-landing to the bridge she accidentally caught the point of her umbrella in the loose top of a Turkish woman's boot. The woman looked around with a wrathful face, and seeing that the culprit was a Giaour, she pulled off her slipper and gave her two or three slaps with it, which did not much resemble "love pats," as the sole of the slipper is made for walking on the rough stone pavements, and is thick and stiff, and as hard as iron.

Indeed, the women are allowed to do almost anything their impulses lead them to, without let

An English friend once saw a woman in the bazar so angry with a man she called him everything mean she could think of, and even beat him. When asked why he endured it, he answered, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, it is only a wo-man!"

Riding on the tramway one day, I saw a wo-

corn kernel by kernel, and one by one dropped

them into her gaping mouth.

We often saw exhibitions of mischievousness and curiosity on the steamers. At one time the crowd of women was so great that the harem overflowed, and a curtain was dropped which inclosed the place where we were sitting—as we could get our ride for ten paras less by being included, and it offered some amusement, we kept our seats. After a little time we noticed that a group of women were having a good deal of fun over one of their number; she sat next to the curtain, and finding that a man outside was encroaching upon her rights by leaning against it, she was punching him with her umbrella, while she set her friend to peep out to see what effect it had, and 'what kind of a looking man he was.'

Another time a woman thrust a long yashmak pin through the curtain into the side of a man who was leaning against it—and these performances were accompanied by an amount of chattering and giggling that would have done credit

to a company of American girls.

As a rule Orientals are very dignified, certainman open the car door and speak to the driver. I ly in public. We saw an illustration of the abil-

each other. It is done with great ceremony, The salaam is made upon entering; a seat is taken upon the divan; another salaam is made; after this the common salutation of "How do you do?" is given, and then conversation is in order, but is not indulged in very freely until the visitor has been treated, first to cigarettes or the nine and afterward to coffee and sweetmeats. The services of several women were necessary for this. One brought cigarettes, another coals for lighting, and another an ash-receiver. The coffee was brought on a crescent-shaped tray covered with a black velvet cloth, which was beautifully ornamented and trimmed with bullion fringe, and fell to the knees of the servant bearing it. The cups were placed in varfs of filigree silver set with gems. Our coffee was brought to us in delicate cups with saucers—smaller than the modern after-dinner coffee cups. The pasha had travelled to the Continue and adopted some foreign fash. on the Continent, and adopted some foreign fashions in his house.

Foreign influences are gaining ground in Constantinople, and some of the princes and pashas have governesses in their houses to teach the women; but visiting from one harem to another

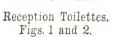
and excursions to the many love-ly places of resort in and about the city make up the round of their daily life.

When a woman wishes to visit a friend, her garments are folded and wrapped in a bogcha, or bun-dle. Handkerchiefs are made expressly for this purpose of fig-ured cotton, or fine silk—blue, scarlet, or any pretty color-with the edges "pinked" or trimmed, and fastened together on top by the four corners; and when daintily balanced on the arm of a smartly dressed servant, who walks behind his Madama, it is

quite a grand sight.
Occasional incidents suggested the tragic element which is al-ways a part of traditional Orient-al life. One summer night our slumbers were broken by a pier-cing shrick from a woman's voice. It was quickly followed by a smothered wail, a splash in the waters of the Bosporus, a gurgling sound, and only the cry of the little owl in the shrubbery came to our intently listening

When visiting the old castles at Roumelia Hissor we found in the third story a pile of fresh earth large enough to cover a human body. It surely could not have been carried up all those narrow winding stone steps without a purpose. The castle is owned by a pasha, and it was through his favor we were given the privilege of visiting it, so we left the mound with its secret undisturbed, but are still haunted by a shadowy romance in which the "Locked Castle" figures.

Another picture which is "bit-ten in" is of a woman in a soiled yashmak and tawny brown feredji, who stopped near us as we were changing some money at a zaraf's. She did not beg—I nev-er saw a beggar in a yashmak but she watched us intently, and startled us by taking part in the discussion in pure English. Looking closely at her, I saw that she had light hair and an English complexion. When I asked how she learned English, she evaded the question and shuffled off, leaving us to conjecture how an Englishwoman came to be dressed in Mohammedan costume. She was, of course, a convert to Islam; otherwise it would be death for her to wear the dress. K. C. H.



THE dress Fig. 1, which is of Nile green gros grain, has a full-trained draped skirt, trimmed with point lace flounces and rib-

lace frills and jabots finish the edges. Corsage

bouquet of dark red roses. Fig. 2 shows a dress of electric blue satin merveilleux, with embroidery in chenille and beads of the same color relieved by silver thread and beads. The short skirt has two deep box-pleatings. On the front of it is a pointed tablier drapery, arranged in five broad box pleats, which are embroidered. The fronts of the long coatbasque are hollowed out above it, and embroidered at the edge. The neck and sleeves are embroidered, and finished with lace frills and ribbon

"In a Long, Motley Cloak, Guarded with Yellow."

THIS was a sort of long petticoat, the custom-ary dress of a court fool in the Middle Ages, rendered more effective if party-colored, and edged with brilliant fringe, and many "sweet jingling bells" upon skirt and elbows. For the head, this poor simpleton wore a cowl,



Fig. 1.—Gros Grain Toilette.

Fig. 2.—Satin Toilette.

FIGS. 1 AND 2.—RECEPTION TOILETTES.

the tramway, and excited as much
curiosity in the Turks as they did in me. On one occasion, in order to reach a point on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, I took a "zigzag" steamer.

He immediately stopped his horses and left the car; presently he returned, bringing a light for the woman's cigarette. Who but a Turkish wolling the woman's cigarette. Who but a Turkish wolling hours, and the bride did not speak or smile. How man would have been so audacious?

Picturesque the yashmak may be, but it certainly has its inconveniences. It must be worn everywhere. A woman may not walk in her own garden without it. Girls wear it as soon as "engaged" to be married. I have seen girls not more than eight years old playing about the houses with the vashmak on, showing that they were already promised by their mammas.

The yashmak is not fastened so tightly over the face but that the lower part can be easily drawn down under the chin, but this would crease the stiff muslin into folds, and soil it as well; so when the delicate henna-tipped fingers have rolled up the cigarette, and a smoke is to be indulged in, the yashmak is carefully drawn down just below the lips, a whiff is taken, and then the muslin is drawn up again, drawn down, a whiff, drawn up again, to the end.

I saw a woman eating an ear of corn, which is standing before a woman waiting for her marque and passage-money. She stooped over, thrust her fingers into the top of her boot, and pull-face a little, tilted her head back, picked off the

could she? She had diamonds stuck on to her forehead, each cheek, and chin-and she and her attendants had often to press them on. The house was filled with guests, and she was taken from one room to another that every one might gaze upon her magnificence. Her dress was of blue satin, entirely covered with embroidery in gold thread and seed-pearls.

The veil was blue gauze fastened with a tiara of diamond ornaments, and was as long as the train. This was covered with another veil of gilt tinsel, which hung in fine glittering masses to the floor

In the midst of the entertainment the hour for prayer arrived, and one devout woman spread a rug in the corner of the room toward Mecca, threw a light shawl over her head, and knelt down, bowing and prostrating herself repeatedly. When her devotions were over she rose, and joined again in the conversation that was going on all

During a call at Ahmek Vafik Pasha's we had an opportunity to see how Turkish ladies receive

Digitized by GOGIE

finished to represent a cock's head; to make it still more grotesque, it was winged, and " for appendages had two long ears."

In the hand was held a bauble terminating in

an inflated bladder, full of dried peas, which the fellow hurled in every direction, not unfrequently hitting his royal master himself. Sometimes breeches and hose were one garment, and then the joke was to have the legs of different colors.
"For the promotion of laughter" were these

absurd additions to royal parties, and great latitude of speech and action was allowed them.

In royal households the "fool" held a very humble position; when freed from attendance upon his master he roamed at will through scullery and kitchen, much "to the annoyance of serving men and maidens," was sent "to mess with the dogs," and was liable to much ill-treatment from other underlings.

The "jester," on the contrary, was in some degree allowed companionship with the sovereign or noble to whose retinue he was attached; often, too, he was richly remunerated for such display orme one of his conft " It is record-

of wit "as December 1 and List Clais.
ed that Berdic, "Joculator to William the Conqueror," had three towns in Gloucester bestowed upon him.

Many jesters were employed by the royal houses of Tudor and Stuart, remarkable for their success, and well cared for.

A picture of Will Somers, "jester to Bluff Harry," gives one the idea of an average respectable-looking person, but the poor fellow is gro-tesquely dressed, and upon a sort of breastplate which he must wear, as if owned body and soul, is inscribed H. R.

Montezuma, in the pride and glory of his court, had also this added luxury of greatness.

GRUELS OF WHEAT, RICE, AND INDIAN CORN.

By JULIET CORSON.

THE gruels usually employed in the sick-room are made of flour, oatmeal, Indian meal, and arrowroot. They are here named in their order as nutrients; their special properties are indi-cated in the directions given below for making them. Gruels made from flour and the farina of wheat rank first, because wheat is the most valuable of all grains on account of the gluten it contains. Oatmeal, or the farina of oats, is very nutritious, and slightly laxative in its effect on the bowels. The objection that its excessive use tends to overheat the system may be met by alternating it with vegetable foods: in combination with milk it forms a perfect nutrient. Groats, or coarsely ground oatmeals, are nutritious and digestible, and made into porridge with milk are an excellent food in conditions of general debili-Indian meal is both nutritious and heating, because of the excess of oil which it contains. Like Graham meal, its effect is laxative; but its excess of oil makes it a more valuable food in cold weather and in the cooler climates. The fact is also to be noted that the coarser preparations of Graham meal or flour are apt to produce excessive intestinal irritation, and thus hasten the elimination of some of the purely nutritious portions of the food before all their nutriment has been imparted to the system. Arrowroot and its kindred starchy preparations of sago and tapioca possess comparatively slight nutritive properties, but are excellent palliative foods, which allay the sensation of hunger, and tide the system over that period of illness when relaxation follows tension, and when rest and a certain sense of repletion are required more than actual stimu-lation or nutrition. Jellies and gelatinous soups are admirable adjuncts during this stage of ill-

FLOUR WATER GRUEL (a simple food, slightly nutritious; useful in all cases of illness where starchy substances are not objectionable).—Set a pint and a half of water over the fire to boil, adding to it one level tea-spoonful of salt; mix one heaping table-spoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of cold water, pour it into the boiling water, and stir it steadily until it has boiled for five minutes. The gruel may be sweetened, if the patient's condition will permit the use of sugar, the effect of which is slightly laxative.

FARINA WATER GRUEL (a simple food, more nourishing than flour water gruel, because the faring contains more of the nutritious elements of wheat than ordinary flour; useful under similar physical conditions).—Place one pint and a half of water over the fire to boil, adding to it one level to a proportion of salts with the specific of salts. two table-spoonfuls of salt: mix of farina smoothly with half a pint of cold water, and stir it into the boiling water. Boil it for ten el tea-spoonful minutes, stirrring it to prevent burning. Sugar may be added, if the patient's condition permits.

BOILED FLOUR GRUEL (a simple food, useful in relaxed conditions of the bowels, especially for children).—Tie one cupful of dry flour in a linen cloth; plunge it into a quart of boiling water and boil it for three hours, replenishing the water if it boils away. Then take the ball of flour from the boiling water, and cool it in the cloth. When it is quite cold remove the cloth, and grate the ball of flour to a powder. To make the gruel place a pint of milk and half a pint of water over the fire to boil, with a level tea-spoonful of salt; mix two heaping table-spoonfuls of the grated boiled flour with half a pint of cold milk, and stir the mixture into the boiling milk and water; stir it to prevent burning, and boil it steadily for fifteen minutes. Do not sweeten the gruel without the

physician's permission. BOILED WHEAT AND INDIAN GRUEL (a simple and nutritious food, useful in slight indispositions of children; a table-spoonful of molasses added to this gruel makes it slightly laxative).-Tie in a linen cloth three-quarters of a cupful of flour, and onequarter of a cupful of Indian meal, and boil it as directed in the recipe for "Boiled Flour Gruel."

Add to a pint and a half of boiling water two table-spoonfuls of the grated wheat and Indian, mixed with one cupful of cold water, and one teaspoonful of salt; let the gruel boil for fifteen minutes, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning. Its nutritive properties may be increased by adding half a cupful of cream to it after it is cooked.

FLOUR PORRIDGE (a plain food, useful in place of water gruel when the patient's condition will permit the use of raisins and sugar, which increase the nutriment of the porridge).—Place one quart of water over the fire to boil with one tea-spoonful of salt and half a cupful of raisins free from stems; mix two heaping table-spoonfuls of flour with half a pint of cold water, and stir it smoothinto the boiling water; add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, and boil the porridge for half an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning.

MILK PORRIDGE (a simple food, more nutritious than water porridge, on account of the milk it contains; useful in diarrhaa and dysentery).—Place one and a half pints of milk over the fire to boil a saucepan set in a pan of boiling water, or in to provent burning mix two table-

a milk boiler, to protect and, spoonfuls of flour smoothly with hah milk and a level tea-spoonful of salt, and s into the boiling milk. Let the porridge boil for five minutes, stirring occasionally. If it is desirable to increase the nutriment of the porridge, an egg may be beaten smoothly, and mixed into the porridge just after it is removed from the fire.

GROUND RICE GRUEL (a simple nutrient, useful in alternation with flour water gruel, especially if the bowels are slightly relaxed).—Place a quart of water over the fire to boil, with a tea-spoonful of salt, and an inch of stick cinnamon; mix two table-spoonfuls of finely ground rice, or rice flour, with half a cupful of cold water, and stir it into the boiling water; boil it for half an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning. Then strain the gruel and use it. It may be sweetened if the patient's condition will permit. If stimulants are admissible, a small glass of brandy may be added to it.

WHOLE RICE GRUEL (a simple nutrient, like ground rice gruel, useful in diarrhæa; slightly stimulating and strengthening).—Put a quart of water over the fire to boil; pick over and wash two heaping table-spoonfuls of rice in plenty of cold water; then put it into the boiling water, with one tea-spoonful of salt, and the yellow rind of a lemon, and boil it for one hour. If the water decreases much in quantity during the boiling, add more to replace what is lost. At the end of an hour strain the gruel, add to it a small glass of brandy, and sweeten it palatably, if sugar is allowed by the physician.

BROWNED RICE GRUEL (a slightly stimulating nutrient, suitable for use in cases of diarrhea) .-Pick over, wash clean in plenty of cold water, and dry thoroughly four table-spoonfuls of rice. Put it in a dripping-pan into a hot oven, and brown it, shaking the pan occasionally to insure an even color. Then put it over the fire in a quart of boiling water, with a tea-spoonful of salt, and boil it for one hour. At the expiration of an hour strain it, add a small glass of brandy to the good and a little august if the patient's condition gruel, and a little sugar, if the patient's condition permits its use.

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL (useful as a laxative food in the morning, after a cathartic has been taken the previous evening).—Place one quart of water over the fire to boil, adding to it a tea-spoonful of salt; mix two heaping table-spoonfuls of Indian meal with half a cupful of cold water, and stir it smoothly into the boiling water; boil the gruel for half an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning; then use it.

GRAHAM GRUEL (like Indian-meal gruel, it is useful the morning after a cathartic has been taken, but its effect is more laxative, especially if the Graham contains much bran).—Boil one quart of water with a tea-spoonful of salt; sift into it two table-spoonfuls of Graham flour, stirring it to insure smoothness; boil the gruel for half an hour, and then use it. The addition of a tablespoonful of molasses increases its laxative effect.

INARTISTIC DRESS.

LL the boasted new facilities, and all the fuss about art principles, it seems, can no more protect us from hideous rooms than from waspwaists, draggle-tails, and crinolettes. who have every means of knowing better-who frequently do know better—shuffle and waggle in garments that impede every graceful movement and contradict every natural line, in and out of the ugliest, most unimpressive rooms—rooms either spotty and uncertain in effect through confusion of detail, or dull and "unbecoming" through misapplied masses of color.

Why are these things tolerated? Partly through cowardice; partly through indifference to the value of pleasant images.

There is a comic side to every blunder. For instance, it is no doubt funny to see a gown which has been apparently planned on some Elizabethan model, with all its salient points misunderstood; such as the farthingale with its baggy fullness be longing to the hips (originally this was a stupid parody of the Greek κόλπος), hinted at by a bagginess all down the front, or round the knees ! and the churn-like Holbein bodice somehow recalled in a tight French corset all seams, with a pinched waist; and, to crown all, unmeaning sleeves belonging to a wrong period, or to none.

It is also funny to see a well-made girl jogging along with a crinolette behind her: a vibrating protuberance like a beehive, on which rests a monstrous deformity called, perhaps, a "bow, but having no meaning in that place, and no object, save to waste stuff, enrich the seller, and fatigue the wearer. Look at the fashionable costumes in the advertisement columns! Are they not like bad dreams? What meaning has puff,

or frill, or fold on yonder abominable mummy case, miscalled a skirt?

So also it is odd enough to see the "Pre-Raphaelite" blunders. Many a girl thinks she is picturesque because absurd, and disguises her neat shape in a colored bed-gown, broidered in what she perhaps imagines are sunflowers, deforms her arms with improperly puffed sleeves, and ruins her face by dead-alive colors, and her hair by emulating "Robin Roughhead," till all her friends—at least those among them who wish her well-sorrowfully admit that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
But the "antics" of such folks have long been

sufficiently exposed, and too many have been encouraged by ridicule, when the contempt they deserve would have been better conveyed by silence, for silence would not have caused them to be confounded with the *real* "Pre-Raphaelite" teachers—those students of ancient lore who all had a genuine lesson to teach, and who did not

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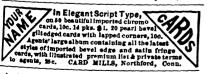
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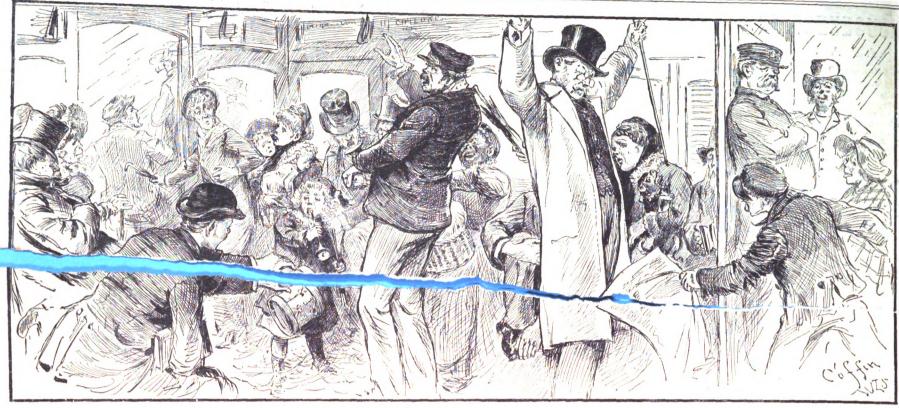
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FACETIÆ.

FACETIÆ.

An amusing story is told of G. F. Cooke the actor's explaining how he once spoiled the thunder. He was living with his mother at Berwick-on-Tweed, when the players announced Macbeth. Although he had no money, the little fellow was determined to see the play. Hanging about the stage-door, he slipped past its proper guardian, and finding his way to the stage, concealed himself in a barrel which was placed on the top of some sloping planks near the wings, thinking that by peering out he would be able to see and hear the actors on the boards. In the barrel he found loosely chained to the side a couple of cannonballs, and while he was wondering what they were for, the prompter's bell rang, the curtain ascended, and his mental question was answered not altogether satisfactorily. Macbeth opens, as everybody knows, with "thunder and lightning," and little Cooke was in the barrel, which, when set in motion, joined its rumbling to the shaking of the sheet-iron in imitation of heaven's artillery. The tragedian was wont in after-life, when telling this story, to say that the pounding he received before the barrel reached the bottom of the slope would never be erased from his memory, and in after-life he seldom went on in the first scene of Macbeth without remembering it.

"Wheat trade would you like to be brought up to my son?" esked a

"What trade would you like to be brought up to, my son?" asked a

gentleman of a boy.

"The trustee trade; 'cause ever since pa has been a trustee we've had puddin for dinner."

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. "Don't! don't!" said the boy; "I won't do so again, sir, never! I never will say what I think again in my life!"

Why is wine that has been bottled for years like an unmarried lady of advanced age?—Because it is old made, and none the worse for it.

A well-known London alderman tells a story at his own expense, about a small donkey which he sent to his country house for the use of his children. One of his little daughters, going out with her nurse to admire the animal in its paddock, was sorely distressed when the donkey lifted up his voice and brayed dolefully. "Poor thing! poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathetic child. But, suddenly brightening up, she turned to her nurse, and said, "Oh, I am so glad! Papa will be here on Saturday, and then it won't feel so lonesome."

It is related of one Job Walmsley, a Yorkshire advocate of teetotalism, who was humorous in a rough way as well as eloquent, that he was waited upon on one occasion by a young gentleman who was ambitious to shine upon platforms, after the manner of Jabez Inwards, Simeon Smithard, and Mr. J. B. Gough. "Tha wants to be a public speyker, dos' tha, lad? An' tha thinks awm the chep to put tha up to a wrinkle about it? Tha's reight, I awm! Now harks tha! When tha rises to mek thy speych, hit taable an' oppen thy mawth. If nowt comes, tak' a sup o' watther an' hit taable again. Then oppen thy mawth wider than afoor. Then if nowt comes tak' thysen off, and leave public speykin' to such as mc."



THE FOND MOTHER.

In one of the Cape towns a young scholar, the first day at school, was asked her name by the teacher, and replied. Her father's name was the next question, and she did not know his first name. The teacher then asked her, "What does your mother call him?"

"A jackass," said the child.

In 1850, Junius Brutus Booth performed the principal part in John Howard Payne's tragedy of Brutus, his son Edwin supporting him as Titus. In the solemn interview where the Roman consul is condemning his recreant son to an ignominious death, his countenance portrayed an agony of suffering, and tears streamed from his eyes, as he gathered the head of his offending boy to his boson. The audience was breathless, but the silence was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from a drunken man in the gallery. Booth, still enrapt in the character he was personating with such truthful earnestness, raised his eyes, and fixing them upon the man with a steady gaze, exclaimed, sternly, "Beware! I am the headsman—I am the executioner." The singular effect thus produced was shown in the continued hushed silence of the audience, which at last burst forth in rapturous applause.

Byron thought that the best epigram written in two lines was that by Rogers, the poet. One Ward annoyed Rogers with a violent criticism of his *Italy*. Ward was a member of the House of Commons, and was accustomed to learn his speeches by heart. This was Rogers's opportunity for revenge:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

The man who bragged all the summer about his being a good skater has dropped that subject since there is ice, and is now boasting that he is "a porpoise to swim"

Papa, are cannibals those that live on other people?"

"Yes, my son."
"Then uncle George must be a cannibal, for mamma says he's always living on somebody."

It was formerly customary to make the grave-digger in Hamlet a comic character, and all sorts of tricks were effected for that purpose. Among other comicalities it was held sacred that he should wear an indefinite number of waistcoats. Paul Bedford, in his Reminiscences, relates how he acted once at Nottingham. Edward Wright was the first grave-digger, Paul the second. The first grave-digger prepared himself to take the town by storm by having incased his person within a dozen waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the fair Ophelia, the chief began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as the chief digger relieved himself of one waistcoat, Paul, the boy digger, incased himself in the cast-off vests; which increased the salvos of laughter, for, as number one became thinner, number two grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats, and commenced digging Ophelia's grave.



"WHY, BREE JEREMYERS, DE CHILE SUTTENLY DO FAVOR YOU. 'CLAR TO GRACIOUS, EF BOFE OB YOU WAR OB DE SAME AGE, I COODEN TELL FARDER FROM SON.



PUTS IT ON EVERY NIGHT. ONLY PUTS IT ON ON GRAND OCCASIONS "IT IS NOT SO MUCH IN THE MAN AS IN THE HABIT OF THE THING."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"A group of young men on the hurricane-deck, watching the approach of the tender."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER V. MRS. BELL.

"It is really quite wonderful how intimate you become with people on board ship, and how well you get to know them."

This not entirely novel observation was addressed to Yolande by the Master of Lynn, while these two, with some half dozen others, were grouped together in the companionway, where they had taken shelter from the flying seas. The remark was not new, but he appeared to think it important. He seemed anxious to convince her of its truth.

"It is really quite wonderful," he repeated; and he regarded the pretty face as if eager to meet with acquiescence there. "On board ship you get to know the characters of people so thoroughly; you can tell whether the friendship is likely to last after the voyage is over. Balls and dinner parties are of no use; that is only acquaintanceship; at sea you are thrown so much to-gether; you are cut off from the world, you know;

Begun in Habpee's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

there is a kind of fellow-feeling and companion-ship—that—that is quite different. Why," said he, with his eyes brightening, "it seems absurd to think that the day before yesterday you and I were absolute strangers, and yet here you have

Lynn and the people there—"
"Oh, I assure you I am very grateful," said
"Oh is bound in the sincerity. "But for you I

Yolande, with much sincerity. "But for you I should have been quite alone."

The fact is, they had encountered a heavy two days' gale outside the Bay of Biscay and south of that; and as the ship was a pretty bad roller, sad havoe was wrought among the passengers. Mrs. Graham had disappeared from the outset. Her husband was occasionally visible; but he was a heavy man, and did not like being knocked about, so he remained mostly in the saloon. Mr. Winterbourne was a good enough sailor, but the noises at night-he had a spar-deck cabin-kept him awake, and he spent the best part of the daytime in his berth trying to get fitful snatches of sleep. Accordingly, Yolande, who wanted to see the sights of the storm, betook herself to the companionway, where she would have been entirely among

strangers (being somewhat reserved in her walk and conversation) had it not been for Mr. Leslie. He, indeed, proved himself to be a most agreeable companion—modest, assiduously attentive, good-natured, and talkative, and very respectful. He was entirely governed by her wishes. He brought her the news of the ship, when it was not every one who would venture along the deck, dodging the heavy seas. He got her the best corner in this companion way, and the most comfortable of the chairs; and he had rugs for her, and a book, only that she was far too much interested in what was going on around her to read. Once or twice, when she would stand by the door, he even ventured to put his hand on her arm, afraid lest she should be overbalanced and thrown out on the swimming decks. For there was a kind of excitement amid this roar and crash of wind and water. Who could decide which was the grander spectacle-that great mass of driven and tossing and seething silver that went out and out un-til it met a wall of black cloud at the horizon, or the view from the other side of the vessel (with one's back to the sunlight)-the mountains of blue rolling by, and their crests so torn by the

gale that the foam ended in a rainbow flourish

of orange and red?
"They say she is rolling eighty-four degrees out and out," said Archie Leslie.
"Oh, indeed," said Yolande, looking grave.

"But I don't quite know what that means."

"Neither do I." said he; "but it sounds well.

What I do know is that you won't see my sister until we get to Gib. You seem to be a capital sailor, Miss Winterbourne."

"I have of two head to be exhaused of it." wide "I have often had to be ashamed of it," said Yolande. "To-day, also—there was no other

lady at the table—oh, I can not sit alone like that any more; no, I will rather have no dinner than go and sit alone—it is terrible—and the captain laughing."
"Poor fellow, he is not in a laughing mood

just now."

"Why, then? There is no danger?"

"Oh no. But I hear he has had his head cut open—a chronometer falling on him in his cabin. But I think he'll show up at dinner; it is only a flesh-wound. They've had one of the boats stove in, they say; and some casks carried away,

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Published January 16, contains the concluding resourced January 16, contains the concluding chapter of "Florio and Florella," by Mrs. W. J. Hays; Chapter XVII. of "Nan." by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie; Part II. of "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," by Howard Pylk; and a short story, entitled "Wrecked on an Iceberg," by William P. Lucy. IAM P. LACEY.

There is an article of exceptional interest by Mrs. S. B. Herrick, entitled "Plants caught Naping," and under the title of "The Troublesome Burghere" George Cary Eggleston gives a thrilling account of VAN ARTEVELDE'S famous defense

of Ghent. This number is made pictorially beautiful by a fine wood-engraving entitled "Jack, the Butcher's Dog," by W. M. CARY, "Pussy's First Sleigh Ride," a full-page drawing by H. P. SHARE, and a number of humorous illustrations to well-known rhymes from "Mother Goose." The articles by MRS. HERRICK and HOWARD PYLE are illustrated by a number of sketches contributed by the authors

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NEW SPRING STYLES.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S IDIOSYN CRASIES.

E are told that if no tempests ever came to mix firmament and deep together, no cross-currents to vex the calm waters, no tides to rise and fall, it would be much less healthy for the seas and all that in them be than it is to-day. And doubtless it is an analogy that holds good with other things, physical or philosophical.

In social matters, for example, how monotonous and tame would the dead-level of society be if everybody were just alike, and pursued the same gentle tenor of walk and view-if Charlotte only feminized Charles, if Harry were but the echo of Harriet, if Jean were no other than Jeannette, and all being just alike, perpetual agreement happened, with no disputes, no arguments, no clashings, no turbulences!

It is certainly desirable that there should be the social cross-currents and small tempests in order to prevent stagnation. Virtue might almost cease to be virtue were it never assailed by temptation. How tired one would grow of life where all of one's neighbors were so faultless as to give us nothing to talk about, to conjecture, to condemn! And what blessings in disguise are they whose idiosyncrasies give us something to laugh about! The condition of the Dead Sea or the Salt Lake would be the only parallel to an existence where the level was unbroken by any of the breezes blown by contrary fates.

This burly being, whose idiosyncrasy it is to tell everybody just what he thinks, sets a deal of mischief afloat in the community; and as Mr. Emerson is said to have said that the Lord had a use even for bad boys, one may say the same of the community and mischief. It is like drift-wood, good to burn, and feed its vital spark and revive its dying flame. This weak person, whose idiosyncrasy it is to find out what you think of her, as though your ideas fixed her quality of being, is useful for stimulating your good opinion of yourself as you take her in tow, and that tart one who lies in wait for your pet weakness with a sarcasm is as awakening as contact with an electric eel. This litigious person, who is never known to take any but the opposite side of an argument. even should it force him to say black is white on one hand, and turn about to admit it was black to some one who has befriended him, on the other, in maintaining the white view, is as beneficial as a norther of the Mexican Gulf is in blowing out mists of and disease; he obliges us to look to

ourselves and the reasons for our beliefs, and he scatters to the winds some of our crumbling old top-heavy notions that might have held on awhile longer, lumbering us with their decay, but for his destroying contentiousness. Here, too, is the idiosyncrasy of the Paul Pry of the neighborhood: it arouses in you a corresponding idiosynerasy of reserve, and, according to the laws of the resolution of forces, from the combined action results only a certain amount of information to be imparted to the world, which steers itself accordingly. Here is the lovely lady whose idiosyncrasy is simply to sail on in the light of her own beauty: everybody smooths frowns and wrinkles before her presence, and beams placidly as the sea when the moon draws its waves: whether she wishes to do so or not, she holds them up to a higher standard than they would aim at all the time if she never passed. Here is the literary idiosyncrasy, the owner of it with a poem, an article, an epigram, ready for every occasion: it does nobody any hurt to meet the little "winged words' sent out brooding like a dove on the waters, or skimming over them like a petrel. Here is the idiosyncrasy of the bonnet-wearer: she brings us news of the great world of fashion, from which she really makes us feel not altogether remote, as she comes sailing over-seas from Paris; and what a pleasure she affords us in colors, in shapes, while she shines

"Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
Sails filled and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold their play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger."

Here is the ancestral idiosyncrasy of one the best part of whose family has been said to be under and not above ground, that teaches us how fine a thing it is to be one of the society that guards such and such noble strains of blood, although Heaven alone knows through what they may have filtered-an idiosyncrasy which brings us up treasures from the deeps, and stirs perhaps deeps of envy or disgust, as the case may be, in us. Here is the critical idiosyncrasy before which nothing is right, pleasing, or not to be improved; and whenever one feels its influence one has nothing to do but take a header, and "bob up serenely" when danger of the encounter is past. Then there is the charitable idiosyncrasy that empties its own sails to fill yours, that finds no delight in life like the miseries of a no sufferer to assuage, that ruffles calm surfaces with a pearly flow of pity, stirs the air with soft sighs, and makes all tranquil again as the sea on summer eves, with satisfied consciences. On the whole, is not the world full of idiosyncrasies, and has not everybody one, saving and except ourselves ?

Of course there are some idiosyncrasies that we can not let run too far. If one has an idiosyncrasy to set fires, to pick pockets, to blast reputations, to cut throats, we feel that we also, we ourselves, we, have at last an idiosyncrasy to repel their endeavors; they may work many a wild uproar throughout the community, but in our appreciation of their vileness, our reprobation, and our punishing, we arouse our own sense of virtue as furiously, and our waves sometimes kiss the

But the great sea is made of innumerable drops, of countless little waves, it is only the long roll of the seventh and eleventh that is conspicuous with a head rearing above his fellows as they run to break upon the shores of time. And the greater part of us may rejoice in the condition of the little waves singing together and taking the light and shadow, but claiming no special crest of foam, and developing no idio-

FOR OUR STOMACH'S SAKE

MADAME DE DURAS once laughingly said that a knowledge of Latin was useful in making sweet meats, and so it would almost seem as if a thorough knowledge of physics was essential in selecting a dinner. as if our cooks ought to be first-class chemists, and our caterers graduates from the medical schools. After listening to homolies, reading volumes upon what to eat and what not to eat, after having our cherished mince-pie wrested from us, after sacrificing our toasted cheese, our beloved doughnut, our savory fritter, to the enlightened spirit of the age-after giving our plum-pudding the cold shoulder in return for indigestive chills, and banishing cake from the festive board, according to the dictates of the dietary police—we begin, perhaps, to suspect that we have been denying ourselves for naught. since those who eat what is set before them. asking no questions for conscience' sake-or the hostess's-paying little heed to the material so long as it pleases the palate, are quite as well off in the matter of digestion as we who have given our whole minds to

it. But let one of these careless folks become conscious that he has a stomach, and we experience a relapse into belief in the heroic diet. In the mean time we are likely to be buffeted by every wind of doctrine: after devoting ourselves to oatmeal with the enthusiasm of a proselyte, taking the bitter with the sweet, we are suddenly confronted with the theory that oatmeal is too heating and irritating to the coats of the stomach, which have become more care to us than all our other garments put together; after dissipating upon Graham bread, we are told that it is too rich with nitrates, and needs to be adulterated with a trifle of its poor relation, the white loaf: after abandoning our fragrant cup of Mocha, or our precious bohea, we find that "clear cold water" is swallowed at our own risk; after doing violence to our prejudices and taking of beef underdone, somebody rises to say that it is the worst thing we could do, as meat should be thoroughly cooked in order to be wholesome; after converting ourselves to a taste for fish, with a view to increased brain power, we are confronted by the intelligence that it is an exploded theory which recommends fish for brain food; after resigning our hard-boiled egg like a martyr, the progress of science assures us that fluids must be converted into solids before digesting; after coaxing our convalescence with wine jelly, some learned Æsculapius tells us he has had more convalescing patients killed by wine jelly than by disease. Henceforth the culinary department of housekeeping becomes a bugbear; the simplest preparation may turn out to be a dangerous compound: have not our yeast powders betrayed us? and may we not be shortening the days of friends and relations by means of our new recipes?

WOMEN WHO SHOULD NOT STUDY ART FOR A LIVING.

By SUSAN N. CARTER, Principal of the Cooper Union School of Art for Women.

VIIE articles which have appeared in the Ba-ZAR on photo-crayon, wood-engraving, photocoloring and designing, contain much positive in-formation about the art work done by women, and show how they earn their living by it. Within a few years a whole new world has been opened by these pleasant and profitable labors, which convert poverty into an easy independence, and make anxiety and care give place to the content which arises from successful to . After reading the many incidents enumerated in these articles, which suggest happy conditions that are not told, any benevolent person must rejoice to think of the changed and improved circumstances of poor and dependent girls.

In addition to these incidents and narratives multitudes more might be given, which are fully as interesting. Besides the accounts of good salaries thus obtained, stories as deeply affecting the well-being of women are very abundant. Many turn their attention and give their time to learn some branch of art who are suffering in mind and heart as well as in purse; and those whose whole natures are sore with disappointment in domestic life, mothers who have lost darling children, friendless and lonely women resort to these artistic employments in order to brighten the darkness of their lives. Sometimes, so great is their mental distress, it seems as if reason itself were leaving them. To many such women the gentle and sweet influences of their drawing or engraving take them far away from the world in which their thoughts habitually dwell, and after they have put down their charcoal or stump they find that hope and cheer have dawned again through the rest from sorrowful thought their work has afforded them.

Of course material help is a great thing, and is the first practical object in studying art as a means of support. But outside people, unacquainted with the mental suffering a great industrial school for women contains amongst its numbers, would not imagine the healthful influence on mind and heart of the work done within its

When these results have been recognized, however, and when we know of the pretty photographs that have been finished, the beautiful engravings which have been cut, and the multitude of children whom an earnest and enthusiastic teacher has instructed in normal drawing or private lessons, besides making paintings or designs, we should turn our minds from these successful effects and try to think what the young women must themselves bring to their work to enable the teaching they receive at art schools to bear its legitimate fruit.

The idea of freedom in the United States has had a unique effect in the training of children, and the indulgence by parents here is much greater than in any other country. Self-indulgence in the children is the immediate consequence of this indulgence by their fathers and mothers, and as they come to maturity young people often show a lack of discipline of characand an absence of persistent motive that are fatal to success in art as well as in any other oc-

cupation. A little girl at eight or ten loves to draw pictures on her slate, or to copy a simple flower in her drawing-book. She does it with some approach to resemblance, and her fond relatives immediately suppose she has a great talent for art. But in a short time the girl shows a talent omething else; it may be music, or it may

be skating when the first ice forest and so her drawing is dropped and forgotten. Her habits are desultory, her relatives know nothing of art to enable them to judge of her real ability, and thus from her own fickle habits, and because there is no one to guide her, she has little chance to do any art work of value. It may be that she resumes her drawing from time to time, and at length circumstances may compel her to try to get a living by it.

It is a curious and interesting study to look

over the multitude of drawings which are sent each season for inspection to an art school like that at the Cooper Union. The pictures are supposed to prove the talent of their authors, who hope after a few months' study to earn a good living by art. Some of these drawings are good, and occasionally a really beautiful specimen of flower-painting, pen-and-ink work, or little landscape is sent; but most frequently these works are the rudest copies from imaginary birds or animals. Faces imitated from wood-cuts or photographs, imaginary birds on the wing that have not one attribute to show either that the draughtsman had ever really examined a bird or cared anything about the feathered tribe, landscapes with impossible trees painted in impossible tints, and an immense variety of other drawings, are yearly submitted to prove the talent of some ignorant but ambitious young women. These works really indicate nothing as a general thing. The girl may have talent, and she may not. All that can be known is that she wishes to make art a living and a profession. If she truly wishes to succeed, what must she do?

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In music it is very obvious that the fingers can only gain strength and nimbleness by constant practice, and in art it is equally true that the eye and judgment can only be trained by long and constant effort. A few hours a week may make a pleasant amateur artist; but the work which can rank as professional, and which will insure pecuniary reward, has to be pursued through long, steady interest and application.

It was truly stated in the BAZAR that often, after a few months' teaching, young women can earn money from finishing photographs, but the wo-men who do this have talent for likenesses, and though the "solar print" does not oblige them to draw the general shape of eyes and nose and mouth in their pictures, they must have a quick eye to preserve the look of the portrait; for a careless touch or blunt perception may in a moment efface the line which makes a nostril true, or the curve of a lip; and if the artist has not the knowledge of form to appreciate how the picture should look when finished, it will quit her hands a stupid and ignorant result, whose faultiness will speedily be detected.

Neatness of habit is very important in art work, for the same character which overlooks disorder or dirt about one's person or surroundings, when brought to ignore a dingy shadow, a spotty background, or a streaked paper, will hinder many a woman from getting an order for a photo-cravon or photo-color. Photograph work, to be successful, requires, it will be seen from this brief account, patience, neatness, talent for observing and producing—or at least not losing form, and long application through pleasant or weary months, as the case may be; and the young artist, desiring to succeed, must be willing to subordinate her amusements, her conflicting employments, and to a great degree her thoughts them-selves, till she has mastered details of form, use of material, ideas of style—till she knows a great deal about drawing—and then only can she succeed. And yet work on photographs is considered among the easiest departments of art.

Much more than photography, engraving requires continuous study. A woman with deft fingers, a quick eye, and intelligence, united to a sense of the picturesque, may be able to earn money within a year from the work she can do in simple line engraving, if she studies five or six hours a day regularly during that time. But unless she is willing to give at least three years to her education-and that, too, cheerful givingshe had better not attempt this laborious and difficult profession. The simple work of the first year, which may afford a little money, easily becomes stupid and mechanical unless study is continued; for in art work as with virtue, people must always go on or retrograde, and a successful art student can not stop at the elements.

In drawing, too, and learning to design, character and disciplined powers are as important as talent, and though in teaching several thousand young women to draw, during the past ten years, I have never had an example of success unless aptitude was shown soon after the beginning of study, yet beauty, comeliness of form, rendering of light and shade, and the numberless points which make the charm and value of a good drawing only come from the steady habit of study. which carries the thought of one day into the work of the next, and so accumulates and develops artistic impressions. If a pupil can not do this, but draws two or three days and plays the next, the happy accident which is caught at one time is forgotten or half obliterated from the memory in the interval, and artistic impressions become vague and uncertain.

Frequently persons are successful draughts-men on a very small basis of natural talent, and perseverance and energetic persistence have done nearly everything for them; but those even who have great talent without trained habits of work rarely reach more than superficial results.

Brilliant examples of success have led many young women to seek admission to art schools who have no proper qualifications. It has been an aim of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Union to carefully notice the peculiarities of the students. When they are indolent, desultory in mind or habits, untidy, clumsy with their minds or hands, or lacking in quickness of perception, they are advised to try some other sort of work This seems the kindest thing to do for pu

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whose means and time are limited. A large class of the young women who plan and work to enter the school have not an idea of what will make their lives a failure or a success. To such I would say that art, even if only to make from it a small living, must be followed faithfully and unremittingly. Physical weakness is largely incompatible with art work. All the qualities I have named are necessary; and unless a young woman is possessed of them her labor is vain if she save money or borrow it to pay the requisite cost of her living while she is studying. If they love it enough to make the necessary sacrifices for success, or have real talent, let women do it; but let none attempt art merely because they desire to get a living. They had better try something for which they have an aptitude, or adopt a more mechanical employment — tending children, clerkly du-ties, house-work of various kinds, the place of an amanuensis-in fact, any other occupation which does not require all of the essential qualifications I have mentioned.

I do not want to discourage young women from trying to live by art; but it is a stern and relent-less master for the incapable, though a most sweet and consoling one for those who consent to give it their best and constant endeavors; and the vain, the idle, the clumsy, and the dull-minded had better try any other employment than suffer from disappointed hopes when they have thrown away all chance of success in life in its fruitless

There is one point about which many women think vaguely. What necessary connection is there between marriage and art-employment? Long observation of multitudes of women is convincing that though many give up such work when they marry, yet if they really have studied it to the point of success, they can use their whole time, or even odd time, in doing work which will pay well. They have really learned a profession; and whether it is simple or elaborate work, with a little continued practice they can still earn money after their steady and continuous school study

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

VELVET COSTUMES.

VELVET costumes that are meant for out-of-V door use, for driving, paying visits, and for church, are made with a redingote trimmed with fur and a very simply trimmed short skirt. The suit may be made entirely of plain velvet, or it may have a front or skirt of embossed velvet, or the coat may be of figured velvet, with the skirt plain. Two styles of redingotes are seen on the most elegant velvet costumes; first, that with long fronts and a basque back, and secondly, that with a basque front and long back—exactly the reverse of the first. For plain velvet, either brown, dark green, olive, blue, copper red, or black, the first design is used with the fronts fiveeighths of a yard wide in the skirt, falling open below the waist, and trimmed down each side with fur of long fleece, most often that of the black fox. The basque back has two very full box pleats beginning at the waist line, and is not trimmed. The velvet skirt is not draped, but is pleated very full behind in six side pleats that are caught together by a tape underneath to form a pouf at the top, and fall thence in closely folded pleats to the foot. A gored front breadth and e nearly straight breadths of velvet form such a skirt. Instead of a ruche the fancy now is to have two narrow puffs of the velvet around a velvet skirt; the lower puff is doubled to fall like a frill, the upper one falls upon it, and there may be merely a cord at the upper edge, or else an erect narrow ruffle of the velvet doubled. The long coat-tail back is liked for redingotes of brocaded velvet, and is worn over a plain velvet skirt that has its front partly covered by an apron of the brocaded velvet. This apron is necessary be-cause the front of the coat is a short and sharply pointed basque, and a slight panier drapery may added above the apron if the wearer is very slender. An edging of chenille fringe or a border of fur or feathers is on the apron, and also on the back of the redingote. When a short velvet dress is meant to do service in the house as well as the street, it is made with a basque; a medium long Newmarket jacket is then added for the street, and the latter is trimmed with fur. Two kinds of velvets are used in many such dresses; the basque and the breadth of velvet attached to it as drapery are plain, while brocaded velvet is used for panels that open over a pleated fan of plain velvet; the back breadths are also A pointed bodice instead of a basque is liked for young ladies' plain velvet dresses, and this is made very bouffant by having a breadth of velvet arranged as a sash sewed to the edges of the bodice, and formed into four large loops behind, from which fall two wide ends almost to the the skirt. The pretty slashed sleeves with satin drawn in slight puffs through each slashing are liked for such dresses; these were well illustrated in one of Worth's picturesque dresses on page 781 of Bazar No. 49, Vol. XV. The standing collar, the cuffs, and the lower edge of velvet basques are sometimes cut in squares and finished with a cord of satin or of passementerie. Three rows of gilt braid are a gay trimming for young ladies' basques of dark velvet, especially those of green velvet. Softly puff. ed satin plastrons are put inside the notched Directoire collars that are now made of plain velvet on brocaded velvet basques of suits that combine

these two materials. The reader is again reminded that the best modistes now make the pile of velvet and of velveteen upward in all parts of the dress. In selecting velvet that with the short close pile is preferred, because it does not flatten, nor is it easily creased or marred. It is not economy to buy velvet of poor quality, as it soon shows wear. It is a better plan to use a smaller quantity of good velvet, and in these days of combinations

it is an easy matter to place this small quantity near the face, where it will be as becoming and softening to the complexion as if the whole gar-ment were made of it. The same is true of the excellent velveteens that can now scarcely be distinguished from silk velvet.

NEW BROCADED VELVETERN

A novelty for early spring dresses is brocaded nonpareil velveteens, in fabrics that are fac-similes of silk velvet. These are now perfected, after thirty years of experimenting, and have an advantage above embossed velvets in their ground not being clipped; their woven broché figures are more durable than those that are merely stamped in by hot irons, and are not injured by water. They are excellent for pelisses in combination with cloth, and will be used for jackets, small mantles, and for basques to wear with silk, woollen, and plain velveteen skirts. These fabrics cost one-third less than silk velvet, and are imported in dark shades of wine-color, garnet, myrtle, olive, sapphire, navy blue, and black, with large designs of lilies, foliage, and roses in bold The repped ottoman velvets are seen in im-

ported costumes, but have not met with favor here except when embossed with velvet of rather long pile in large figures of leaves, plumes, balls, and flowers. These are used for the small velvet mantles that are worn over velvet bodices just as the jackets of velvet are. Sometimes this ottoman velvet is used for the side breadths of plain velvet skirts; in this case they are finished on the front edges like panels, with wide inner facings of satin, and are made to meet at the top and middle of the front breadth, and thence to open gradually toward the foot; the space between is then filled in with bows of many loops and ends of ribbon two inches wide. This rib-bon may be either satin or velvet, and small buckles of faceted Rhine stones are placed on each bow. The opening down the front of the skirt should be covered with satin or with plain velvet, and should not be more than a quarter of a vard wide at the foot. When a fan-pleating of velvet or of satin is put down the front breadth, this also should be kept quite narrow at the foot, or it will make the front of the skirt appear too wide where it should be narrow and clinging. An economical way of using velvet that does not cut the breadths is to have a foundation skirt on which the velvet is draped from the belt to the foot to represent a very long over-skirt. This is done by arranging easy folds somewhat in diagonal shape from left to right across the front, giving the effect of a Greek apron, and allowing the lower edges to be smooth and pass under the trimming around the foot, which may be the two puffs already noted, or a band of fur or feathers with two fine knife-pleatings below it. The back breadths are draped in one or two long slender curves, with most of the fullness pleated in very high, and there may be wide loops and ends of velvet in the middle of the back coming from under the medium long jacket of velvet that is worn in the street, and completing the sash that edges the pointed waist made for the house.

SPRING GOODS.

The earliest hint of spring styles is found in the cotton dress goods that merchants display in midwinter, and that ladies have made up at home in advance of the busy season when seamstresses and dressmakers are too much hurried to make these simple dresses. Cotton satteen is the fabric most largely imported. Instead of the white and very dark backgrounds used last summer, these now have strawberry red, terra-cotta, robin's-egg, and partridge brown grounds in narrow stripes or checks with white lines, strewn all over with large shaded disks of moon and sun, white balls, egg shapes, parallelograms, wheels, snails, Greek key figures, blocks, and the inevitable polka dots, of all sizes, from the merest speck to those an inch and a half in diameter. Shamrock put terns are shown, and there are nautilus shells and bivalves; the transit-of-Venus design is among the shaded disks, while all the floral designs of last year are repeated in bouquets and in single detached sprays. The newest patterns in polka dots have very large white balls nearly touching each other, and almost covering a pale blue, dark red, green, or strawberry ground. The stripes shown are even and very wide, with a color and white alternating to make pleatings, with the white stripe folded inside. The checks are so small that they are merged into a plain surface at a little distance. These goods of twilled surface are nearly a yard wide, cost 45 cents a yard, and about fourteen yards are required for a dress. Ottoman satteens repped like coteline are in similar designs and narrower widths. The solid colors of the twilled satteens are handsome enough to be made up under transparent fabrics, as it is difficult to distinguish them from real satin. ball patterns of these goods stand out as if raised from the surface. Cambrics and batistes are imported in similar designs. The preference for soft muslins without dressing remains, and ladies will do well to warn their laundresses that starch destroys much of the beauty of these twilled cot-The silver gray and black and white cotton satteens for ladies in mourning are in neat ball and striped patterns.

DESIGNS FOR MAKING SATTEEN DRESSES.

The newest designs for making these satteen dresses combine two fabrics, just as cloths or silks are combined. For instance, a plain terracotta or telegraph blue satteen will be made up as a basque in Jersey shape, and the pleated skirt with its apron drapery will be of very small checks, or else with polka dots or large balls. The basque has its lower edge cut in turrets, while its standing collar is plain and high, and its sleeves are merely buttoned at the wrists. Ladies who find this too plain will add a Byron collar, vest, and square cuffs of white embroidery

in the open Irish point designs, and there may be an edge of the same on the over-skirt; this trimming is also pretty on the dresses made entirely of one fabric in the tiny checks or the plain surface of strawberry red, sky blue, or terra-cotta satteen. Small white thread buttons, both flat and in ball shape, and the more substantial pearl buttons of the same shapes, are used on these dresses.

The flowered satteens that resemble foulards are to be made up more fancifully with polonaises in the princesse and Watteau styles, and leated skirts of the plain goods like the ground. The laces used for trimming foulard silks are copied in open embroideries that are more substantial and also more effective on these cotton stuffs. The sharply pointed basques so much used with elaborate dresses are repeated in satteens, and there are also collars, bands, and cuffs of velvet prepared to be easily put off and on as trimmings for these wash goods. Bows of satin ribbon are also placed on the shoulders, and outlining the sharp point in front of the waist. Square cuffs, turned back, and wider than the sleeves, are used either of embroidery or of the material neatly edged, and the sleeves are quite short, extending about half-way between the elbows and wrists, and in many cases stopping just at the bend of the elbow, and completed by a frill of embroidery. An insertion of open nee-dle-work is placed lengthwise down the front half of the sleeves

The pleats of skirts are quite large side pleats, or wide triple box pleats, or else clusters of wide pleats with narrow ones between. These pleats form sufficient trimming at the foot without the narrow flounces that are so difficult to iron well. Those who prefer narrow lengthwise pleats find it best to resort to tucking for twothirds of the length of the skirt, merely folding the pleats of the remaining third, and edging the mbroidery or lace. The frou-frou ruffles that are so effective on light summer dresses should be reserved for the silken stuffs that do not wash, while plain skirts, tucks, and single sets of pleats are used for dresses that must be done up often in order to keep their greatest beauty, which is their freshness. Shirred waists are becoming to slight figures, but require to be made over a lining, which is apt to shrink and get out of shape when washed. The same full effect can be given by making a shirred fichu or collarette of the material, edging it with lace or embroidery, and wearing it over the plain unlined basque. The best furnishing houses do not line the waists of any dresses that are to be washed, and instead of making them fit snugly they are slightly loose at first to allow for shrinkage. belt of white embroidery made by sewing two rows of edging together, leaving the scallops at top and bottom, is worn with basques trimmed with a collar and frills of the needle-work. Yoke designs, like the guimpes worn by children, are used for the loose belted blouse-basques that are so becoming to slender figures. Two jabots of embroidery or of lace trim the upper part of satteen basques just below the collar, or there may be handkerchief ends in two points of embroidery coming out like a cravat just below the collar. A standing collar of linen, a pleated cambric frill with notched edges, or a dog-collar of black velvet ribbon may be worn above the embroidered Byron collar that is attached to the dress.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.: LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES McCreery & Co.; and Stern Brothers.

PERSONAL.

The winter will be passed by Mrs. Stowe at Mandarin, Florida, on her plantation.

—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON has seven children; ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL has five; LUCRETIA MOTT, SIX; LILIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, two; Mrs. OLYMPIA BROWN, two; MARTHA C. WRIGHT, five; BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, two; while LUCY STONE has but one. Among all the pioneer suffrage women, SUSAN B. ANTHONY SAYS that she is the only one who never married.

Lit is stated that RANGOST the historien

that she is the only one who never married.

—It is stated that BANCROFT, the historian, makes his roses the calendar by which he tells off his seasons, staying in Washington till the Jacqueminots and June give up the ghost, and then lingering in his Northern garden till the hardiest queen of the flowers succumbs.

—The wife of the Danish Minister, M. DE HEGEMAN, who was Miss GREENOUGH, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is said to be the most admired of the Roman belles this winter.

mired of the Roman belies this winter.

—A farm of two hundred and thirty-six acres, outside the city limits of Baltimore, and assessed for ninety-three thousand dollars, is owned by the actor, John E. Owens, who one day is reported to be next to a beggar, and the follow-ing day application.

ing day a millionaire.

—The Marine Band at the White House was playing the "Miscrere" from Trovatore when Mr. ALLEN, of the Hawaiian government, breathed his last, on New-Year's Day.

-For an article to be used in HARPER'S MAG-

AZINE, mid-summer number, on Boston Harbor, Mr. E. H. GARRETT has finished some of the best drawings he has ever made; and it is said that his sketch-book is rich in subjects quaint in selection, and with no lack of thought in their details.

—Since the Ohio Legislature offered a prize

—Since the Ohio Legislature offered a prize of ten thousand dollars last spring for the best bust of President Garrield, designed by an Ohio artist, it is reported that Mrs. Garrield has been obliged to pass judgment on a score or more of busts every month.

-HAWTHORNE disliked to sit for his photograph, remarking, on one occasion, "The sun seems to take an infernal pleasure in making me

wenerable, as if I were as old as himself," but he was delighted to sit for a portrait.

—Dr. Evans, the American dentist in Paris, has every kind of decoration but the insignia of the English and Prussian orders and the Golden Fleece. When Ecornis fled from the Tuileries Fleece. When EUGENIE fied from the lunches on September 4, descrited by her attendants, she was driven to his house in her dressing-gown, and as she was unrecognized, he received her stand.

ostensibly as if she were a patient, then gave her clothes from his wife's wardrobe, and took her in his own carriage to the Normandy coast.

—The feat of walking through Europe is to be attempted by Miss Florence Kelley, daughter of Hon. W. D. Kelley, and her brother.

—A real live Zulu, brought from the east coast of Africa, is to be educated at the Hampton Institute, and then sent back to Africa.

—Needy and deserving young men studying

—Needy and deserving young men studying for the Methodist ministry are to be assisted by an income of two thousand dollars, a legacy bequeathed by S. R. BEARCE to the Maine Wesley-

queathed by S. R. Bearce to the Maine Wesley-an Seminary.

—The sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Miss Eliza Manning Hawthorne, died lately at Bev-erly, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty.

—At the President's New-Year's reception, it is mentioned that the Spanish legation out-shone the other Europeans, with its mayal and military attachés in uniform, but that the Chi-nese, in silk, satin, and velvets, headed by the Plenipotentiary in full mandarin costume, with

ness, in silk, satin, and vervets, neaded by the Pienipotentiary in full mandarin costume, with a red button in his cap and a peacock feather, made the most picturesque effect.

—An elegant mansion in Washington, a cottage at North Conway, New Hampshire, a villa at Mount Desert, and a home in Cincinnati, are the lubilitations belonging to Senator PERMIR. the habitations belonging to Senator PENDLE-

A mission church on Tompkins Square, New —A mission church on Tompann square, seen York, with apartments for a free reading-room, with papers in English, French, and German, a free circulating library, a crèche, where poor women can leave their children when they go to their work, a Kindergarten, a Sunday-school for more than a thousand children, and a coffee-room on the English plan, is to be built by Mr. RUTHERFURD STUTVESANT, son of the astronomer Louis M. RUTHERFURD, as a monument to the memory of his dead wife.

—Cards on which the name appears in white on a black ground are used by the Spanish Min-ister and his wife at Washington, who are in mourning.

morrang.

—The collection of autograph letters left by Mr. Weed includes some from every President of the United States—those from the time of Maddison having been written to Mr. Weed himself—letters from most of the Revolutionary heroes, Lafayette and Baron Struben among them two chiefles from Benefic Advolve and them, two epistles from BENEDICT ARNOLD, and a host of others from political leaders at home

Captain MAYNE REID's sheep furnished the rool for a suit of white clothes which he gave wool for a suit of white clothes which he gave to General Gordon, of Georgia, and which the general wears in midwinter.

—The demand for A Transplanted Rose was so great before Christmas that BRENTANO was collised to send to send to Singinguis for these hundred.

obliged to send to Cincinnati for three hundred

copies to send to cincinnate for three hundred copies to use until Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS could issue the second edition.

—The grandfather of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON lived to the age of a hundred, and lost none of his foundties. of his faculties.
—It is thought that the largest income of any

living English novelist is made by William Black, author of Shandon Bells.

—Mr. Alma Tadema has broad features, light

hair and beard, and a short thickset figure.

—Fritz Schafer, the German sculptor, has finished his ideal restorations of the Hermes

Initisted his ideal restorations of the Hermes of Praxiteles, which is to be placed in the Berlin Museum. He also made the statues of Goethe in Berlin, of Gauss, in Brunswick, and of Bismarck in Cologne.

—Professor De Rossi, of Rome, an authority on Christian antiquities, especially in the Catacombs, was lately presented with a gold medal and an album by his friends, in the Sarcophagus Hall, at the Lateran Palace. He is about sixty years old.

-A German authoress whom Alphonse Dau-Det has in his household to instruct his two sons has furnished the incidents from her own life on which his recent novel, L'Evangéliste, is

-GAMBETTA used to recite whole poems of Victor Hugo's while dressing.

-Mr. Anthony Trollope was once saved

—Mr. ANTHONY IROLLOPE was once saved from drowning under the ice by Dean MILMAN.

—Actors in Robinson Crusse at a London theatre were hissed off the stage for counterfeiting the Duke of Connaught, Admiral SEYMOUR, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, and General WOLSELEY.

—Madame JOUBERT, the friend and "pupil" of Louis Blanc, the confidence of most of the poets

of her age, the original of several of CHARLES LEVER'S heroines, whom BERRYER called La Reine Mab, has lately died.

The next time we visit Cairo we may see at the Boolak Museum the blue larkspur, the blue and the white lotus, the orange-colored safflower, the yellow flowers of the Acacia nuotica, the blossom of a water-melon now extinct—flowers three thousand years old, which garlanded the royal mummies found at Deir-el-Bahari last year—with their hucs as brilliant, we are told, as -with their fines as ordinant, we are took, as those of to-day, arranged for the museum by Dr. Schweinfurth.

—It is thought by medical authorities that the little Earl of Arundel can now distinguish be-

tween light and darkness.

—Mr. Ruskin thinks his Modern Painters is affected and weak, but approves of The Stones of Venice.
—Professor MAX MULLER has been elected a

member of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei of Rome

-The first degree of Doctor of Philosophy ever given to a lady at Zürich has been conferred upon Miss EDITH THOMAS, daughter of Professor Thomas, of Johns Hopkins Univer-

-The only brother of Mr. John G. Whittier, MATTHEW FRANCIS WHITTIER, who was known many years ago to the public as "Ethan Spike," has just died at the age of seventy.

—Paralysis has attacked the famous novelist

and Orientalist Professor George Ebers, of

Leipsic.

—Jenny Lind has offered to teach a number of free pupils in the forth-coming Royal College of Music in England—a royal offer. —The oldest ex-Senator of the United States

—The oldest ex-Senator of the United States is Mr. JOSEPH CILLEY, of Nottingham, New Hampshire, who is ninety-two years old.
—A ten-inch shell, a souvenir of the bombardment of Alexandria, which, after going through her Majesty's ship Alexandra and rolling along the main-deck, was put in a tub of water by Mr. HARDING, gunner—for which the Victoria Cross was awarded him—was one of the Prince of Wales's Christmas gifts, mounted on a wooden atand. Google

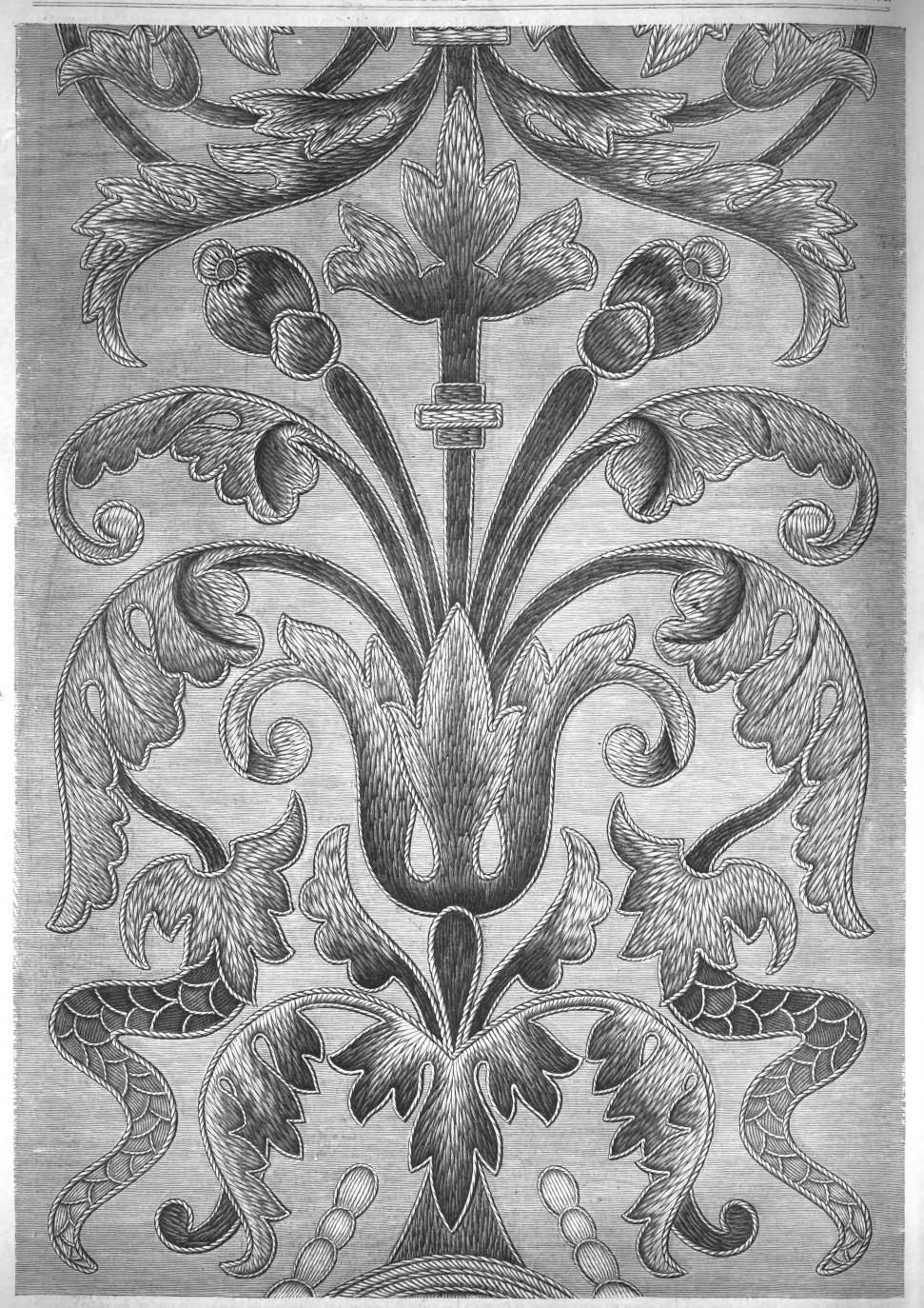


Fig. 2.—Embroidery for Rocking-Chair, Fig. 1, on Double Page.—[For rest of design see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 26.]

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MUSTELA FURO.

EMERGING from the grove, the Professor strode up the hill, causing Grandma to exclaim, "Not much hammering today, Rhoda; and see how he tosses his basket! Lunch all gone, and not a 'specimen,' as I'll venture to guess."

Cousin Rolfe, summering with us for rest, was in a leisurely way studying the rocks and ledges of Gap Range. Every morning he sallied forth, mallet in hand, seldom returning un-



CLOTH AND VELVET DRESS WITH FUR TRIMMING,-FRONT. [For Back, see Fig. 5, on Double Page.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 27-35.



Fig. 1.—Châtelaine Bag with Watch. For description see Supplement,

for the Professor, taking a great interest in this lame lad, so determined upon a happy and honest independence, had sent him helpful books, and even made more than once an er rand to the city on a mission of inquiry touching popular styles of "mounting and posing," bringing back a collection of eyes and illustra-

"I'm no shot," he often regretfully remarked:
"neither have I skill with traps and snares."
But to-day!

Rolfe was at the porch now, showing his treasure-utterly different from anything we had ever seen.

"But how did it happen?" queried Grandma.
"Just all in a breath, as one may say," replied the Professor, in a glow of excitement.
"A regular ferret, as I'm sure.

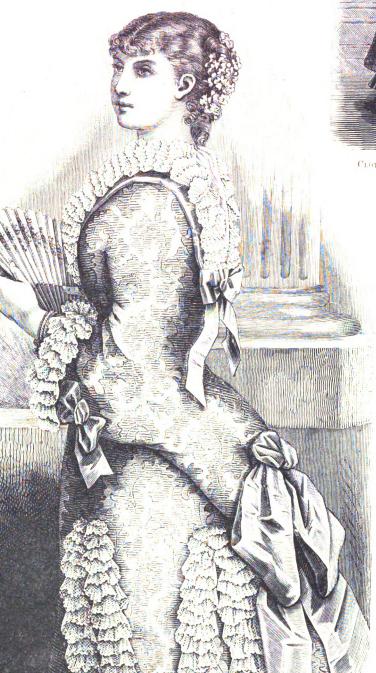


Fig. 1.—Dress for Child from 2 to 6 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3374: Price, 15 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 46-53.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

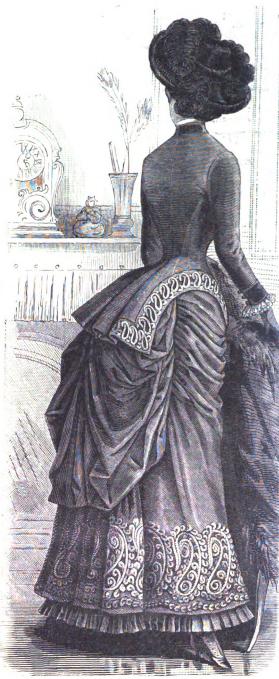
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 20-25.

til evening shadows erept over the hills. Strangely enough, no thought of the energetic young taxidermist living near suggested itself in connection with this hurried return,



BROCADE OPERA CLOAK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 36*, 36*-38.

"Why, you see," he continued, "this small creature popped his head out of a thicket, and not deigning to observe me as I lay pillowed upon a broken stump, came sniffing round my lunch basket, hungry enough, as I've no doubt. A moment I watched him with keen delight; so graceful, with such a wealth of fluffy robes, and eyes like gems; wondering, too, that such a beauty should be straying in the woods—creatures often read a beauty should be straying in the woods—creatures often read of, but which I had never seen. In a flash Guy's delight in



CLOTH DRESS WITH SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.—BACK. [For Front, see Fig. 6, on Double Page.] For description see Supplement.



Fig. 2.—Plush Châtelaine Bag. For description see Supplement.

ing from my cup, I, his host, touched him, and not gently, with my hammer. Tired and faint he was, and just then easily overcome; hurriedly I tied his slender legs together, gave another hammer tip, and for him all was over. That moment I discovered the bit of searlet ribbon. You can not imagine my consternation and

"Poor little prisoner!" said Rhoda, tenderly stroking the silken coat; "it must have strayed from 'the land of Somewhere,' and there may be mourning in some house because of it; but Guy will be in raptures."

"His work on hand will be finished to-day—jays and white mice, with heron and hawk. How rich he will feel now!"

Those words, "it must have strayed," troubled

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Rolfe's tender heart. "But what can I do?" he usked, appealingly.

"Manifestly nothing," replied Grandma, severely. "We will advertise, then calmly await developments."

A week later the beauty, "mounted and posed," came back to us with such a life-like air of ferocity as was fairly startling. The Professor received him with dignified penitence, romancing a little over the possible grieving of some woman's tender heart.

"It is useless," said Grandma, quietly; "we will enjoy him while we may, and if the owner ever appears, will with pleasure restore the pet, for such the gay ribbon about his throat indicates that he was

It was Rhoda who opportunely turned attention to Mustela's exquisite robing. "See!" she ex-claimed; "no lady in the land has a more elegant winter garment than this small creature of nineteen inches. The fur next the skin is soft, woolly, and of a delicate buff tint, and with the long black outer hairs forms a very rich and lustrous covering. By-the-way, from these latter, artists' brushes are manufactured. And as for warm, protecting mufflers, what can compare with the collar of grayish-black encircling our cap-tive's throat? Neither could money purchase for feet and ankle coverings such dainty ones as this little traveller could boast."

Most regally arrayed is he, with eyes the keenest, teeth the sharpest, while like watchful sentinels the delicate whiskers wave gracefully over cach tiny cheek.

The Professor had his part to tell: wonderful stories of ferret prowess as rat-catchers and rabbit-hunters, explaining their success through suppleness of limb and sinuous movement, able to glide into smallest openings and hide in closest crevices.

"It may surprise you," added Grandma, "to learn that milk is their best nourishment, especially when in training."

Gradually the sense of newness and responsibility touching "our late accession" passed away. There came no answer to advertisements: but the searlet ribbon was still kept. "It was possible," Grandma said, "to lead to ownership some

A crisp five-dollar note from Grandma found its way into Guy Rolfe's pocket, and by the end of summer even Rhoda's sympathetic prophecy of "mourning in the land of Somewhere" ceased

Mustela, more attractive in death than in life. has for a few days graced my writing-table; today he finds a permanent resting-place upon a handsome new bracket in the library.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

and a good deal of smashing forward. I wonder if your father has got any sleep—I should think not. I'll go and see how he is getting on if you like."

"Oh no; if he is asleep, that is very well. No," said Yolande; "I wish you to tell me more about your friend—the gentleman who was your That is a very strange life for any one to

What she wished was enough for him.

"I have not told you the strangest part of the story," said he, "for you would not believe it." "Am I so unbelieving?" said she, looking up.

His eyes met hers-but only for an instant. Yolande's eyes were calm, smiling, unconcerned; it was not in them, at all events, that any confu

"Of course I did not mean that," said he; "but -but one has one's character for veracity, don't you know-and if I were to tell you about Mrs. Bell-the story is too improbable."

"Then it is about Mrs. Bell that I wish to hear," said Yolande, in her gentle, imperious way.
"Besides, I've bored you all day long about

those people in Inverness-shire. You will think I have never seen any one else, and never been anywhere else. Now I would much rather hear about the Chateau and the people there. I want you to tell me what you thought of Americaafter living in that quiet place."

"What I thought of America!" said Yolande, with a laugh. "That is a question indeed!"

"Isn't it the question that all Americans ask of you? You have heard enough about the Inverness-shire people. Tell me about Rennes. Have you seen much of Paris? Did you like the

"Ah," said she, "you are not so obedient to me as my papa is.

"Fathers in Scotland are made of sterner stuff, I should think," he answered. "We don't talk that way.

"Now listen," she said. "I have the picture before me-everything complete-the lake, and Lynn Towers, the mountains and moorland, also the ravines where the deer take shelter-oh yes, I can see all that quite clear, but the central fig-

ure, that is absent."

"The central figure?"

"Mrs. Bell."

He had quite forgotten about that lady; now

he laughed.
"Oh no," he said; "Mrs. Bell is not so impor tant as that. She has nothing to do with Lynn. She lives at Gress."

"Well, that is a beginning, at all events," she remarked, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, but must I really tell you the story? You will try hard to believe?"

I am not unbelieving."

"Very well, then. I will tell you about Mrs. Bell, for I hope some day you will see her."

She looked up inquiringly. "Yes, I am going to ask your father to take a moor up there that I know of, and of course you

would come to the lodge. If he cares about | grouse-shooting and isn't afraid of hard work, it is the very place for him. Then you would see my friend Melville, who ought to be Melville of Monaglen by rights, and maybe he will be before Mrs. Bell has done with him."

"Mrs. Bell again! Then I am to hear about her after all?"

Very well, then. Mrs. Bell is not Mrs. Bell. but Miss Bell, only they call her 'Mrs.' because she is an elderly lady, and is rich, and is a substantial and matronly-looking kind of person. Of course you won't believe the story, but never mind. Mrs. Bell was cook to the Melvilles—that was years and years ago, before old Mr. Melville But she was an ambitious party, and Gress wasn't enough for her. She could read, and it isn't every Highland servant lass who can do that. She read cookery books and made experiments. Now you see the adventures of Mrs. Bell don't make a heroic story."

"But I am listening," said Yolande, with a

calm air.

"She got to be rather clever, though there was not much chance for her in the Melvilles' house. Then she went to Edinburgh. All this is plain sailing. She got a situation in a hotel there; then she was allowed to try what she could do in the cooking line; then she was made head cook. That is the end of chapter one; and I suppose you believe me so far. Years went on, and Kirsty was earning a good wage; and all that we knew of her was that she used to send small sums of money occasionally to help one or two of the poor people in Gress who had been her neighbors, for she had neither kith nor kin of her own. Then there happened to come to the hotel in Edinburgh an elderly English gentleman who was travelling about for his health, and he was frightfully anxious about his food, and he very much appreciated the cooking at the hotel. He made inquiries. He saw Kirsty, who was by this time a respectable middle-aged woman, getting rather gray. What does the old maniac do but tell her that he has only a few years to live; that the cooking of his food is about the most important thing to him in the world; that he has no near relatives to inherit his property; and that if she will go to Leicestershire and bind herself to remain cook in his house as long as he lived, he will undertake to leave her every penny he possessed when he died. 'I will,' says Kirsty; but she was a wise woman, and she went to the lawyers, and had everything properly settled. Shall I go on, Miss Winterbourne? I don't think my heroine interests you. I wish you could see old Mrs. Bell."

"Oh yes, go on. That is not so unbelievable. Of course I believe you. Is it necessary to say that?"

Yolande's dignity was a little bit disturbed at this moment by a scattering of spray around her; but she quickly dried her red-gold hair and the smooth oval of her cheeks.

"What comes after is a good bit stranger," he continued. "The old gentleman died; only lived much longer than anybody expected; and Kirsty, at the age of fifty-eight or so, found herself in possession of an income of very near £4000 a year-well, I believe it is more than that now, for the property has increased in value. And now begins what I can't tell you half well enough-I wish you could hear Mrs. Bell's own account—I mean of the schemes that people laid to inveigle her into a marriage. You know she is rather a simple and kindly hearted woman; but she believes herself to be the very incarnation of shrewdness; and certainly on that one point she showed herself shrewd enough. When my sister re-appears on deck again, you say to her, 'Kirsty kenned better,' and see if she does not recognize the phrase. Mrs. Bell's description of the various offers of marriage she has had beats anything; but it was always 'Kirsty kenned better.' Yes; and among these was a formal proposal from Lord ——; I mean the father of the present Lord -; and that proposal was twice repeated. You know the ——s are awfully poor; and that one was at his wits' end for money. But Kirsty was not to be caught. Among other things he stipulated that he was to be allowed to spend eight months of the year in London, she remaining either in Leicestershire or in the Highlands, as she pleased. More than that, he even got the Duke of —— to write to Miss Bell, and back up the suit, and promise that, if she would consent, he would himself go down and give her

"The great Duke of - ?" said Yolande, with

her eyes a little bit wider.
"Yes; the late Duke. I thought I should ashave seen the Duke's letter it is one of Mrs. Bell's proudest possessions. I have no doubt you will see it for yourself some But Kirsty kenned better."

day. But Kirsty Kenne."
"What did she do then?"
She "What did she do? She went back to Gress like a sensible woman. And she is more than sensible-she is remarkably good-natured; and she sought out the son of her old master-that's my friend Melville, you know, and then she tried all her flattery and shrewdness on him until she got him persuaded that he should live in Gresshe was cadging about for another tutorship at the time-and make a sort of model village of it, and have old Kirsty for his housekeeper. Oh she's clever enough in her way. She has picked up very good manners; she can hold her own with anybody. And she manages Melville most beautifully; and he isn't easy to manage. She is always very respectful, and makes him believe he is doing her a great kindness in spending her money in improving the village, and all that; but what she really means, of course, is that he should be a kind of small laird in the place that used to belong to his people. And that is what that woman means to do; I know it—I am certain of it. If ever Monaglen comes into the market she'll snap it up; she must have a heap saved. Sooner or later she'll make Jack Melville 'Melville of Monaglen,' as sure as he's alive."

"You and he are great friends, then?" "Oh, he rather sits upon me," the Master of Lynn said, modestly; "but we are pretty good friends, as things go."

The gale did not abate much that afternoon; on the contrary, the great ship seemed to be rolling more heavily than ever; and at one minute a little accident occurred that might have been attended with more serious consequences. Mr. Winterbourne and young Leslie, not being able to reach the smoking-room on account of the seas coming over the bows, had sought shelter on a bench immediately aft of the hurricane-deck, and there, enveloped in water-proof, they were trying to keep their cigars alight. Unfortunately the lashings securing this bench had not been very strong, and at one bad lurch of the vesselindeed, the deck seemed to be at right angles with the water below them-away the whole thing went, spinning down to leeward. Leslie was a smart young fellow, saw what was coming, and before the bench had reached the gunwale he had with one hand swung himself on to the ladder ascending to the hurricane-deck, while with the other he had seized hold of his companion's coat. Probably, had he not been so quick, the worst that could have happened was that the two of them might have had a thorough sousing in the water surging along the scuppers; but when Yolande heard of the accident, and when Mr. Winterbourne rather sadly showed her his waterproof, which had been half torn from his back, she was instantly convinced that young Leslie had saved her father's life.

In consequence she was much less imperious and willful in her manner all that afternoon, and was even timidly polite to him. She consented, without a word, to go down to dinner, although again she was the only lady at table. And, in-deed, dinner that evening was entirely a ludicrous performance. When Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande and young Leslie got to the foot of the companion-stairs, and with much clinging prepared to enter the saloon, the first thing they saw before them was a sudden wave of white that left the table and crashed against the walls, The stewards regarded the broken crockery with a ghastly smile, but made no immediate effort to pick up the fragments. The "fiddles" on the table were found to be of no use whatever. When these three sat down they could only make sure of such things as they could keep their fingers upon. Buttressing was of no avail. Plates, tumblers, knives and forks, broke away and stee ple-chased over the fiddles, until the final smash on the walls brought their career to a close. The din was awful; and Mr. Winterbourne was much too anxious about the objects around him to be able to make his customary little jokes. But they got through it somehow; and the only result of these wild adventures with rocketing loaves and plates and bottles was that Yolande and the young Master of Lynn seemed to be on more and more friendly and familiar terms. You lande talked to him as frankly as if he had been

her brother. Next day matters mended considerably; and the next again broke blue and fair and shining, with an immense number of Mother Cary's chickens skimming along the sun-lit waters. Far away in the south the pale line of the African coast was visible. People began to appear on deck who had been hidden for the last couple of days; Mrs. Graham was up and smiling, in an exceedingly pretty costume. When should they reach Gibraltar? Who was going ashore? Were there many "Scorpions" on board?

Yolande was not much of a politician; but her father being something of a "Jingo," of course she was a "Jingo" too; and she was very proud when, toward the afternoon, they drew nearer and nearer to the great gray scarred rock that commands the Mediterranean; and her heart warmed at the sight of a little red speck on one of the ramparts an English sentry keeping guard there. when they went ashore, and wandered through the streets, she had as much interest in plain Tommy Atkins in his red coat as in any of the more picturesquely clad Spaniards or Arabs she saw there; and when they went into the Alameda to hear the military band play, she knew by a sort of instinct that among the ladies sitting in their cool costumes under the maples and acacias such and such groups were Englishwomen-the wives of the officers, no doubt-and she would have liked to have gone and spoken to them. "Gib." seemed to her to be a bit of England, and therefore friendly and familiar; she thought the place looked tremendously strong; and she was piles of shot and ranged rows of cannon; and she had a sort of gratitude in her heart toward the officers and the garrison, and even the Englishwomen sitting there, with a tint of sunbrown on their cheeks, but an English look in their eyes. And all this was absurd enough in a young minx who made a fool of English idioms nearly every time she opened her mouth!

What a beautiful night that was as they sailed away from the vast Gray Rock! The moon was growing in strength now, and the heavens were The passengers had begun to form their own little groups; acquaintanceships had been made; chairs drawn close together on the deck, in the silence, under the stars. And down there the skylight of the saloon was open, and there was a yellow glare coming up from below, also the sound of singing. They were at duets below-two or three young people; and whether they sang well or ill, the effect was pleasant enough, with the soft murmur of the Mediterranean all around "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free"-of course they sang that; people always do sing that on board ship. Then they sang, "I would that my love could silently," and many another old familiar air, the while the vessel churned on its way through the unseen waters, and the pale shadows thrown by the moon on the white decks slowly moved with the motion of the vessel. It was a beautiful night.

The Master of Lynn came aft from the smoking-room, and met his brother - in - law on the

"This is better, isn't it?" said Colonel Graham. "This is more like what I shipped for."

"Yes, this is better. Do you know where the Winterbournes are "
"In the saloon. I have just left them there."

Young Leslie was passing on, but he stopped.
"I say, Graham, I've noticed one thing on board this ship already."

" What?" "You watch to morrow, if they're both on deck at the same time. You'll find that Polly has got all the men about her, and Miss Winterbourne all the children. Odd, isn't it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

THE following is a capital instance of pluck and light-heartedness. Charles Mathews the elder, at the age of seventy-four, and only a year previous to his decease, whilst suffering from a terrible attack of gout, received a book of ballads from a young author, who was complaining of the miseries of this world. He sat down and dashed off this reply:

"I am thirty years older than you ar But of pleasure can yet take my fill; Old friends ever honest and true are, At least-I believe them so still.

"I can sup upon cold meat and salads, Enjoy myself still with the gay; I can relish your exquisite ballads, And feel the old glow at a play.

"What more can the youth of to-day do? They go a good pace—will it last?

I can do almost all the things they do, And have got what they haven't-the Past."

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY OF LEAM DUNDAR," "Under w. Love," etc.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.) OVER THE WOOD-WORK.

"And perhaps you will lend me some patterns too?" continued Theodosia, turning to him. know all Monica's by heart, and I am tired of

"Willingly," he answered, with his best air of

a disgnised prince.

And yet he would rather that she had not asked him, and that Monica had been the only one to profit by his store. He was a generous young fellow by nature, with a hand as open as if he counted his fortune by pounds where he reckoned it by pence. All the same, in this matter he felt mean and churlish, and wished that young Mrs. Barrington had not asked him for the loan of a few patterns of wood-carving.

"And yet it is better," he said to himself. But why should it be better? How could there be two sides—a better or a worse—to such a sim-

ple thing? Soon after this Mrs. Barrington returned, and

they had a little talk about the sick girl and her condition; and when this was over, the dector's visit was also necessarily at an end, and he took his leave, as he ought to have done a quarter of an bour ago.

"I will bring up the patterns this evening," he said, as he was shaking hands with Monica.

If you speak while you are shaking hands, it seems only natural to hold the hand for as long as the speech lasts. There was nothing unseemly, then, in Dr. St. Claire's holding Miss Barrington's hand while he said this; but Monica's face, usually so colorless, flushed crimson: yet she did not withdraw her hand. If her blush betokened vexation, would she not have done so? he thought. He forgot that other explanation of a girl's passivity—her reluctance to show that she has seen. felt, or understood.

"Of what patterns was Dr. St. Claire speaking, my dear?" asked Mrs. Barrington when he had

Monica told her mother what, after all, was not to tell—simply the loan of a few tistic designs.

"Is not this rather a familiarity?" asked Mrs. Barrington, her feelings of caste breaking through her Christian kindness in the odd contradictory way characteristic of her. "Remember, my dear, though he is a very creditably conducted young man by all accounts, and I believe really skillful in his profession, he is not a gentleman, and we know nothing of him. He must not be encouraged to forget his place and to act as if he were our equal."

"I could scarcely refuse, dear mother, could I?" returned Monica. "He made the offer very naturally and kindly. I think I could scarcely have refused it."

Soul of honor as she was, she said nothing of the look which had made her cower down and had made him tremble. Looks are not evidence like words or deeds, and are always liable to misinterpretation.

Perhaps not, my dear," answered Mrs. Barrington. "You could not be rude at any time. But it was rather forward on his part, and I am sorry for it.

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.



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Monica looked troubled. It was so seldom that her mother had occasion to take a reproving tone in any matter wherein she was concerned that she scarcely knew herself now when, if St. claire were to blame for proposing this little in-terchange of friendly courtesies, she was also to blame for accepting it. Her face showed her trouble so plainly that her mother's heart softened, and her mild annoyance passed like the mist

ed, and ner mind annoyance passed like the mist of a summer morning.

"I dare say I am a little too particular," she said, tenderly, and with a re-assuring smile. "I am old-fashioned, you know. Of course he meant it kindly, poor young man, and we ought to take

things as they are meant."

"I was here all the time, and I saw nothing forward in it," said Theodosia, rather sharply. She was displeased that her mother-in-law should make so much of Monica's share in the

matter. It overshadowed her own.
"No?" returned Mrs. Barrington. "Then I dare say I am wrong.'

"And he is going to lend me some patterns as well; so it was not only Monica of whom he thought," continued this young woman, hardily.
"Yes?" said Mrs. Barrington. "It is all right,

I make no doubt, my dear; but if I were you, would be a little careful how you encourage anything like an intimacy with the young man. I know my son, and I know his extreme particularity."

"And I know my husband, mamma," retorted "Anthony is not such a goose as to ch a little thing as this. We are not Theodosia. object to such a little thing as this. We are not so many Grand Lamas and poor Dr. St. Claire a

mere crossing-sweeper."

"My dear Theodosia, it is really impossible to talk to you," said Mrs. Barrington, with the irritability which her daughter-in-law alone—but she so often—aroused in her. "You have allowed yourself to get into such a disastrous habit of anything with you on reasonable grounds. Grand Lamas! Crossing sweepers! What a tone to take! It is not worthy of you, nor of me, Theodosia."

"I wonder what you would do, mamma, if you had not me to find fault with," said Theodosia. "I declare I do not think you see an inch of good in me from my head to my feet. Poor Anthony! how you must pity him!"

"Theo, come and see the new kittens," said Monica, suddenly. "They are such dear little mites, and have such a nice bed in the library. Will you come? The mother looks just like the White Cat.'

"Yes, and I will not come back here again, mamma," said Theodosia, rising. "So good-by, and try to think a little less badly of me if you can—for Anthony's sake, if not for my own. I know, of course, that I am nothing to you; but as Anthony's mother, it would be more convenient if you thought his wife less of a monster than you do."

"I was not aware that I thought you a monster. Theodosia," said Mrs. Barrington, coldly.

"Oh yes, you do, mamma. You think me a toad, or a frog, or something horrid, I knowperhaps a cockatrice!" she added, as her latest shaft, following Monica briskly out of the room.

"My dear," said Mrs. Barrington, when Theodosia had gone and Monica had returned, "that poor girl becomes more and more intolerable every day of her life. I really sometimes fear that she is not quite right in her mind, she has such extraordinary crazes, now on one thing, and now on another.'

"She is very volatile," said Monica, thinking it less rasping and more soothing to agree in part than to deny wholly.

"Volatile! She is indeed that, and more," said her mother. "If she is going to make herself as ridiculous by her patronage of this young man as she has of others, I do not know what we shall do nor what will happen. Indulgent as your brother is to her"—" weak," she would have said had she speken as she filt, as corrections of the said had she speken as the filt. said had she spoken as she felt—as every woman would say of her male relation whose wife she does not like and whom he does not desert— "indulgent and generous to a fault," she repeated, "I do not think he will approve of her taking up this young man and making him her latest pet, as she did with James Solly's son. It is really too distressing to see her so silly and thoughtless."

"I do not think she means to do wrong; but she is, as you say, dear mother, very thoughtless," returned Monica. "I do not think that you need returned Monica. worry yourself, however, about Dr. St. Claire,'

"Why should I not, when I see such folly?" returned her mother. "How can I help worrying myself ?"

But he is too good and wise to be drawn into anything questionable," answered Monica. "And it would be very questionable if he allowed Theodosia to befriend him more than Anthony would like. In things of this kind husband and wife

must go together," she added, sagely.

"As for that, your brother sees only with her eyes," returned Mrs. Barrington. "She can do what she likes with him. He seems to be really -what shall I say?-besotted, under a spell, with respect to her."

"He certainly does love her very much," said "So I suppose she shows the best of Monica herself to him. You see, mother, she must have a best to show."

Well, there is no use in looking at things from the dark side only," said Mrs. Barrington, with a gentle kind of sigh, her irritation passed and her sweeter nature once more regnant. "She is very light-minded, and not the person I should have chosen for your dear brother's wife had I been allowed a voice in the matter. But time works wonders, and I hope time will make her a little more wise and staid than she is now."

"Yes, I hope so too. She is very good-na-

tured," said Monica.

"And very foolish," returned her mother.

"But she means no harm, I dare say."
"I am sure she does not," said Monica, sure of nothing of the kind, but glad to throw oil on all disturbed waters, and to brood, dove-like, over

all eggs of peace.
"My good child!" said Mrs. Barrington, fondly; "always my sweet peace-maker! Ah, Monica, what should I do without you? The day when you leave me will be the saddest of my life—the when you disappointed me would be my day of doom. I could never outlive a sorrow from

"You shall never have one that I can help, mother," said her daughter, going over to her and kissing her. "You are my first care and my only I live only for you-and shall to the end."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INVITATIONS, ACCEPTANCES, AND REGRETS.

THE engraving of invitation cards has become L the important function of more than one enterprising firm in every city, so that it seems very unnecessary to say more than that the most plain and simple style of engraving the necessary words is all that is requisite.

The English Ambassador at Rome has a plain, stiff, unglazed card of a large size, on which is engraved, "Sir Augustus and Lady Paget request the honor of -- company on Thursday evening, November 15, at ten o'clock. The favor of an answer is requested."

The name of the invited guest is written in the blank space left before the word "company," Many entertainers in America keep these blanks or half-engraved invitations always on hand, and thus save themselves the trouble of writing.

Many hostesses prefer, however, to write their own dinner invitations, and the formula should always be, "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Jones's company at dinner November 15, at seven o'clock.'

These invitations should be immediately answered, and with a peremptory acceptance or a regret. Never enter into any discussion or prevision with a dinner invitation. Never write saying you "will come if you do not have to leave town," or that you "will try to come," or that "one of us can not come." Simply say, "Mr. and Mrs. James Jones accept with pleasure the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown for dinner on November 15 at seven o'clock;" or, if there is any probability of your being unable to accept, regret in the same formal fashion.

After having accepted a dinner invitation, if illness or any other cause interferes with your going to the dinner, send an immediate note to your hostess, that she may fill your place. Never selfishly keep the place open for yourself if there is a doubt about your going. It has often made or marred the pleasure of a dinner party, this hesitancy on the part of a guest to send to her hostess in time her regrets, caused by the illness of a child, or the coming on of a cold, or some other impending calamity. Remember always that a dinner is a most formal compliment; that it is the highest social distinction; that it is of great consequence to the hostess; that it must be therefore met in the same formal spirit. It precludes the necessity of a call on her part. Some young neophytes in society, having been asked to dinner, have asked if they should call afterward, as their hostess had not called on them. Of course they should, the invitation to dinner is equivalent to many calls.

It seems almost unnecessary to say so self-evident a thing, but as we have heard the question debated, we may as well say, Answer the person who sends you the invitation. A young lady once, on receiving an invitation to a wedding from Mrs. John Jones, asked if she should answer Mrs. John Jones or the bride. Of course she had nothing to say to the bride; the answer was to be addressed to Mrs. John Jones.

Always carefully observe the formula of your invitation, and answer it exactly. As to the card of the English Ambassador, a gentleman would write, "Mr. Algernon Gracie will do himself the honor to accept the distinguished invitation of Sir Augustus and Lady Paget." In America he would be less formal, saying, "Mr. Algernon Gracie will have much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown's polite invitation." We notice that on all foreign cards the "R. S. V. P." is omitted, and the plain English sentence is written out or engraved, "The favor of an answer is

In this country the invitations to a dinner are always in the name of both host and hostess, but the invitations to a ball and to an "at home," a tea, or a garden party, are invariably only in the name of the hostess. To a wedding the names of both host and hostess are given; and if a father who is a widower entertains for his daughter, his name and hers appear on the same card for dinners, receptions, and "at homes"; his alone for her wedding, and his and hers together on all other cards. Many widowed fathers with daughters issue their invitations without the names of the young ladies.

It is never the custom for very young ladies to invite guests, especially gentlemen, in their own name. All notes should be written in the father's name. An elderly sister at the head of the house can issue invitations in her own name.

The word "ball" is never used on a card. The words "At Home," with "Cotillon" or "Dancing" in one corner, and the hour and date, are alone If it is to be a small informal dance, that should also be indicated in one corner.

Officers, members of the hunt, bachelors, members of a club, heads of committees, etc., always request the pleasure or the honor of your company. It is not proper for a gentleman to describe himself as "at home." He must "request the pleasure."

In asking for an invitation to a ball for friends, ladies must be cautious not to intrude too far, nor to feel offended if refused. Often a hostess has a larger list than she can fill, and she is not able to ask all whom she would wish. Therefore a very great discretion is to be observed on the part of those who ask such a favor. A lady may always ask for an invitation for a distinguished stranger, or for a young dancing man, if she can answer for him in every way, but rarely for a married couple, and almost never for a married couple living in the same city.

Invitations to evening or day receptions are now generally made on "at home" cards. Those to "teas" on the lady's own visiting-cards. The hour and the style of entertainment—as "Mu-sic," or, if in the afternoon, "Lawn Tennis," or "Garden Party"—are engraved in the left-hand

corner, or written by the lady.

As for wedding invitations, they are almost invariably sent out by the parents of the bride, engraved in small script on note-paper. The style in be always obtained of a fashionable engraver. They should be sent out a fortnight before the wedding day, and are not to be answered save by card unless the guests are requested to attend a sit-down breakfast, then the answer must be explicit, as for a dinner.

Invitations to luncheon are generally written by the hostess on her own note-paper, and are intended to be informal, as luncheon is a somewhat inconsequent, informal meal. Sometimes, however, luncheon is so grand and ceremonious that the invitations are engraved, and must be sent long before, and answered immediately. No lady having accepted an invitation to a sit-down lunch will absent herself carelessly any more than she would from a dinner. There is a large stand-up lunch, however, from which a person could be more readily excused if obliged to disappoint at

Punctuality in keeping these engagements can not be too thoroughly insisted upon. In sending a "regret" be particular to word your note most respectfully. Never write the word "regrets" on your card, unless you wish to insult your hostess. Send a card without any pencilling upon it, or write a note thus: "Mrs. Brown regrets deeply that she is unable to accept Mrs. Jones's very kind invitation," or, "Mrs. Brown regrets that a previous engagement will deprive her of the very great pleasure of accepting the polite invitation of Mrs. Jones."

No one should, in the matter of accepting or refusing an invitation, economize his politeness. It is better to err on the other side. Your friend has done his very best in inviting you

The question often comes up, Should cards and invitations be sent to people in mourning? The answer is, Yes, they should. Of course no one can be so heartless as to intrude a gay invitation upon a person who has a death in the house under a month. But after that, although it is a mere idle compliment, the compliment should be paid. As invitations are sent out generally written by a clerk or a hired amanuensis, a lady should carefully revise her list, that no names of persons deceased should be written on them, but the members of the family who remain and who have suffered a loss should be carefully retained, and invitations sent to them, excepting, of course dinner invitations. After a year of mourning the bereaved family should send cards marked in black to all who have thus remembered them.

Let it be understood that in all countries a card sent by a private hand in an envelope is equivalent to a visit, excepting after a dinner invitation. Nothing should ever be pencilled on a card but the three letters "P. P. C." No such word as "Regrets," "Accepts," etc., should be written on the card. A full acceptance or regret should be written on a sheet of note-paper, or a card made for the purpose. This answer should repeat the date and hour of your invitation, as it gives your hostess a glimpse of what she may have forgotten—the hour of her dinner.

Thus, if Mrs. Brown sends a friend this note,

Mr. and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's company at dinner on Tuesday, 18th November. at seven o'clock.

and Mrs. Smith answers it, and repeats these dates, and Mrs. Brown thereby discovers to her horror that Tuesday is the 19th of November, she has a chance to correct her mistake, and also, if there is a difference about the hour, the invited guest has the power to show herself in the right. One careless hostess in New York was famous for inviting her guests at different hours, from six to half past seven, so that one of her invitees always took his invitation with him to show her

that at least he was not in the wrong. As much ill-will is engendered every winter by the lost cards, which, although sent, never reach their destination (as any man hired for the purose must make mistakes sometimes, as messen ger-boys will be faithless, and will bury invita-tions in the snow,, it is a thousand pities that we can not agree to send all invitations by mail. People always get their letters, especially those which they could do without. Why should they not get their more interesting and more valuable invitations by post? It is so thoroughly respectable in England—such a man as Lord Houghton sending his dinner invitations by post—that one would think our people, who like to copy that stately etiquette, would adopt this simple and convenient part of it.

But as yet there is an unfounded prejudice against the use of the two-cent stamp that is wholly unaccountable. It is in every sense of the word as complimentary as the soiled fingers of a public messenger, and very few can afford to send their invitations by their own servants, who would not, in their turn, be so sure to find the person whose name adorns the outside of the envelope.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JANET.-Yes, it is proper to say "Good-by" in a country store if you know the old woman who keeps it well, but it would be extremely improper in a city shop, or where the attendants are clerks and unknown to you. It would be very kind to go and see a sick person if you could do her any good, whether she had called or not, but do not force yourself in. Never ask a gentleman to walk home with you, but say "Thank you" and bow if he expresses pleasure at making your acquaintance. Of course it is proper to leave a party whenever you feel inclined. A gentleman always touches his hat to a gentleman, and raises it off his head to a lady. If you tread on a person's foot, or touch him or her, say, politely, "I ask your pardon"; when you do not hear, simply say, "Beg pardon," and your friend will repeat her remark.

Milwauker.—All that a bride can do when her health

is drank is to bow, smile, and raise her glass to her

lips. She does not reply.

Lugaran.—Bend down the corner of your card if you have called in person. The fashion is, however, dying

Anxiety.-Visiting-cards are simple pieces of unglazed card-board, with the name engraved in plain script, as they have always been in good society. The practice of turning down the corner is going out; it only means that you have called in person. A first call should be returned within a week or ten days.

call should be returned within a week or ten days.

A. H. L.—The princesse dress and the modified Greek dress illustrated in the Bazar are worn by ladies of resthetic tastes. You will do well to make your black velvet with a square-necked basque and high shoulder sleeves, using some Spanish lace of heavy pattern for trimming. Then have a long plain train, with the front formed in panels on the side, a fan of pleats filling the grace between and a panier breath showe this ing the space between, and a panier breadth above this fan. If you want a short costume, the long pelisse and plain skirt are liked for velvet.

Subschiber.—Diluted alcohol applied with a sponge

will cleanse your black silk.

8. H.—Canton flaunel does not endure much rubbing, and is more useful for curtains or portières than for an embroidered morning dress. Get dark cashmere instead, and have the embroidery of the same

A. S.-Some beautiful flowers prettily arranged in any tin vessel would be suitable for a present at a tin wedding. White bolsters may be used with the red spreads, but the bolster slip is now made of the material of the colored spread.
Subsoribre.—Do not wear a white tulle veil with

your dark satin dress, and use black shoes in prefer-ence to white. Tan-colored undressed kid gloves will be more stylish than white ones, and those of the groom should correspond.

Graom S.—Your sample did not reach us.

BRATRIOR.—It is no longer necessary to offer refreshments to New-Year's callers. A gentleman would natnrally thank a young lady for paying him any kind at-

VIOLET.-Use black fur, either Astrakhan, fox, or lynx, for trimming the wrap when crape is laid off. Have dull jet buttons for the black silk, and make it with fan-pleatings, panels, and scarf drapery on the skirt, and a basque with pointed front and postilion

Undeciden.-Read reply just given "Violet." Read about seal-skin sacques in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 47, Vol. XV.

En.—Use your brocade for the front and side gores of your dress, and the plain satin for a basque and bouldant train. Bridal veils are made of a square of tulle that comes in the proper width. The groom provides the bridal bouquet of white flowers. Your other questions have been answered repeatedly.

U. C. S.—Dark brownish-red is a color much used

for painting country houses, and your door of dark green will look well with it, or with drab or stone-color. REGULAR READER.-Silk is not trimmed with sou-

L. S.—The Queen Anne window caps are straight across the top of the window, or they may be curved at the top, and have a funnel-shaped pleat at each end. BAZAR GIRL .- A dark blue velvet suit bordered with black fox or gray chinchilla fur, made with a pelisse, would suit you.

S. R. N.—In the crochet edging on page 724, Bazar No. 46, Vol. XV., literally repeating the stitches from * will not bring out the full pattern, but, "observing the illustration," and working the successive steps according to the details in the description, it will come out right. The irregularity is due to the fact that the scallop repeats oftener than the pattern at the centre, which is double.

TERNNA.—You can have either a Jersey-shaped coat

or a short visite made of velvet, and edge it with black fur; do not use braid upon it. Have the jacket single-breasted, with crocheted buttons: but if you have a visite, let the fur extend up the fronts. You will find a beautiful wedding dress illustrated in Bazar No. 39, Vol. XV., with hints about others. Any of the short evening dresses illustrated will answer for bridemaids.

OLD SUBSCRIBER. - Do not cut off the embroidery for the skirt draperies. You can have two deep wide pleatings across the front of the skirt, with the embroidery edging them without being cut; or you may cut it, and gather very scantily across the front, alternating with pleated silk or gathered velvet frills; or you may make a ruche of it for the foot. The narrow embroidery for the basque should be cut, and the curved edges turned the assque should be cut, and the curved edges turned upward around the basque and sleeves. Cashmere jackets are little used. Dresses like yours are worn with any separate wrap. Do not use braid on a costume that is trimmed with embroidery.

Mrs. J. W. R.—Get some light blue cretonne for a bed-spread and bolster cover in your ash and blue If you can afford handsomer raw silk, or brocade, or Turkish wool, or fine reps, or material like that with which the furniture is upholstered, you will be carrying out the idea. Some ladies use Turkey red calico for some bedrooms, and blue silky-looking silesia for the spreads in other rooms.

SUBSCRIBER, M. F., AND OTHERS.—The long round bolster should be twelve or fourteen inches in diame ter. The spreads are tucked in at the sides and foot of the bed.

PERPLEXED READER.—Get an embroidered cashmere for a polonaise, and use your black silk skirt as it is. Get seal brown or olive tricoté cloth for your costume, or else the more expensive lady's cloth. A dark garnet cloth or velvet jacket will be nice with your black skirt. For your stylish black suit get a velvet pelisse and an ottoman silk skirt, and wear with this any of the colored bonnets that suit your other duesses, such as a small black, olive, or garnet velvet capote, poke, or turban. White lawn and piqué dresses trimmed or turoan. Write lawn and pique dresses trimmed with embroidery, and a soft cap-shaped bonnet of red or blue plush, with a short walking coat of the same, will be best for your babe of twenty-one months.

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LACE HOOD.—[For description see Supplement.]



Fig. 8.—Tulle and Satin Ball Dress, For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—Nuns' Veiling Evening Dress. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 10.—Satin and Lace Evening Dress. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 39-45.

Fig. 11.—Ottoman Silk and Velvet Evel Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 7.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—CLOTH DRESS WITH SOUTACHE EM-BROIDERY.—FRONT. [For Back, see P. 69.] For description see Supplement.



Fig. 13.—Plain and Damassé Gauze Evening Dress. For description see Supplement.

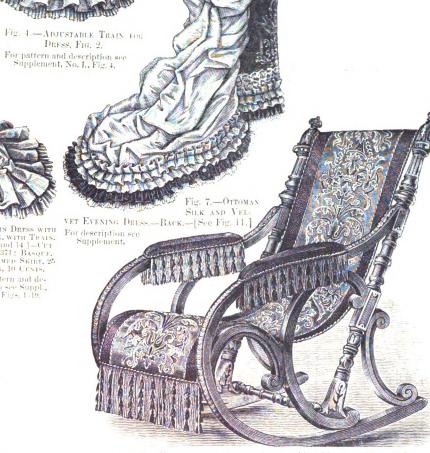


Fig. 1.—Embroideren Rocking-Chair.—[See Fig. 2, on Page 68.] For design and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 26.



Fig. 14.—Brocade and Satin Dress with Adjustable Train.—Front, without Train.—(See Figs. 2, 3, and 4.) Cut Pattern, No. 3371: Basque, 20 Cents; Teimmed Skirt, 25 Cents.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1-19.

Fig. 15.—Young Lady's Satin Evening Dress. For description see Supplement.

GRUELS OF OATMEAL, SAGO, ARROWROOT, AND SALEP.

By JULIET CORSON.

WHILE oatmeal contains less gluten than wheat, it abounds in nutritious elements, and if used with sugar and milk or cream, it forms an excellent food, especially for children. As the outer coating of the grain is very difficult to digest, great care should be exercised in its removal; any portion of it left in the oatmeal is apt to cause sufficient intestinal irritation to seriously interfere with the digestion of the inner or nutritious kernel of the grain, and its assimilation; its digestibility is increased by prolonged cooking, and the coarse meal requires to be cooked longer than the finer kind. Until it has been cooked long enough to become gelatinous its cells are not broken, and it can not be perfectly digested. Oatmeal boiled until it is so cooked will absorb more water than can be taken up by wheat flour, but the fact must be remembered that oatmeal cooked in any way is slightly laxative, while wheat flour, especially if boiled with milk, has an opposite tendency.

OATMEAL GRUEL (a nutritious food for invalids and children, slightly laxative in its effect).—Put one pint each of milk and water over the fire to boil with a level tea-spoonful of salt; mix two ounces of finely ground oatmeal with half a cup-ful of cold water, and stir it into the boiling milk and water; stir the gruel until it is quite smooth, and then place it where it will boil gently for at least half an hour; if there is time, boil it for an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning. When the gruel is cooked add to it a quarter of a salt-spoonful of grated nutneg and one or two table-spoonfuls of sugar, as the patient's taste may require.

GRUEL OF GROATS (a nutritious laxative food for invalids, an excellent daily food for children. Groats are shelled oats slightly crushed, all their nutritive elements being preserved. Cooked with milk, the gruel is an excellent substitute for momilk, the gruel is an excellent substitute for mo-ther's milk for young children; for invalids it is a good demulcent aliment in inflammatory intestinal conditions).—Boil a heaping table-spoonful of groats in a pint of milk and half a pint of water for half an hour, adding a little boiling water if the mixture grows thicker than an ordinary gruel. The gruel will be better if it can be boiled for an hour. When it is done, season it with salt, and add sugar to suit the taste of the patient.

OFFICINAL OATMEAL GRUEL (this is the preparation of oatmeal given in the United States Dispensatory as a laxative demulcent nutrient, suitable for use in feverish conditions).—Put one ounce of oatmeal into three pints of hot water, and boil it down to two pints, stirring the gruel often enough to prevent burning; then strain it, and let it cool and settle. When it is quite cold, pour the clear gruel from the sediment, add the juice of a lemon, and sugar to make it sweet enough to suit the patient's palate. If it is desirable to use it warm, heat it before adding the lemon juice.

SPICED OATMEAL GRUEL (nutritive, slightly stim ulating, and good for regulating intestinal action). -Put one pint of milk over the fire to boil, with one blade of mace, one inch of stick cinnamon, and the thinly pared rind of one lemon; mix two table-spoonfuls of finely ground oatmeal smooth ly with one cupful of cold water, stir it into the boiling milk, and boil the mixture slowly for at least twenty minutes, stirring it frequently enough to prevent burning. Then strain the gruel through a fine sieve, sweeten it to suit the taste of the patient, and use it hot.

Gruels made of sago, tapioca, and arrowroot are mild and pleasant foods, whose chief constituent is starch. They contain very little nitrogen, or flesh food, and are therefore better suited as a diet for invalids and children than for persons called upon to exercise muscular force in our temperate climate. Sago is made from the pith of the sago-palm; tapioca, from the fecula or starch of the roots of various tropical plants, bruised, and prepared with the action of heat, which seems necessary to the dissipation of certain poisonous properties of the roots, although it detracts from their nutritive qualities. Cassava, which may be known to some of my readers as the basis of cassareep, the seasoning of West India pepperpot, and manioc, are similar in their general properties to tapioca. The addition of sugar, butter, and eggs to sago, tapioca, and arrowroot raises their standard of excellence as flesh foods, and greatly increases their nutriment for invalids. As a matter of course such addition makes them an excellent food for children. In this connection it may not be amiss to speak of the craving which children often have for sugar and butter, both of which articles are heat and flesh foods, but chiefly heat foods. But while butter is principally an aid to the general sense of physical satisfaction experienced after eating properly cooked food, sugar not only augments that sense of satisfaction by facilitating respiration, but also supplies heat food to the system. The inference is clear that the proverbial desire of children for candy is a natural one, and should not be persistently thwarted. One of my friends, whose children are rosy and healthy, tells me that she gives them pure candy for dessert after their noonday dinner three or four times a week if they crave it.

The use of sago, tapioca, or arrowroot without butter or sugar would not satisfy hunger, or meet the requirements of a healthy physical condition, but would affect the digestive organs unpleasant ly in a very short space of time. These facts should be remembered in preparing any of the foods indicated in these articles as suitable foods for children.

SAGO GRUEL (a light food suitable during the early stages of illness, when but little nourishment is required).—Wash one ounce of sago in cold water, put it over the fire in a pint of cold water, heat it slowly, and boil it until it is transparent, which will be in from ten to thirty minutes, ac-

cording to the size of the grains; stir it occasionally to prevent burning, add a salt-spoonful of salt, a quarter of a salt-spoonful of nutmeg, and a table-spoonful of sugar, and when the sago is quite transparent use it

TAPIOCA GRUEL (a light, bland food, similar in its effect to sago).—Wash an ounce of tapioca in water, put it over the fire in a pint of cold water, and boil it until it is transparent, stirring it frequently enough to prevent burning. Add salt, sugar, and nutmeg to suit the patient's taste.

ARROWROOT GRUEL (a slightly nutritive food, stimulating in proportion to the wine used in it; good in the early stages of illness and in slight indis positions).—Mix one ounce of arrowroot smoothly with half a cupful of cold water, stir it into one int of boiling water, add one table-spoonful of sugar, and boil the gruel for two or three min-utes until it is quite clear; then add a glass of good wine to it and use it.

BARLEY GRUEL (a nutrient, demulcent gruel, useful in feverish conditions and gastric inflammations; the physician should always be consulted about using the wine called for in this recipe).— Wash four ounces of pearl barley in plenty of cold water until the water looks clear; put the barley over the fire in two quarts of cold water. and boil it until the water is reduced to one pint if the physician will allow its use, the yellow rind of lemon may be boiled with the barley. After the gruel is reduced in quantity to one pint, it should be strained and sweetened, and a glass of good wine added to it.

SALEP GRUEL (a digestible food, more nutritious than sago, tapioca, or arrowroot, useful as a diet for children, and for invalids to whom the use of starch is permitted) .- Mix two tea-spoonsfuls of salep smoothly with half a cupful of cold water, and stir it into a pint of boiling water; add one table-spoonful of sugar and the yellow rind of a lemon, or an inch of stick cinnamon, and boil the salep for five minutes, stirring thoroughly. Then strain the gruel and use it. Milk may be substituted for water in making the gruel, and its nutriment will thus be increased. The gruel made with water is semi-transparent. The thickening quality of salep is more than twice that of flour. Salep is not much known as food in this coun-

try, but it can be bought at any good druggist's. It was at one time a popular street food in England, where it was sold as a beverage under the name of saloop. Salep is made from the bulbs of the Orchis mascula; it was first brought from the Orient, but is now made in Europe, and could be prepared in this country. The young bulbs of the plant are gathered when the seed is formed; they are plunged into boiling water for a mo ment, and their thin skin is then rubbed off with a linen cloth; next they are spread out on a baking sheet, and baked for about eight minutes, or until they appear semi-transparent, in an oven heated to about 240° F. The bulbs are then cooled and dried, and are ready for use in about a week. They are semi-transparent ovals, very hard to powder. They are to be soaked in cold water until soft, and rapidly dried, and powdered in a mortar. The powdered salep as it is sold by druggists is rather expensive, because it is not in great demand.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TOILETTES for balls, concerts, and full-dress L dinners are engrossing our attention at present, there being nothing new, for the moment, in street suits. Corsages are not uniform as in years past; they are seen in all kinds of styles. and the old-fashioned low neck, oval in front and low on the shoulders, has regained the high favor it deserves, for nothing sets off fine shoulders so well. Dresses are also cut oval in front and half high behind, with Medicis ruffs; others are square in front and high in the back. As to sleeves, they also participate in this great variety, and are short, medium, and even reaching to the elbow, wholly excluding the sleeveless corsage which has been worn for a few years past, and which was absolutely devoid of grace. bow sleeve is the Louis XV. sleeve, terminating in a flounce of lace or gauze; it is worn by preference with square corsages, or those low in front with Medici ruffs. The panier corsage still continues to be very much in vogue, especially for corsages made of a different material from that of the skirt. These are seen of satin, heavy faille and even of velvet or plush, in pronounced colors, such as cardinal red, seal brown, etc. Trains are always used with dresses for balls or large soirées, for those who do not dance, of course, generally of heavy silk stuff, with the corsage of the same material; the fashion is simple, falling straight, with a ruche or pleating on the bottom. Sometimes with a train of rich and heavy stuff is seen a skirt of light crape, soft silk, or silk muslin, trimmed with lace, knots of ribbon, or even flowers. Skirts are generally pleated from top to bottom; by way of trimming, they are crossed either by a cordelière, a puffing, or a double or triple bias fold, which makes a pretty effect, and breaks the uniformity of the long straight pleats.

To wear with all these toilettes pretty sorties bal are made of fleecy chenille stuffs, either white or of soft colors, cream white being greatly in favor. The shape most in vogue is the man-tle; this is trimmed on the edges and neck with chenille fringe, and is lined with wadded silk. Very pretty ones are also made of soft silk, with Indian designs on an old gold ground; these may also be worn with a dinner or concert toilette They are lined with wadded silk, and trimmed either with lace, old gold mixed with colored silk, or moss fringe of varied colors. A cordelière passes round the neck, forming designs on the shoulders and the middle of the back, and serves to close the garment. The Russian paletot is the

style best suited to this kind of stuff, its straight and somewhat ample shape being well adapted to set off both the designs and the pliancy of the fabric. For young girls, visites, not too tight, are most used; very simple ones are made of white or cream India or French cashmere; these are trimmed with a plush collar and cuffs, and if it is wished to give them greater elegance may be edged with chenille fringe.

For the benefit of young girls who occupy themselves with their own dresses, we will describe an original kind of trimming. Cut of white satin, macaroons or circular pieces in three sizes, set them in three graduated rows on the bottom of the garment, then encircle each of these figures with fine chenille, turning it a little in the middle so as to simulate a cabochon, or uncut gem. The same trimming is repeated on the leeves and neck, and the effect is very pretty. We will conclude this topic by saying that stuffs of all kinds, from the simplest to the richest, are used for sorties de bal—cashmeres, damassés, brocades, plushes, embroidered satins, etc., etc.

For concerts and large dinners young girls wear guimpes of silk muslin or tulle lightly embroidered with fine beads or silk; these are shirred at the neck, and have half-sleeves. The same kind of guimpe is also sometimes fastened to the waist, under the drapery or cordon of flowers that edges the neck of the latter.

Although the large Russian pelisse of fine wool lined with rich colored plush, or of silken stuff embroidered with birds' heads, with a plain or striped plush lining, remains the favorite garment, there are also seen in the leading houses a great number of short jackets designed for young girls or youthful dames. We will cite two very pretty ones. The first was of garnet ciselé velvet, bordered all around with a band of sable. The other, in hussar shape, was of bottle green cloth, braided with macaroons graduated in size, and edged with black Astrakhan fur. Both garments were very stylish.

We also saw at one of these houses a beautiful costume of ashes-of-rose ottoman velvet. skirt fell straight, and was trimmed on the bottom with several narrow pleated flounces, sur mounted by a broad band of seal brown plush, on which were embroidered, to a height of from six to eight inches, a series of macaroous, graduated in size. The embroidery was in chenille. A large over-skirt of velvet was open in front the ends being slightly drawn back so as to meet the drapery of the pouf; this was bordered with a band of seal brown plush, surmounted, like that of the skirt, with graduated chenille macaroons. The basque-waist, which was some what open in heart shape, was likewise trimmed with plush and graduated macaroons. These circles, macaroons, full moons, or large dots-what ever one may please to call them-are decidedly the fashionable design this winter, and vie in favor with the horseshoe, which is also very popular, and which is seen everywhere—at the corners of a photograph frame, card case, porte-monnaie, etc.—and is very elegant as a small brooch or sleeve-buttons with diamond nails.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese have more than twenty fanciful names by which they designate their beautiful country, but the sobriquet which to a foreigner seems the most fitting is certainly the Land of Holidays. No excuse is too trivial for a Japanese to make holidays, and when he does not make them himself, the government politely steps in and makes them for him. Thus, one day in every six, called ichi roku, is a statute holiday; so is the third day in every moon, whilst the list of national festivals commemorative of great men or of great deeds is simply inexhaustible. If a great man dies in England, they commemorate him by a monument in Westminster Abbey; if a great man dies in Japan, he is remembered by a holiday; so that what with the mythical great men who are thus remembered, and the historical great men who have died during the past five thousand years, it is a little difficult to find a day of the Japanese year which has not the name of a celebrity attached to it; just as, in glancing down a Roman Catholic calendar, we find that every day has its particular saint. But the greatest day of the year, the festival par excellence of the people, the festival into which is compressed the essence of the fun and enjoyment and happiness of all the other days put together, is the festival of the new year. We may be familiar with tival of the new year. We may be familiar with the celebration of the day in Paris or New York, but the proceedings there are tame and lifeless when compared with the spontaneous outburst of rejoicing which characterizes New-Year's Day in Japan.

Preparations for it have to be made weeks beforehand, both public and private. The father of a family has to select and purchase the presents which it will be de rigueur for him to make, not only to his own family and his intimate friends, but to every one with whom he has been brought into the slightest business contact during the past year; the mother must see that her children's new dresses are ready, and that the domestic arrangements for the great festival are in order; the damsels must decide in what fashion the obi, or sash, is to be worn, or whether beetles or butterflies are to be en règle for hair-pins; the servants are already cleaning and sweeping out the house, so that it may present a spotless face to the new year; the tradesman ascertains that his books are duly balanced, so that he may start afresh with a clean bill of health; and so on, through all grades and classes of society.

Early in the morning-that is to say, early for the Japanese, who by no means harmonize in their ideas with the name given by them to their country, the Land of the Rising Sun-the streets are thronged by a crowd of men, women, and

children, each one of whom has his or her newest garments on, and all of whom are bent upon the one errand of paying visits. The old "firstfooting" custom of the "north countree" finds its replica in this fair land, fifteen thousand miles To be the first visitor is considered as auspicious as to be late is considered the reverse. And it is strange to observe the orthodox manner of paying a visit. The object of the visit—generally the master of the house, as his family are abroad discharging their social duties—is seated gravely on the mats at the back of the room which opens on the street; a tray with wine and sweets on one hand, and the inevitable charcoal brazier on the other. To him a visitor comes, carefully shaking off his clogs at the door; he prostrates himself upon the extreme edge of the matting, his forehead touching the mats, and his hands placed under his shoulders. Delivering himself of a few guttural sounds, he moves forward a few inches, and indulges in another prostration, and so on until he is within a couple of feet or so of the recipient of his politeness. The latter then addresses him in a language of compliment and self-abasement which is simply untranslatable, but the drift of which is that he is utterly unworthy to be the object of such attention from such an honorable lord, and that in all humility he begs that he will accept a cup of wine. The still prostrate visitor declares himself to be so utterly beneath contempt as not to think of taking such a liberty; but he invariably does so, as a real refusal would give offense, and in a few seconds the pair are engaged in familiar conversation.

Before taking his leave the visitor drops, as it vere by accident, his New-Year's gift, neatly tied up in paper by gold thread, and with a renewal of gutturals and prostrations backs himself out, and proceeds to his next house of call. This goes on in all directions throughout the morning, during which time the number of pipes smokedeach pipe, it should be borne in mind, consisting but of a couple of whiffs-and cups of wine drank by the visitors is simply incalculable.

BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDRLTON'S MONRY," "VIOTOR AND VANQUISURD," "DOBOTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

I SCARCELY seem able to write how this afternoon passed. My heart bled for Mary when I saw how bravely she kept the fact before her that we were her guests, and that to be bright and watchful and alert for us was simply her duty as hostess. Now and then I could not help fancying she looked at me wearily, as if she longed for a word of sympathy even from me, because I must have seen that sudden shock of hers: but the thought had vanished almost before I could understand it, and then again I felt certain she must be unaware of my having noticed her. I am ashamed to say I was glad to think this, and that Denis had felt so sure his words of love alone had wrought the sudden change in her. Still I knew that the fancy must puzzle him strangely, though what else could he think, when he had not looked up to discover where her gaze was fixed, and now saw her so merry? But I thought it a wild, uncertain, reckless merriment.

I once, far on in the afternoon-for we had been long over the abundant, luxurious meal Mary Keveene had provided—found her standing alone, back in the shadow of the old castle built by our second Norman king, and seeming to have forgotten us all, as she stood gazing wistfully over the sea, her eyes, after their brilliant excitement, looking unutterably dark and sad in the white, uplifted face. I could not even myself understand the yearning there was in my heart to be near her then—I do not mean to be standing at her side, silent as she was in the soft dreamy air, but to feel that her thoughts would touch me; that her heart would hold me; that my love was something to her. In my unskillful way I did at last join her, but did not speak, because again she seemed to be so far apart from us. But she turned tranquilly to me, as if I had summoned her by message, and asked me, in her gentle, careless way, whether I had noticed the movement of that sea-weed on the waves; was it not beautiful? What could I say then? Nothing of this strange new yearning there was in my heart: therefore I made no effort to say anything else, and presently we joined the others, just as if we had only turned aside for a moment to really look at the sea-weed on the waves. I remember that when Uncle Steven and Denis joined us they were speaking of the convicts (in that spot it seemed such a natural topic to fall into), and I looked at Mary, for she had rapidly hitherto silenced or changed any conversation that touched upon them. Uncle Steven was excusing the prisoners for bribing their warders when they could, and Denis, upholding his opposite idea, said it would help the great and needed reform if they would feel themselves above it in a moral sense.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Uncle Steven. "After years of this life, I would not give twopence for

any man's morality." I saw Mary's very lips blanch, yet a minute afterward she was answering a jest of Archie's with another. When we were separating to walk or explore, she and I were supposed to have had sufficient exercise all morning, and would have been left behind, but Mary seemed to have no idea of that, and attached herself to Reby and Archie, as if inaction would be positive pain to her. I do not know whether Denis joined them, but he returned with Selina only; and it was quite half an hour after the scattered parties had re-assembled when she quietly

* Begun in HABPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.



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joined me, as I rested against the broken arch of the old church which was once the centre of the island, but is now upon the edge of the cliff. There was no longer burning, brilliant sunshine, for the sky, so clear an hour ago, was overspread with gauzy clouds, and the water was more

gray than blue.
"You should have come with us, if only to see

"You should have come with us, if only to see the hard's-tongue at Fern Cave."
"This is very pretty," I said, looking vaguely among the old tombstones.
"Yes, but the prettiest bit of your view is spoiled by that railway they have made—I suppose in erecting the breakwater."

I did so long to set my mind at ease, fearing she had been alone and unhappy, that at last I

had the courage to question her.
"Alone?" she repeated. "How could I have been? You forget, my dear, that this is my pic-nic. I am only too proud to be among my guests."
"You could surely take a little solitude if you

choose," I said, though made uncomfortable by

her words.
"Why should I? Listen, Barry, with what great heavy sighs the sea breaks upon the beach below. Do you ever notice how little mirth there is in any voice of nature's ?"

There came into my mind how I have read that the valleys laugh and sing, but somehow I could not say it. I would rather she should think nasure sad while she was sad herself; and so again I was silent, till she suddenly and gently took my hand and smiled, though a smile sadder to me than many tears. "Come, Barbara, my model waiter has tea prepared for us. We must not be

"Yet," I said, with a spasm of desire to break the ice between us, "I—I wanted to speak to you, Mary, if I might."

"Of course you do," said Mary, with a most unnatural composure, "and I too, my Barbara, want to speak to you—'Of many things: Of shoes, of ships, of sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings; Of why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings.' Varied subjects, of course, but suitable for a picnic, dear, all of them. Come; your uncle teased me, and said if he had organized the picnic he should have ordered tea, and so I want to see his surprise when he finds it awaiting him."

As we drove back to Weymouth, when Mary's nicnic was over. I had several times to pull myself up with energy, because I fell so easily into watching her; yet I think not once through the drive did she glance at me. She never looked save straight into the face of the person she addressed, or down upon the flowers in her lap, while her eyes shone so feverishly that even the

long lashes could not veil their fire.

Well as I knew that I could never be of use or comfort to her, I hated the thought of leaving ber, and perhaps she saw this in my face when we stood separating after the drive—reminding each other we were to meet in our rooms presently for a dance and supper—for she asked me whether I would go with her while she dressed, promising that then she would come and help me to make up for lost time. I knew there was plenty of time, and was only too glad to be with her still-a strange feeling, considering that her reckless depreciation of her own suffering gave me positive pain. I think I had the fancy that alone with her, in her own room, it would be comparatively easy for me to show a little of the sympathy I felt so keenly, yet could not express; but I soon found that was a great mistake of mine. It not only was not easy, but it was not even possible.

While her maid changed her dress she talked to me exactly as if I had gone in with her for the one sole purpose of being amused, and even the young Irishwoman's gravity must have been sore-

Silla does not approve of this dress, Barba ra," Silla's mistress said, lightly, as she looked meditatively on the whiteness of her arms against the pale salmon pink skirt; "though I'm sure she does not know what color it really is." "Not I, Miss Mary. P'r'aps 'tis drab, and

p'r'aps 'tis red, but annyway 'tis brown.'

"Selina had a long search for that shade," said I, laughing, "but failed in getting it."
"I bought it in Dublin months ago," said Mary, listlessly. "Your sister would look better in it

than I; there's more of her than there is of me."
"Not a bit more," asserted Silla, with a sort of prompt, unreasoning loyalty.
"She may be taller and stouter, but there's not wan bit more of her, Miss Mary, me dear."

Just then there was brought to Mary as beautiful a bouquet surely as Weymouth could produce. Mary held it, looking down upon it, then she took up the spray of heath I had seen Denis give her, and which she had worn all day, and looked from one to the other, half wistfully, half

quizzically.
"Which shall I wear?" she asked me; but I shook my head. This was a question I would not answer, though I was growing so much more

sensible now about Denis

So Mary turned, nan """
"Which do you like best?"
"I don't like eether best, miss," said the maid,
"I don't like eether best, miss," said the maid,
"I jest prefer them

both equally the same."
"Then," said Mary, gravely, "I will wear the heath only." And she did; but it was so hidden among the laces of her square-cut bodice that I

felt sure Denis would not see it. "Are you cold, Mary?" I asked, seeing that her face was as white as the soft white cloak that Silla wrapped about her; but she shook her head, took her long mittens in her hand, and we started off together, while everything was clear and beautiful in the still evening air, and the grim island where this morning Mary had met such a strange and tragic shock looked picturesque in

the twilight hush and calm. "Barbara"-we had walked silently, Mary's

eyes still on the island-"I remember we did not think the same to-day. Do you remember what Mr. Vesey said of men of refinement and of good birth and education, herding with those hopeless, hardened fiends? I said they all deserved it; I suppose they do, but I-wish I had not said it. I wonder how long hearts take to break."

Yes, I knew how differently she had treated

this before, and how I had wondered a little over it, but I only looked round silently into her face.
"What is the matter?" she asked, abruptly. "You would say you were not surprised, because I am hard on every one. Yes, so I am. How

cold it is!" I knew it was not the fresh evening air which had made her shiver, or brought that little catch into her voice; but, acting on instinct, I pretended that I too thought it cold, and begged her to go back and put on the fur cloak her maid carried, as she followed us far behind, saying that I would saunter on very slowly. The triffing ruse succeeded, for when I let her overtake me, she was just as she had been in her own rooms.

The evening was one of those to which we are so accustomed at home, except that I danced two or three times, whereas I seldom dance at all at home, there being, as a rule, a scarcity of gentlemen. I only care to remember my one dance with Denis, and yet the pleasure of even that was a little marred; for when, by what he said to me, I was assured beyond all doubt that he had laid the sudden change in Mary to anger against him for so unmistakably telling her there and in my presence, that he loved her, I-though I thought I should be relieved by this assurance suddenly awoke to the conviction that I wished he had discovered the truth. I felt then that it would relieve me of a ridiculous weight of anxiety if Denis knew, for he-so wise and thoughtful-might advise her, if not help her.

Wednesday, July 27, 1881.

Since Friday—the day of Mary's picnic to Portland Island—she has, I think, avoided us as much as she possibly could without making the fact too patent. Once at our dance, when she was sitting at mother's side, mother did question her inquisitively on her past, as if to seek some solution there for her odd unconventional behavior, and though there was nothing marked in her reception of this scrutiny, I thought that in her manner afterward there was an added solitariness and coldness. To-day I felt I could bear this isolation of hers no longer, and so I went to seek her, feeling quite sure she would be within-doors on such a showery morning. Between the showers I ran into the hotel and up to her room, but she was not there. The Irish maid came in at my summons, and stood looking out upon the

wet scene with a sort of glum disapproval.

"No, Miss Oswell, Miss Mary's nawt in," she said, in answer to my query. "Even these down-powers don't bring her in loike they bring everybody else. Jest you see!" A sudden scud of rain just then sent all who had ventured out fiving into the houses, and the esplanade was deserted, save by a man who stood patiently covering his tray of sweets with yellow tarpaulin. In a few minutes the rain ceased, and the man displayed his merchandise as patiently as he had covered it, while the people gathered again, though not in the hurried manner in which they

"Oh, it will not hurt Miss Keveene," I said, as the sky grew bright as silver along the horizon. "I dare say she has been safely in-doors somewhere all the while."

"Nawt she, miss, beggin' yer parrd'n," said Silla, with a sense of injury upon her; "Miss Mary's over on the oisland. She's bin there hours already. She's alwis there. She took me vesterday"—rather vengefully—"an' a noice day we had; walkin', walkin', walkin', till I was killed alive. Then talkin' to the wickedest-lookin' people, an' to women we'd niver so much as seen before; an' wance Miss Mary givin' money slyly to a man that looked loike a p'liceman—in Oirland, not a p'liceman here, miss-an' givin' cakes to children; and us havin' meals up in a sheer little room without ever a carpet, an' gettin' mean little skimpy flowers, an' pretendin' she goes for them; an' makin' me carry ferny things, as if we thought nothin' of anythin' but goin' to that stony place to see ferns an' sich. An' you believe me, Miss Oswell, she went to one cabin an' asked if they'd lodgin's to let; an' so p'r'aps to-morrow she'll jest say, 'Put up some clo's, Silla; we're goin' to live in Portland.' Glory me! I'd be 'shamed to own I trod such a ne'er-do-well place. Oh, she's fit for even that, is Miss Mary, if the mood's upon her--'

"Is not it growing fine, Silla?" I put in, not because the sun was shining, but because I could not listen to more.

"Sure it isn't rainin'," allowed Silla, grudging-

ly; "but the wither keeps on jest the same."

To hide my smile I leaned from the open window, and, doing so, I saw Mary and Denis Vescy walking slowly, side by side, toward the hotel, but in evident silence. I intended to wait there till I caught Mary's eve; but when I saw her gazing coldly and absently straight before her, I looked at Denis and in a moment I read in his face enough to tell me he had had a cruel blow. I drew in hurriedly, wishing myself anywhere but where I was; for though I felt so much for Denis, I knew there was greater suffering on Mary's pale, still face, and that as soon as she came to me I should forget all sorrow but hers, so weakminded am I!

"The clouds are breaking over the Head, Barbara," she said as she came in, just as if she had been away from me for a few moments merely to study the weather. "How strange that glare of sunshine looks on such a heavy, swelling sea, while all between us and that beautiful splash of silver is unbroken cloud! It is a scene ofmemory."

"And of hope too," I said, involuntarily.

"Are ye goin' to change yer wet dress, Miss Mary, me dear?" interposed Silla. "I ordered a fire to dry these things by, but I dare say 'tis not loighted. I'll go, for if I do it meself maybe 'twill be done."

Barbara," said Mary, turning to me with an odd little catch in her breath, when the maid had left us, "have you wondered where I have been to-day—and lately? I have been over the old ground you and I trod together so-ignorantly last Friday morning; over it again, and again, I wondered that day, Barry, why you and again. wished to know so much. Do you remember?
Afterward I wished to know it too, and—more.

But I—can not learn."
"You should not have gone alone, Mary," I put in, weakly, wondering how much or how little

she wished me to comprehend.
"What is it to me to be alone?" she asked, with a laugh that was utterly sorrowful. "Who cares that I am alone?"

"You?" she said, and bent suddenly to me with a swift, sweet kiss. "You are nearly always alone yourself; you are a good preacher, there fore, my Barbara."

"Then Denis was not with you all the time?" I asked, impelled by a sudden impulse to woo her confidence.

"No," she said, speaking slowly; yet even I could detect that it was an effort to her to keep her voice quite calm. "He joined me only a little time ago. It is the last time he will ever do so.

I understood, of course, what she meant to tell me; yet, though Denis was a friend of long, long years—the very truest, dearest friend whom I had ever had—and though I knew she had given him the greatest sorrow of his life. I was more sorry for her, as she stood there before me so still and grave, and incomprehensible to me. I thought I could understand Denis Vesey's sorrow, but hers

I could not.
"What was I telling you?" she went on, presently, as if stifling a sigh that would have passed her tremulous lips. "I have seen and learned all I can there, and now I am going to London,

"To London?" I echoed, in simple astonish-"Alone?"

"Yes: why not? You forget"-gently-"that I am not used to being with a mother, as you

"Mary," I whispered, almost before the thought had had time to shape itself properly to me,

She looked into my eyes searchingly, wistfully then laid her two hands on my shoulders, and just said, very softly, "Yes," with no surprise, or thanks, or comment; and yet the word said so much! More than a kiss. Then the one drawback to this plan came into my mind. "But, Mary," I said, unwillingly, "I fear I must be an expense to you."

'An expense!" she echoed, with a real smile in her eyes, though before it stirred her lips it had vanished. "No, not an expense, but a comfort, Barbara," and then, like the simpleton I am, went away to hide my tears; for I have so longed to be a comfort to her!

To-night, before we separated in the gardens, Mary held my hand for a few moments—she looks so different dressed in brown, as she has been ever since Friday, with a little demure brown bonnet tied under her chin, though quite as beautiful to me-and asked me whether it had been

difficult for me to win permission to go with her.
"Not at all," I told her, and did not add that my sisters seemed not sorry she was going, and of course could spare me to her very well.

"Then we will leave to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow, please." As I went in alone, a few stars looking tenderout of the blue above, I pondered this, and whether Denis would seek Mary there; for I had not seen him since I had caught that glimpse of his troubled face in the morning, and I guessed he had left Weymouth, and was perhaps in London now.

Friday, July 29, 1881. Morley's Hotel.

We arrived here yesterday, and to-day Mary has been prosecuting the quest which brought her to town. She had told me that in a coffeehouse in the Strand copies of the Times were kept filed, and that she wished to read them; so we went there at once this morning, her step so shrinking as she turned into the building, which was strange to her, though her great dark eves were fearless in their excitement. I especially wish not to be intrusive, and so did not go in with her, but beyond that I have a nameless fear of seeing her make the discovery which still I know she wishes to make. So, though uncomfortable at leaving her, I walked on, backward and forward, at first taking quite long walks; but letting them get shorter and shorter as time crawled on, until I fell into passing slowly to and fro before this corner house in which Mary staid so long. I was quite unaware that it was an establishment which on any ordinary occasion it would have been my chief aim to shun as a haunt, until a young man, with his face wreathed in smiles, asked me significantly whether he should "go in and fetch 'im out." This caused me an acceleration of heat by no means needed on this July day, and at once I turned into the house, glad of even such a privacy. A man at the top of the stairs demanded a penny, then I entered the room he pointed to, and where Mary was bending over a table on which a great folio of newspapers lay open. For some time she did not seem to see me, but I found a chair, and so I did not mind. At last she raised a pair of feverish eyes from the open pages, and looked dazedly at me, as if-yet not as if-she had expected me to be there.

"Barbara," she said, "I have learned—some of it, and can remember; but—come here and Miss Keveene, he will tell you far more than I

write this for me, will you? 'Mr. Poland and Mr. Montagu Williams prosecuted — Mr. Poland and Mr. Montagu Williams — do you understand? Now look. You see the name of the barrister who defended? Copy that, please. He is very who defended: Constitution of the clever, very well known. We have both heard of him. But you see there was another, too. You see? Mr. Henry. He is supposed to be a very promising young barrister, for I met him lately in Dublin. I know where he is to be found, for he told me a curious tale of his—

'Yes," said I, stupidly, in her eager pause. "So—through those two—they called it man-slaughter, and I must learn from one of— Now, Barbara"—her feverish gaze once more upon the paper-"write this: 'The prisoner was charged with the murder, on June 27, 1878, of George Haslam, of Rocklands, Devonshire, to which he pleaded not guilty.' Not guilty. Barbara, have you written it?"

"Yes," said I, my hand shaking over the task,

as she spoke in such a low, impetuous way.
"Write again—here it is: 'On being called upon for his defense, he only said, addressing the jury, that he should be glad to have his suspense terminated, and know the worst.' Write that, for I can not remember—some words. They—go from mc. Here-here," her white fingers turning the leaves, Here—here," her white ingers turning the leaves, and going steadily down another column, though her eyes looked too wildly bright to fix themselves upon the print. "This is another day. 'The prisoner heard his sentence with firmness, just slightly bowed acquiescence, and was taken away from the dock, and thence to jail.' Write it, Barbara. It will—remind me. That is all. I can remember the rest. Thank you, Barbara."

And then the bright excitement still in her

And then, the bright excitement still in her eyes, but her manner suddenly quite calm, she spoke of other things, and said no more of this to me, while we walked as swiftly as we could along the Strand.

"I hope," she said, her gentle tones sounding unutterably sorrowful to me after her late excitement, "you are not like Rogers, Barry, and look upon the London strects as the graves of memory.

I shook my head with a smile, for there was no need to tell Mary that though I have Rogers's Italy at home, beautifully bound, I did not know he had ever made that dismal little observation.

In the shadow of St. Clement's Church Marv turned me aside to a paved court, the existence of which I should never have guessed if left to myself. Behind the gates which kept it from the vulgar tread a forgotten-looking man sat reading, and though he was at first conscientiously unwilling to let us pass into the mystic region beyond him, he gravely let us in when Mary told him whom we sought. I think we both stepped soltly, for there not only seemed a great hush in the narrow court, across which the two high masses of building seemed about to meet, but such a feeling of solitude that we might have left the noise and bustle of the Strand a hundred miles behind us. Throughout the length and breadth of the place (though the breadth was scarce worth mentioning) there was no one to be seen save a morbid child who stood against the iron gate, staring up at two small cages, in one of which a blackbird fluttered restlessly in the heat, with an evident headache, while in the other, watching him with anxious solicitude, a tiny canary sang cheerily to encourage him. In her gentle way Mary spoke to the child, who told us, with no smile, and without dropping her eyes from the birds, that she came every day "out of the noise to listen."

I looked furtively about me as we passed on half expecting to be myself absorbed into the silent buildings. In one corner of the court a little wooden garden was suspended in the air. and the scent of dusty wall-flower and mignonette in it was tempered by a shy, uncertain odor of sweet-brier from above, where the windows all seemed standing open in a flame of red geraniums.

In the shadowy room to which we were led there sat a young man who recognized Mary in an instant. He had a high narrow forehead, and did not look to me at all clever; but as Mary said he was, and I am no judge at all, of course he was. I sat down at the open window, thinking Mary would rather I were not near her, though she had asked me to go with her; but she gave me a smile before she began to speak, and I quite understood that it was meant to assure me she had no wish that I were not present. I heard her ask this gentleman if he had not defended in a certain trial, and when he acknowledged having done so as a junior, she begged him to answer her a few questions. I did not hear all she said, for I tried not to, but I heard him tell her it was through a friend to whom the defense would have been intrusted had he not been just then leaving for India; "a very clear-sighted and popular barrister, who was so convinced that there were extenuating circumstances to be discovered that he would have gladly undertaken the case had it been possible. The circumstances were not eventually proved to be what he had hoped but still it was brought in manslaughter, which was"-after a pause-"something."

I liked the man because he never smiled. I could not have borne him to do so, with Mary's anxious face before him. "I being a young man in the profession," he went on, "and I hope conscientious, this friend named me for the defense, and strongly impressed me with his own belief in there being a possible solution to the mystery other than appeared upon the surface; but I regret to say this hope was not realized. He instructed me himself, quite apart from the solicitors' instructions, before he left; and we have often since talked over all the circumstances, he being still interested in them, and always a kind friend to the boy who now owns the property. This friend is coming in a few minutes to keep an appointment with me, and if you will wait,

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can concerning that part of the tragedy of which you wish to hear."

So we sat waiting, I still looking out against the so-near opposite windows, and wondering how the flowers could bloom here just as they did under country skies, and Mary talking with this young barrister, who evidently tried hard to entertain her, until a bell rang, and he left us, with a few words of apology. In only a few seconds he re-opened the door, saying, "This is the friend I have been speaking of, Miss Keveene. I have not prepared him, lest I should detain you. He will set your mind at rest on any point. Mr. Vesey, Miss Keveene."

"He will set your mind at rest on any point!"
How the words haunted me as I watched Denis meet the girl he loved! for whom, as I saw instantly by the sudden haughty stillness of her face, he could do nothing.

"May I not help you?" he asked, in a quiet, anxious way, seeing the change in her.

before her, one hand extended, in his unconscious fervor. "If I can help you—not now alone, Mary"—he scarcely seemed to know he was addressing her so, in his great earnestness—"but at any time, I will do it. You believe me?" His simple word was like an oath to him, and even for her to doubt him at that moment would have been impossible.

"I do not understand," she said, a terribly dazed look gathering in her eyes, as they seem-ed to grow darker and darker in her white face. "Why should you feel I need your help—or any man's? There is nothing for any one to do for me." He had drawn back a little proudly, but was looking now into her eyes with a strange dawning of some new light in his own. And he made no movement toward her, though even I could not help taking her hands in involuntary compassion, as she stood with his gaze upon her, her tearless eyes filled with misery, the breath coming silently, yet almost sobbingly, from her deed, this day I surprised myself for the first time in my life by my assumed ease.

"Is not that strange?" said Mary, pointing to a board which I should never have noticed, with the inscription, "Into this inn no burdens are admitted, and no cries allowed." "If it were true that no burdens are admitted, Barbara, I could not have entered."

"And if it were true that no cries are allowed," I added, fancying I skillfully pursued my plan of arousing her, "I should not either, for it fills my

eyes with tears to see that aged child still here."
"I see," said Mary, softly. "Stop, Barbara, and let us try to bring one child-like smile to the solemn face of this little creature who comes each day out of the world's din 'to listen."
"I believe," I said, considering that I adroitly character the current of Mary's thoughts "it is

changed the current of Mary's thoughts, "it is five hours since we breakfasted."

We had walked for quite half an hour in si-lence, and even swiftly, though the pavement was

ready"; then our request could scarcely have been shock to her. I tried to feel at ease again, while Ga-arge kept us waiting, and as Mary did not speak to me, I was obliged to study our surnot speak to me, I was conged to study our sur-roundings. Then I became aware of the injury we had done to the golden-haired siren. On our entrance I had noticed a stout, merry -looking gentleman in clerical attire seated at the counter, gentleman in cierical acture seated at the counter, and apparently half-way through a cup of coffee and a proposal of marriage; now he had turned his attention entirely to us—at least to Mary—and had evidently forgotten both his coffee and his enchantress. The look he gave Mary—who had so quietly in her brown dress, utterly unaways. sat so quietly in her brown dress, utterly unaware of it—was a look of genuine involuntary interest, so frankly compassionate, as well as inquisitive, that it actually made me smile-not with any feeling of mirth, but with a quiet gladness that men could be so sympathetic. Shall I see the honest, kindly face ever again?

I was so gravely pondering this, even after the



For description see Supplement.

For description see Supplement.

"You can not," she answered, with a coldness so intense that I wondered how I could ever have called her cold before that moment.

Still, in his manly forbearance he asked again: "Let me do what I can to help you, Miss Keveene. What may I do?"

"Nothing," she answered, icily, and had risen now and was looking toward me, though I fancied that she did not even see me.

"Let me send Henry back to you, then." he pursued, patiently. "You would have questioned him but for his foisting me upon you. Let him

help you, if I may not."
"I do not wish to question him-now," said Mary, her voice quick and petulant, and childish as I had never heard it before. "I was curious and ridiculous over a matter I had—read of; that was all. Will you come now, please, Barbara?"

I had risen before, expecting this summons from the moment when I had seen the effect upon her of Mr. Vesey's entrance; but he stood

parted lips. Hand in hand we went to the door. but then I turned to look at Denis, who stood just where he had stepped back, and with the same strange, awakening look. I could not help it. When Mary and I had passed through the door, I turned suddenly, as if I had forgotten something, and went up to him for a moment. "Denis," I whispered, "I am with her, and I

will let you know if she needs help."
"Needs help!" he answered. "She needs it now—God's help as well as man's. I remember now where and when I have seen her. It has puzzled me so often; but I remembered all when I saw again that tearless misery in her eyes, and that confused, bewildered pause. Don't forsake her. Go back and be a friend to her, dear Barbara."

For a few moments I felt as if I were in a dream, even after rejoining Mary—it had taken so few moments after all!—but presently, by a great effort, I could speak naturally to her. Inso often crowded, when Mary suddenly stopped. and broke her long, sad silence. "Oh, Barbara, how selfish I am! And we are not even on the way to our hotel"—in some vague circuitous way we had reached the Haymarket now. will you have ?"

'Only a cup of tea," for my suggestion had merely been an excuse for a rest and change for Mary, and I knew we ought to keep what appetite we had for our return

"Then come," she said, and we went into a restaurant close beside us. Mary gave the modest order to an imposing lady with many golden curls and plaits; but I saw how absently she must have done so-she always so keen and observant when I found her quite insensible to the injured manner in which this lady haughtily transmitted the order to a "Ga-arge" in the background. I knew by her tone we must have offended her, and I sought guiltily for a cause. In the window there was the legend "Tea and coffee always

clergyman had left, that when Mary spoke I

"Barbara, are you sorry you came with me?"

"No; very glad," I said, in my blunt way.
"It is soon over; but, selfish as I am, I can be glad that you will be among your own people tomorrow.

"And you?" I asked, timidly.
"I have something to do. I have work that will take me away. First to—"
"Yes, Mary?" interrogatively, when she paused.

"First to Devonshire."
"And I—may I not come?"

Again she gave that long, wistful look into my poor dim eyes; then even her own were wet with unshed tears.

"And you," she said, her lips a little tremulous, "ought not to come; yet—after that glance of trust in me—it almost breaks my heart to let you go, my Barbara."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



XVI., NO. 5



"PSYCHE."-FROM THE PICTURE BY ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

PSYCHE, the fairest soul on earth,
Beloved of Eros, bride and queen,
Dwelt in her palace blissfully,
Her lord and lover yet unseen.
But envious tongues began to say:
"Of what, of whom, art thou the bride?
No husband worthy Psyche's love
His face and form would ever hide."

The fearful Psyche could not trust,
And when Love slept, one woeful night,
She left his side, and trimmed her lamp,
And saw by the pale flickering light
The sleeping god. With rapture stirred,
Her hand would not her will obey:
A drop of burning oil fell down,
The god awoke, and flew away.

Then wretched Psyche through the world
Went sadly, seeking her lost love.
Her anguish touched all nature's heart,
And moved immortal gods above.
But Venus, full of envious hate,
Said, "Unto Proserpina go,
And tell her that I fain would share
The beauty of the world below."

With trembling steps, through perilous ways,
She sought the shadowy unknown land,
And took the gift with silent awe
From the sad Proserpina's hand.
Surely the treasure in the box
Might make her fair above all blame;
And hope sat singing in her heart
As back unto this earth she came.

O precious casket! Psyche knows
Some wondrous charm therein is hid.
Her soft eyes glow with eager light:
Ah! will she dare to raise the lid?
"To the great goddess Venus I
Must bear this prize. Were it not well
I took my share? No nymph or faun,
No bird or flower, the theft would tell.

"For Venus hates me, and my lord
From weeping Psyche still is hid;
O Eros! Eros! for thy sake
I will not fear to lift the lid."
With trembling hands and panting heart
The deed is done; but Psyche sees
No cestus of immortal charms,
No spell an angry Love to please.

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Only a vapor, dense and black,
That shadows her sweet bending face,
And chills her heart, until she falls
Insensible in its embrace.
Then Venus chided all in vain,
For Eros hastened to her side,
And with his own keen arrows touched
The heart of his dear erring bride.

The penance of her doubt was o'er;
Jove gave her immortality;
All felt the sweet and soulful charm,
And smiled Love's deep content to see.
The Hours shed roses through the sky;
Venus forgot her envious ire;
And Muses sung the marriage hymn
Unto Apollo's sounding lyre.

SOME AFRICAN SNAKE

NATAL, the small English colony of Southeast-N ern Africa, has for its size a full share of Rep-tilia, forty different species of the snake family being known to exist in that little province, which in area is somewhat less than the united States of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. And although these reptiles are hated and despised by the inhabitants, who wage an incessant and indiscriminating war upon one and all of the species, we can not but believe that all were created for some wise and useful end, it is therefore to be regretted that greater intelligence should not be exercised in their destruction, as many are of the greatest use to man by keeping down the smaller vermin. This much we do know: no one can raise a voice against the destruction of the too numerous venomous varieties; but there the line should be drawn. Unfortunately few are able to distinguish between the venomous and the non-venomous, while instinctively one seeks to destroy the reptile in the excitement of the moment, well knowing that if he errs it is on the side of safety. However, I do not intend to moralize upon

A story is told of an up-country Boer who died from the effects of a snake bite inflicted through his "veldt-schoen" (shoe of home-made leather). His eldest son, succeeding to the property, literally stepped into his father's shoes; but owing to the snake's fang having been broken off and left imbedded in the veldt-schoen, he fell a victim to the poison still remaining on the broken fang. The younger brother, emulating his predecessor, essayed to wear the paternal shoes, but paid the penalty, dying from the effects of the poison. Only then was the deadly offending fang discovered. This story, which is firmly believed in by the Boers, is very possibly true, but is one I can not vouch for as reliable.

During my first trip "up coast" I obtained a personal introduction to the great family of

snakes with which in after-years I was to become so well acquainted. Returning, with a companion as new to the colony as I was myself, through the "bush," and feeling hot and tired, we welcomed a cool, shady nook, prepared to enjoy a rest. Seeing the branch of a tree comforta-bly low, I was just taking possession, when my friend shouted, "Look out!" I did look out, and then down—right into the eves of a puff-adder (Clotho arietans) quietly watching my movements; one step more and my foot would have been within his coils. As I bounded back I suddenly became aware that the marrow of one's bones could become as a freezing mixture. Without consultation my friend and I evinced an earnest desire to leave the vicinity without loss of This puff-adder, or ibululu, as the natives call it, is very dangerous, and the more so from its sluggish nature. On a pathway or in the short grass alongside it will remain for hours unless forcibly disturbed; but woe to the disturber: like a flash of lightning it uncoils, and the jaws close with an angry snap on the disturbing foot or leg; it then glides away, leaving its deadly venom in the wound. The poison is fatal to life, but with a speedy application of remedies the deadly effects may be counteracted. Indeed, it is so with all snake poisonings excepting that from the ehlouhlo, and possibly the black 'mamba. Chapman, in his South African Travels, tells how he lost a favorite dog from the bite of a puff-adder. The dog had seized the snake by the tail and shook it; when released, the snake in turn fastened on to the dog's cheek, hanging there until it was killed; the dog only survived ten minutes. I have killed many of these snakes, but rarely came across one over three feet in length. The body is generally the thickness of a man's arm between the elbow and wrist, but, when excited, it causes its body to swell out considerably; hence the popular name. It is said that the Hottentots frequently kill this snake by spitting tobacco juice in its face; but I would not care to make the experiment in the way suggested. I know, however, that small snakes are easily killed by causing them to swallow tobacco juice.

During later years I had many experiences with snakes, but only once was I really frightened. It happened in this wise: One Sunday afternoon I took a stroll in some coffee fields, and from thence scrambled through the bush along the bank of a small stream. The day was intensely hot, and the cool shade of the bush was most agreeable, as I leisurely worked a way amidst the creepers of many kinds, prominent among which were the strong "monkey-ropes" hanging from the tall trees, the irritating and cruel "vacht-en-beetje" (wait-a-little) of the Boers, or, as the Caffres call it, "mana gauge" (stand-let-me-kiss-you), and the beautiful feathery creeper, the stand-by for all decorations. Coming to a semi-clear space, I was enabled to stand up straight and look around. Some few yards off I saw the dark coils of a huge snake snugly ensconced amidst the roots of an old tree, with his head tucked away out of sight. Having only a little stick in my hand, I dared not attack him, but, without thinking, picked up some stones and began dropping them into his coils. Suddenly he awoke, instinctively directing his cold glassy eyes upon the offending mortal. Another irritating stone, and his eyes were bright with passion, his forked tongue darting in and out, to the accompaniment of an occasional hiss I had sufficient common-sense left to step back a few paces ere again insulting his snakeship; and well it was I did so, as, like the lash of a whip when vigorously used, the fellow uncoiled and threw himself at me. At a glance I saw that the ire of a black 'mamba (Hortulia na-talensis) had been raised. Nine feet of live snakeflesh tearing after one relieves the mind snakefiesh teering after one relieves the mind from all heaftancy. I turned, bent my head, and with a last glance do protect the face, charged the back spurred me on; head a hot pursuit. I dashed

Saf all a Sal

I was nearing the clearing, and at last reached the coffee field; but still the enemy was after me. No doubt I measured that hill in an astonishingly short time; at all events, I distanced the pursuer. Reaching an open space from whence danger could be seen approaching, I sank down, feeling rather limp, and there concluded that perhaps it was not right to walk on Sunday after-noons in the bush. I think I had the pleasure of shooting my enemy some days after.

After dinner one evening a neighbor was with me quietly enjoying the pipe of peace and a social chat, rendered more enjoyable by the deep reclining Indian chairs in which we lounged, when I caught sight of the thick brown body of an umhlwazi winding round the leg of Smythe's chair. Smythe was lying with his legs stretched comfortably on the extended elbows of the chair. In a quiet tone of voice I told him not to disturb his chair, yet rise quickly, as there was a snake below Instead of the orderly and gentlemanlike change of position which I had expected would follow, Smythe gave a meteoric bound, landing at least two yards from his chair, which he sent flying backward, carrying with it the snake. We had nothing available as weapons but some light cane chairs, but with these effectually stopped the snake's efforts at escape. examined the fellow in the morning, and cutting out the poison bag, found it full of a greenishyellow viscid fluid in quantity sufficient to poison a whole family of planters.

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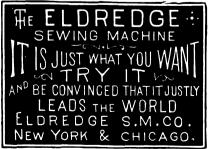
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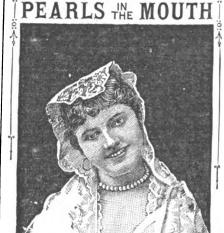
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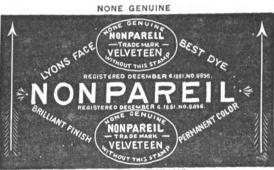
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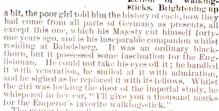
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FACETIÆ.

A perulant woman, who accidentally broke the handle of a china cup, rashly exclaimed that she wished none of them had handles. Later on it became necessary for the serving-maid to explain matters, and she proceeded to do so by saying, "Indade, marm, and ye said ye'd prefare to hev the hanthels all off, and ye see I have done it rale noice."

An old gentleman of eighty-four, and his bride, aged eighty-two, entered a railway car the other day, and took a seat by the stove. A youth occupying the seat in front says he overheard the following:

OLD GENTLEMAN (to his bride). "Who's a 'ittle lamb?"
Beide. "Boje of us."



SMALL HOLDINGS-Babies.

It is a good thing to witness a brand-new play, because there is no danger of the idiot behind you telling his friend what's going to happen next.



A PIG IN A POKE.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the grave-yard, declined, saying, "I subscribed toward improvin' that buryin'-ground nigh unto forty year ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet!"

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow—both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed:

"My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent—surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Weel, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth; I'm sure there's mae wumman been sae tormented wi' a set o' deein' men."

"Do you realize—have you reflected over it—Angelina?" whispered Clarence to his betrothed. "Only two weeks more and we shall be one! But remember, darling, I am to be that one."

James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton out of curiosity. In the course of conversation the duke said to the poet that he thought his blindness was a judgment upon him because he had written against Charles I., the duke's father. Milton replied: "If your Highness thinks that misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your futher's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes. He lost his head."

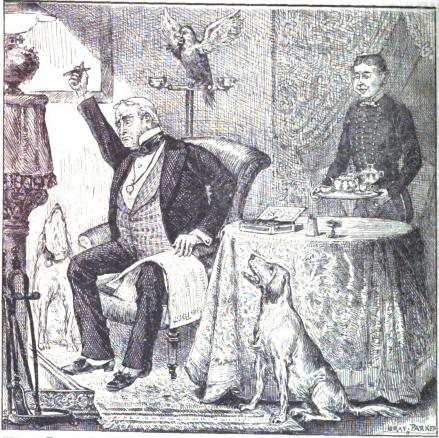


SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF OUR CITY PROMENADES. THE WOMAN WHO WALKS ONE WAY AND LOOKS THE OTHER.

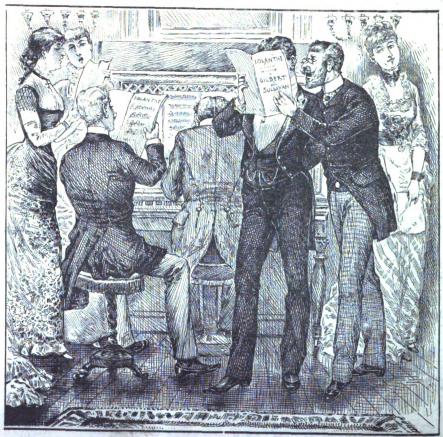


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THIRD FLOOR.—Young Robinson is a splended young Fellow, his only serious failing is that he imagines he can play the Violin. In consequence, he works away at it at all Hours. He is ably assisted in his labors by his Professor, the oblebrated Herr Screechyski.



SECOND FLOOR.—OLD MR. FITZHOG HODGSON IS RATHER A TESTY OLD GENTLEMAN. HE HATES MANY HINGS, BUT MUSIC ABOVE ALL OTHERS. HE HAS JUST SETTLED DOWN AFTER DINNER FOR A QUIET CIGAR, LAGED EA, AND THE PERUSAL OF HIS PAPER, WHEN SUDDENLY—



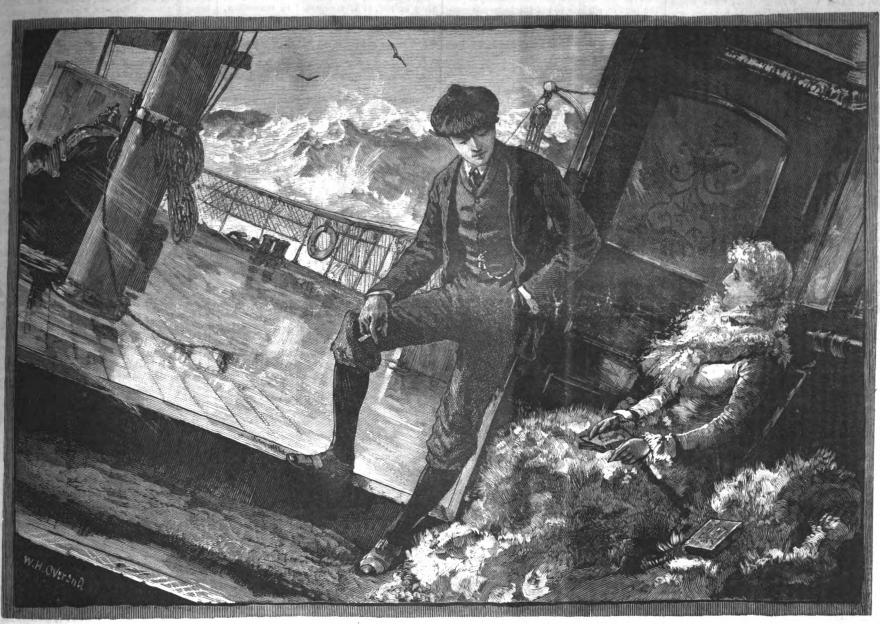
FIRST FLOOR.—Here are a party of Young People fond of Opéra-bouffe Music. They are to per-obe the latest extravagance in public for a chabitably purpose, and meet lyery evening for practice-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

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"' They say she is rolling eighty-four degrees "out and out," said Archie Leslie."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY were indeed cut off from the rest of the winds blowing; and now and again a swallow, or dove, or quail, or some such herald from unknown coasts, taking refuge for a while in the rigging, or fluttering along by the vessel's side. There was an amateur photographer on board, moreover; and many were the groups that were formed and taken; only it was observed that when the officers were included, the captain generally managed to have Yolande standing on the bridge managed to have Yolande standing on the bridge beside blim—a piece of favoritism that broke through all rules and regulations. There was a good deal of "Bull" played; and it was wonder-ful how, when Mrs. Graham was playing, there al-ways happened to be a number of those young Highland officers about, ready to pick up her quoits for her. And always, but especially on constitutional tramp up and down the long hurri-cane-deck—an occupation of which Yolande was particularly fond, and in which she found no one could keep up with her so untiringly as the Mas-ter of Lynn. She was just as well pleased, howter of Lynn. ever, when she was alone, for then she sang to herself, and had greater freedom in flinging her arms about.

"Look at her," her father said one morning to Mrs. Graham—concealing his admiration under an air of chagrin. "Wouldn't you think she was an octopus, or a windmill, or something like

"I call it a rattling good style of walking," id Colonel Graham, interposing. "Elbows in; said Colonel Graham, interposing. "Elbows in; palms out. She is a remarkably well-made young woman-that's my opinion."

"But she isn't an octopus," her father said, peevishly.

"Oh, that is merely an excess of vitality," her champion said. "Look how springy her walk is! I don't believe her heel ever touches the deck—all her walking is done with the front part of her foot. Gad, it's infectious," continued the trying it when I was walking with her yesterday. But it ain't easy at fifteen stone."

"She need not make herself ridiculous," her father said.

"Ridiculous? I think it's jolly to look at her.
Makes one feel young again. She don't know that a
lot of fogies are watching her. Bet a sovereign
she's talking about dancing. Archie's devilish
fond of dancing—so he ought to be at his time
of life. They say they're going to give us a ball to-night-on deck."

Mrs. Graham was a trifle impatient. There were none of the young officers about, for a wonder; they had gone to have their after-breakfast cigar in the smoking-room-and perhaps a little game of Nap therewithal. This study of Yolande's appearance had lasted long enough, in her opinion.

"It is clever of her to wear nothing on her head," she said, as she took up a book and arranged herself in her chair. "Her hair is her

But what Yolande and her companion, young Leslie, were talking about, as they marched up

"I caught myself | and down the long white decks—occasionally with her yesterday. | stopping to listen to a small group of lascars, who were chanting a monotonous sing-song refrain-had nothing in the world to do with dan-

cing.
"You think, then, I ought to speak to your father about the moor? Would you like it?"

and I are together, it is not any difference to me where we are. But if it is so wild and remote,

that is what my papa will like."
"Remote!" said he, with a laugh. "It is fourthen miles away from anywhere. I like to hear those idiots talking who say the Highlands are overrun with tourists. Much they know about the Highlands! Well, now they've got the railway to Oban, I suppose that's pretty bad. But this place that I am telling you of-why, you would not see a strange face from one year's end to the other."

"Oh, that will exactly suit my papa—exactly," she said, with a smile, "Is it very, very far away from everything and every one?" Continued on page 86.1

1

* Begun in Harpen's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

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MRS. LILLIE also contributes an interesting biographical sketch of the great musical composer Carl Marka von Weber. With "The Great Stone Picture-Book" Mr. Charles Barnard concludes his interesting series of articles on the action of the sea upon the land.

Among the artists whose contributions make this Number especially attractive are W. M. Cary, W. L. Sheppard, Mrs. Jessie Sheppard, and Henry Styll. There is a very beautiful engraving of luxurious boyhood "Building Castles in the Air."

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MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

W HEN, some fifty years ago, gas began to be used for household illumination, it was felt that a higher civilization was at hand. Ended forever seemed the nauseous and dirty despotism of oil, the dripping extravagance of candles; ended the daily labor of filling, trimming, cleaning; ended the nightly search for the clusive snuffers or extinguisher. In its shining castle above our heads, silent, ready, obedient, invisible, dwelt the new slave of the lamp, leaping to service at a touch of the magic key.

The opening of the aqueducts, affording abundant water to every bedroom and attic in the great cities, was thought to give occasion for public rejoicing. Without, bands played, crowds marched, orators waxed eloquent upon the moral benefits of unlimited Croton, Cochituate, or Schuylkill. Within, thrifty housewives proceeded to the garret with their fragile and superseded bowls and pitchers (like the figures on a Greek vase bearing sacrificial vessels), rejoicing that another item of laborious care was cut out of the morning's expenditure of time. What could be better than the cleanly marble slab, the polished faucets, the instant flow of water, hot or cold, the ever-ready waste-pipe ?

Again, when a practical modern mind conceived the notion that the furnace, which had served the art-loving Greeks to cast their bronze statues, and the later generafor mechanical and scientific uses, might be made a domestic convenience, society acknowledged that it had received what Mr. Swiveller would have pronounced a Boon. In process of time the "heating and ventilating stove" evolved the bulky benefactor, which, contentedly abiding in our cellars, converted those upper spaces once marked on the household charts "valuable tracts rendered uninhabitable by cold from November to May" into smiling regions of perpetual spring.

So important to the ordinary mind has seemed the introduction into our houses of gas, water, and furnace heat, so much have they added to the convenience, comfort, and healthfulness of the average dwelling, that they have come to be designated specifically as "modern improvements." And now upon our pleasant satisfaction with our nineteenth-century lot breaks in the united voice of the sanitary and the esthetic reformer, joined for once hand to hand, and crying out to us to repent of our registers, our gaseliers,

our basins, for the kingdom of wash-bowls and candlesticks is at hand.

"Oh, what learning is!" sighs Mistress Quickley. The lover of beauty declares that gas-light is hard, crude, hideous, vulgar. The disciple of Hygeia maintains that it gives off poison, heats the air to excess, and exhausts the oxygen. "Let us go back to lamps and candles, to health and refinement," conclude they both. But is our case so bad? Let us concede that gas is not becoming; but carefully chosen shades modify its hardness. And if to be common and cheap is to be vulgar, it must bear that imputation in patience, like its betters. It does heat uncomfortably at times, but that is because no one is satisfied with an amount of light which was thought enough aforetime. One burner is equivalent in illuminating power to sixteen and sometimes to twenty candles. But who is content with one burner ! Dr. FRANKLAND estimates that the carbonic acid generated from the best hydrocarbon gases is, as compared with sperm caudles giving the same illumination, as 2.5 to 8.3, and of heat as 19 to 82. So that in the matter of healthfulness gas appears to have the best of the argument. And as the products of combustion may easily be carried off by the nearest flue, it certainly seems the part of wisdom to set the immense convenience of gas above all its small defects, and declare that neither mistress nor maid in this busy time ought to be subjected to the old tyranny of the lamp-filler, nor the family purse depleted by the pretty but untidy extravagance of candles.

As for the set basins, one may turn a deaf ear to the plea that a beautiful wash-stand. with its apparatus of Japanese or English china, in graceful shapes and rich colors, is a more pleasing object than the useful marble shelf and bowl. Economy, both of money and space, and convenience, that weightiest argument, favor the homely utility. But it can not be denied that our system of water supply and discharge is often most defective and unwholesome. The non sequitur is, however, that it must be abandoned. Nothing so good in conception should be given up because it has defects in execution. Let every householder resolve that all other expenses shall be limited, if need be, to the barest necessity, but that the plumbing shall be made perfect, and we shall have the luxury of water in every room, with no evil consequences. There are experts whose judgment is final; there are plumbers competent

As for our friend the furnace, he will do as he is done by. Fed with great draughts of fresh frosty air, the fresh air will pour up, no longer frosty. Allowed only the damp foulness of the cellar, a heated foulness only will our suffering lungs receive. But with proper cold-air connections and proper ventilation, there is no doubt that the even temperature of a furnace-heated house is far less injurious in this climate of extremes than the unequally distributed warmth of open grates.

A blazing fire-place is the best of good company. Every woman who can afford it may well rejoice in its cheerful glow. Tinted candles and the soft flame of the beautiful modern lamps make an ugly room seem refined. A graceful wash-stand, with its shining furniture and dainty embroidered napery, is a pretty possession. But, in the name of common-sense, let us not sacrifice to these things simply because they are a toy of the time, nor be dragooned into joining the fashionable sneer when at heart we believe in our modern improvements.

DUTIES OF DRESS.

DOUBTLESS there is exquisite satisfaction rendered by the wearing of exquisite toilettes, not only in the enjoyment of a thing of beauty itself and the content of possessing it, but through that acquaintance with human nature which is instinctive, and which makes one aware of the inspection one is undergoing from the point of view of all rival toilettes—an inspection to meet which the exquisite toilette seems to offer a coat of mail under whose shelter one can defy the sharpest criticism of the most ill-natured envy.

Not that we can think other than poorly of the famous young woman who felt the comfort given by a well-fitting dress to be superior to that afforded by the consolations of religion; for of course that young person's standard of everything but dress was not at all a high one, and her acquaintance with the consolations of religion must have been much more imperfect than her acquaintance with ribbons and laces and any out-of-the-way shade of color, any singular and fantastic weaving in silks and velvets and novel stuffs. She was not far remote from that lady of Dr. Holmes's acquaintance who, as she declares, remembers the time when I thought more about the shade of color in a ribbon, whether it match-

ed my complexion or not, than I did about my spiritual interest in this world or the next."

But because we should not be given up altogether to the delights of dress, it does not follow that one does not owe one's self and the rest of the world some duties in regard to it; not merely those duties of which few right-minded women permit themselves to be unconscious, the duties of cleanliness, of wholeness, and of seasonableness, but the other duty, of which not so much is thought, the duty of becomingness. For every one is under some obligation of adding to the beauty of the region round her, if not in the bloom of one's cheek or the sparkle of one's eye, then in the pleasing effect of the garb in which one shrouds one's deformities and endeavors to counterpoise one's defects. Because one is sallow, for example, it is no reason for wearing sallow tints, and making the whole world seem bilious; one should hide the sallowness as much as may be by balancing it with some tint that puts it out of sight. And because one is plain, that is no reason for going labelled and ticketed "Ugly," but all the more reason for inventing, seeking, and putting on toilettes that are themselves so lovely that one shall forget whether the wearer is as lovely as they or not, or if compelled to remember, shall at any rate gather a certain compensation for the eye and thought in that exhibition of gentle taste which the toilette makes.

A great deal of one's character is to be told from this toilette, be the latter lovely or the reverse. For, let us say, if it be known that the condition of the wearer is but just beyond poverty, or the purse narrowly limited indeed, or if one is at that happy stage of life's journey when youth itself is beauty, and beauty is its own best adornment, and yet the dress is seen to be exceedingly rich, or elaborated in the last fancy of fashion, then personal vanity and love of display are felt to be preponderating traits of character, and something not to be tabulated, but totally destructive of charm, is eliminated from that costume. Such a dress, under such circumstances, speaks of a taste that is far from choice, and that can render no compensation for any lack of pleasant looks in the wearer. And meanwhile any dress that to the gaze of the stranger who knows nothing of the case and condition of the wearer is obviously unsuitable, as, for instance, a toilette which combines greenish hues about a sickly face, or frills and flounces about a dumpy woman who walks ill and sets them all bobbing and jerking at every step, or one of cheap material loaded with showy trimming, or a tawdry mingling of hues, or gloves and boots discordant with the rest of the apparel, or anything else that proclaims a want of the sense of fitness, is equally devoid of taste, and in so far as it is devoid defies the unwritten law that requires each and all to make themselves

agreeable objects to the common eye. Certainly those who regard dress with the consideration that is its due, and with no more, have their reward for the expenditure of money and development of taste; for becoming dress carries an importance of its own in society that is perfectly appreciable. Any one may observe this who takes notice of the difference in treatment received by a pretty girl in a cheap or indifferent dress, and one who is not pretty, but is in a dress of perfect fit and design. The usual dancer of attendance is apt to think the pretty face a brief accident, the gaudy or neglected dress an indication of permanence, and, on the contrary, the perfect toilette an indication of fine feeling and nice breeding, and is, quite unawares, led to be conscious of the superior power to make a home in her who already does the best she can with the little kingdom that she has,

"Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face."

But forgetting any view of what others may think of one's dress, whether that is a narrow or a broad view, there is another side to be looked at, and that raises the question as to whether one would not be really in the wrong to do otherwise than make the most of one's opportunities, and insist that one's dress should draw as nearly as possible to the standard of perfection within one's means. For while in the universe abroad beauty is so plainly commended to one's eves, and is shown to be so omnipresent that it can only be because it is valued by the creative hand, it is surely beneath nobody's dignity to do the utmost possible in order to attain it in one's self and one's environments. That, indeed, is quite another thing from being wrapped up in contemplation of vanities, and is but a proper administration of the affairs intrusted to one's charge. And this regard for the toilette, taking its place in the general endeavor, when kept within bounds,

has never been held by the sternest critic as anything but praiseworthy, an exhibition of self-respect, and of that desire to please which conduces to every one's goodhumor.

CAUDLES, NOURISHING DRINKS, AND PANADAS.

BY JULIET CORSON.

N cases of severe or prolonged sickness, when the disease taxes the system to such an extent that frequent and abundant nourishment is required to repair its ravages, the class of foods treated of in this article will be found useful. Although the diet should be nutritious it must not be substantial; it must be easy of digestion, and capable of quickly imparting its nutriment to the system. These requirements seem to be met by the semi-liquid foods above indicated; and since they can be used either hot or cold, and can be made stimulating as well as nourishing by the addition of a little wine, they can be so chosen as to meet the various conditions of debility, exhaustion, or fever. In administering these foods the fact should be remembered that unless there is some reason applying to the patient's welfare for using them cold, they will best serve the general purposes of nutrition when warm.

The basis of all caudles is flour gruel, made either with water or milk, that made with milk being the most nutritious, while both are equally digestible. Full directions for making gruel have already been given in this series of articles, but lest they should have been forgotten, a brief résumé will be given in the following recipe. In cool weather a quantity of gruel may be made and kept in a cool place, and portions of it heated and used as required. When gruel enters largely into the diet, its acceptability to the patient will be augmented by varying the flavoring or spice used in its preparation. If, therefore, a quantity is made plain, it can be sweetened and variously flavored as it is heated for immediate use.

Cold Wine Caudle (a nutritious, digestible, and slightly stimulating food, useful in all sickness where starch and vine are not objectionable).—
Make a good gruel by mixing smoothly a table-spoonful of flour with half a pint of cold milk or water, and stirring it into a pint and a half of boiling milk or water; add a level tea-spoonful of salt, and let the gruel boil for five minutes, stirring it to prevent burning.

To half a pint of cold gruel add one egg beat-

To half a pint of cold gruel add one egg beaten to a froth, one glass of good wine, and sugar and nutmeg to suit the palate of the patient.

HOT WINE CAUDLE (preferable to cold caudle generally, and useful in the same physical condition indicated in the preceding recipe).—Heat half a pint of gruel; beat the yolk of a raw egg to a cream with two table-spoonfuls of pulverized sugar; beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth; when the gruel is boiling hot, quickly beat a glass of good sherry or Madeira wine into the egg yolk and sugar, stir the hot gruel into it, and then add the beaten white of egg. Work very quickly, and serve the caudle hot.

CREAU CAUDLE (an equally valuable food with the two preceding caudles, useful under similar physical conditions).—To one pint of gruel add one glass of good wine, one gill of sweet cream, one table-spoonful of novau or any good cordial, and sugar to suit the patient's taste. Use hot or cold, but preferably hot.

NOURISHING DRINKS.

In conditions of illness when an absolutely liquid food is better suited to the patient than that of semi-liquid character, milk, Irish or Iceland moss, and chocolate are valuable aliments; especially is this the case with any preparation of chocolate, which abounds in nutriment. In using these beverages the facts should be borne in mind that excessively hot drinks lower the temperature of the body by inducing perspiration, while very cold ones are apt to check it so suddealy as to cause more or less congestion, sometimes of vital parts; moderately warm drinks are therefore to be preferred to either very hot or very cold ones. In feverish conditions, when there is a natural craving for cold drinks, the intense thirst can be safely assuaged by the frequent use of small bits of ice, which afford a sense of refreshment not to be obtained from large draughts of iced water, the immoderate use of which is never advisable, even in healthy conditions.

ALMOND MILK (an exceedingly nutritious beverage, useful in most conditions of illness) .- Pour & quart of boiling water upon a quarter of a pound of shelled almonds, and when the skins soften rub them off the kernels with a clean towel; pound the almonds, thus blanched, in a mortar, putting in three or four at a time, and adding our or five drops of milk, as the almonds are being pounded, to prevent oiling—about a table-spoonful of milk will be required for the quarter f a pound of almonds; when the almonds are finely pounded mix them with a pint of milk, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, a level tea-spoonful of salt, and the yellow rind of a lemon, and place the milk over the fire to boil; meantime beat three eggs smoothly, and strain the almond milk into them, stirring the mixture as the milk is strained in; return it to the saucepan, and place it, in another pan of hot water, over the fire, stirring it constantly until it begins to thicken; then remove it at once from the fire, strain it, and use it.

BARLEY MILK (a demulcent, refreshing, and nutritious beverage, useful in fevers and gastric inflammation).—Wash four ounces of pearl-barley in cold water until the water is clear; put it over the fire in a double kettle with a quart of milk and a level tea-spoonful of salt, and boil it until the milk is reduced one-half; then strain off the milk, and sweeten it to suit the taste of the pa-

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tient. The barley may be used as food by add-

ing to it a glass of wine and a little sugar.

IRISH MOSS WATER (a bland, nutritious drink, excellent in feverish conditions and in colds).-Wash half an ounce of moss in plenty of cold wash half an ounce of moss in pienty of cold water, and soak it for ten minutes in a pint of cold water; then add two pints of cold water, a table-spoonful of sugar, and an inch of stick emnamon to it, and boil it until it is about as thick as cream; strain it, add more sugar if it is desired, and use it while warm. The yellow rind of a lemon may replace the cinnamon as flavoring.

ICELAND MOSS CHOCOLATE (a very nutritious

drink, suitable for use when abundant nourishment is required).—Wash one ounce of moss thoroughly in cold water; then put it over the fire to boil in one pint of water. Grate one ounce of chocolate fine, mix it with half a cupful of cold milk, stir it into a pint of boiling milk, and boil it for five minutes; then add it to the boiling moss, strain them together, sweeten them to suit the taste of the patient, and use the beverage warm.

PANADAS.

The panadas or bread jellies are good adjuncts to the caudles and nourishing drinks when the system is not in a condition to receive solid foods, and yet requires other than liquid nutriment. They are bland and digestible foods, suitable in nearly all stages of illness, and nutritious and stimulating in accordance with the admixture of other ingredients with the bread used in making

BREAD PANADA (a mild, nutritious, digestible food).—Boil one heaping table spoonful of bread-crumbs in one pint of water until it is reduced to half a pint; add one table-spoonful of sugar and a very little grated nutmeg, and serve the panada.

QUICKLY MADE PANADA (a nutritious food, slightly stimulating).—Put over the fire half a pint of water, a table spoonful of sugar, and a very little grated nutmeg. As soon as the water boils stir in one table-spoonful of finely grated bread-crumbs, and boil the panada fast for five minutes; then add to it a glass of wine, and use

CIDER PANADA (a nutritious, stimulating food) -Toast two slices of bread, sprinkle a heaping table spoonful of sugar over them, and saturate them with sweet cider slightly heated. Use the panada either hot or cold.

Egg PANADA (more nutritious than bread pa mada).—To a plain bread panada, made as directed above, add one table-spoonful of butter, a saltspoonful of salt, a quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper, and make the panada quite hot; then beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the panada, and serve it hot.

CHICKEN PANADA (a very nutritious and simple food, suitable in general illness and conditions of great debility).—Pluck a tender chicken, singe it, wipe it all over with a wet towel, draw it without breaking the intestines, put it over the fire in boiling water enough to cover it, with a table-spoonful of salt and a pod of red pepper, and boil it slowly until it is tender. Then free it from skin and bone, rub the meat through a sieve with a potato-masher, mix it to a creamy consistency with some of the broth in which it was boiled, season it palatably with salt and nutmeg, heat

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SLEIGHING AND SKATING.

SLEIGHING has been unusually fine since the holidays, and many fanciful sleighs are in the gay Carnival procession that is seen on the Avenue, the Park, and the road beyond. The Russian sleds, built low with broad runners, attract much attention, and vie with the dashing little cutters; there are hansom sleighs, with the driver perched high behind, large shell-shaped for parties of six or eight, box-shaped sleighs like carts, and covered sleighs like victorias, or coaches on runners, with several four-in-Huge tassels made of feathers and jingling bells are the trappings for the horses, and add to the merry scene; pink and white plumes are most used, but the red tassels are brighter and more gay, and there are green and yellow tassels Inside the sleigh are warm robes of fur that almost conceal its occupants, and a tiger or bear skin rug, with the animal's head attached, is thrown over the back of the great sleighs, not merely for warmth, but for decoration also. Sealskin and beaver robes are the first choice for using inside the sleigh, and there are dark Russian hare and mink skins, with the luxurious chin-chilla robes. The occupants of the sleigh are also clothed in fur. Ladies wear Russian hoods of seal-skin, Astrakhan, otter, or chinchilla, with eep capes extending over the shoulders. skin hoods bordered with leopard-skin are handsome for young ladies, while others prefer a Perborder, or else swan's-down is on the edges. Turbans of seal-skin worn by ladies are low in the English shape, while gentlemen wear them very high. Large round hats of seal or of otter skins have nodding plumes of terra-cotta or strawberry red feathers. The cloak of sealskin covers the wearer from head to foot, or else a warm fur-lined cloak is worn. Black Spanish lace scarfs are tied over the hat or turban, down over the ears, and fastened under the chin, and sometimes serve as a veil. Crocheted zephyr wool clouds in gay colors or white are also worn over the bonnet or hat. Gentlemen when sleighing wear top-coats of dark seal-skin, or an Ulster of golden brown seal, or else a cloth great coat with collar, cuffs, facing, and perhaps an entire lining of otter, mink, or Persian lamb-skin. The turban should match the coat, and those of sealskin are in the high-crowned Canadian and Hungarian shapes, but there is a new fancy for lower English turbans with a border of Russian sable

Skating suits are the cloth and flannel suits

of one or of two colors already described, and are trimmed with braiding or fur, and sometimes with both. A green jacket with a terra-cotta vest, green cloth apron over-skirt and terra-cotta kilt skirt below, make up a gay costume for skating. The short jacket with a draped over-skirt is preferred by skaters, but there are also many long some of the close Jersey shapes, and others with pleated fullness behind. Hoods with satin lining in gay stripes of red, or black and white, or else plaid plush inside, are seen on skating coats. The turban may be of cloth, or puffed velvet, or of fur. Seal-skin and Astrakhan turbans are most used.

EMBROIDERIES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

In the midst of winter, preparations for spring and summer are made, and the household stress is busily employed making under-clothing, skirts, children's white frocks, aprons, and the wash dresses worn by old and young alike in midsummer. For trimming white and colored muslins the St. Gall and Hamburg embroideries come in most varied designs this season. First, there are the Irish point designs with leaf and flower patterns, with outlines done in button-hole stitches, and the spaces between cut out to give very open effects; secondly, the Hamburg - work in open star and compass patterns; and newer than these the close durable tamboured work in ball, wheel, and moon patterns, or sprays of flowers, and dots of many sizes that are sometimes all thick work, while others have lace figures in the midst of the heavy spots. These come in French lawns, nainsook, cambric, and sheer Swiss muslin, and may be had in wide or narrow edgings with insertions to match. These insertions are placed in three lengthwise rows down the front of children's piqué dresses, and are let into the fabric, not merely laid upon it; in full round skirts there are two rows with an inch-wide space between set above a hem. The edging finishes the square neck and short sleeves that are worn above a high guimpe that may be of plain nainsook, or else of embroidery as far as it is seen above the dress. These quaint little frocks have the middle of the front made of a gored piece with waist and skirt cut together, while the sides and back have a round waist to which the round skirt is attached at the waist line. Similar designs are made up in nainsook, and thinner insertion is used, but for these thinner dresses the preference is for a guimpe cut out of embroidered nuslin in yoke shape, and permanently attached to the full slip of muslin, which may hang loose to the hem, or may be shirred all around halfway between the waist line and the knees. open Hamburg-work is used for trimming colored dresses of Scotch gingham, French Chambéry, and the linen ginghams that are made for girls from two to six years of age. The palest shades of blue and pink are used in solid colors and in pin-head checks for very small girls' Chambéry dresses, while larger girls who are not always attended by a nurse wear the darker blue, strawberry red. Turkey red, and clear brown Chambéry or gingham. Two narrow gathered ruffles of the muslin, headed by an inch-wide bias band of the material, or a row of insertion, trim the foot of such dresses; if they are to be more showy, these ruffles are of white embroidery.

CHILDREN'S APRONS.

Cross-barred muslin, striped dimity, and nainsook with twilled stripes are used for the white aprons that are now made long enough to almost entirely conceal the colored dresses worn by small The low-necked full French shape is the favorite for these aprons, because of its simple pattern, with straight fullness, to which a band of edging is attached at the top, and armholes are cut and merely trimmed around, or else little cap-like sleeves are added. These brighten up the dark flannel and cashmere dresses that little girls wear all winter. There are also more slenderly shaped aprons sloped on each side under the arms, and cut with half-high square neck, and merely shoulder-straps instead of sleeves For those who prefer high aprons there are fitted yokes to which the fullness is gathered as in the yoke dresses, and these are often made without sleeves. The most useful of all aprons, however, are those high about the throat, and with long sleeves; these have three box pleats laid down the front, while the back is cut off at the waist line to make a plain round waist, and the skirt is pleated or gathered to this waist; the cross seam is hidden by strings of the muslin sewed in the under-arm seams, and tied behind in a large bow. A narrow edging trims the neck and coat sleeves, and is across the ends of the strings.

EMBROIDERED ROBES.

Robe dresses with embroidered flounces are importea i for the house and for general wear out of town. They are shown in both white and colored materials, such as nainsook, Swiss muslin, and lawn for white dresses, while for morning wear are the durable Chambérys in all the stylish colors wrought with white, and for more dressy afternoon robes there are sheer crape-like muslins wrought with self-colors, or else in the colors of the flowers and leaves of the pattern. These crape-muslin dresses come in pale blue, cream white, and shrimp pink, with the embroidery done along the edges in abundant quantities to trim the skirts with two or three gathered ruffles, and to edge the over-dress; these are sold for \$15 the pattern, and they are used at present for simple evening toilettes, and are very effective as transparents over velvet or satin skirts.

Flounces of embroidery are the stylish trimmings for the white muslin dresses that young ladies find useful at all seasons of the year. These flounces are four and a half yards in length, and may be had in narrow widths that

require from three to six for the dress skirt, but the newest robes have wide flounces from half a yard to a vard in width; for the latter the design is graduated toward the top, and serves for almost the entire skirt. Polka spots and balls that are partly raised, or partly of thick and of thin work, are on the prettiest of these dresses, and there are breadths suitable for making the waist and sleeves of the embroidery also. Sometimes only a single front breadth of the embroidery will be used, with bouffant side and back drapery of plain muslin with scalloped edges; there are also panel-shaped pieces of embroidery for the sides, to be separated in front by narrow horizontal ruffles of embroidery; a third design has a basque and demi-train wrought all over. while the plain muslin skirt front is trimmed across with embroidered ruffles, each of which is headed by a muslin puff through which colored ribbon is drawn, and tied at each end in longlooped bows that form a series of loops down each side of the skirt.

The thick embroidered muslins with sprigs or moons are preferred for dresses that are to be worn over white muslin petticoats, but the open Irish point patterns are used when slips of colored satin Surah are worn beneath. There are deep flounces of these lace-like embroideries that cost from \$9 to \$37, while it is possible to buy very pretty robes for \$12 or \$14 that require only a few yards of plain nainsook to complete them. Ecru and cream-tinted embroideries come in all the designs described for white robes. The designs of Spanish lace and of guipure are also well copied in embroideries, and there are inserted bits of Breton lace in many of the closely wrought designs, giving a pretty relief to the heavily shaded work. White embroidery on violet, blue, pink, pale brown, dark brown, strawberry, and black grounds of the Chambéry ginghams in trimming widths costs 75 cents and upward by the vard, while the fabric for the dress is sold for 40 cents. These durable cottons wash well, and in order to be kept fresh should be so simply made that any country laundress can do them up. A partly fitted basque without lining should have a vest outlined by the embroidery in one or two ruffles, and should have a turned-over collar, square cuffs, and belt of this trimming. The simplest apron over-skirt should be edged with the embroidery, and caught up in folds of dra-pery held by tapes underneath, or by buttons and loops of braid. The skirt may have only one or many flounces of the embroidery, as the purse or the taste of the wearer suggests. Of course this skirt should be short enough to clear the ground and should be quite narrow, as it is to have full flounces for trimming. Blouse-waists will also be worn with the wash dresses of next season. These may be plain on the shoulders, with their only fullness that which is gathered into the belt, while for very slender forms the shoulders may be shirred slightly, and the fronts lapped in surplice fashion, leaving the neck slightly open and pointed.

VARIETIES.

The Connaught Jersey is in preparation for spring costumes. This is made of ribbed wool cloth or net of light quality in dark stylish colors, and is trimmed across the front with wide black braid in hussar stripes.

Entire suits of Jersey cloth, with shirt waist and short trousers, are made for small boys for their early spring suits.

Veils of gauze and of tulle in most fanciful colors have suddenly come into vogue. Among these are pink gauzes with écru dots, blue tulle with flat woven spots, large dots of chenille or red tulle, and brown gauze with gold beads; the beaded dots are especially stylish. The smallest strip, like a mask on the upper part of the face, is all that is needed.

For information received thanks are due Messrs C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; and AITKEN, Son, & Co.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has the bearing and accomplishments of a courtier of Louis XIV. days, is a handsome old man, with white mus-

tache, ruddy countenance, and gray hair. He has been twice married.

—Dr. Rachell Bodley, dean of the Women's Medical College, and Mrs. MCMFORD, are members of one of the district school boards of Philadelphia.

The first degree ever conferred upon a lady

by the Philadelphia Dental College has been received by Miss Jessie F. Detchon, of Philadelphia, sister of the actress, Miss Adelaide Among the competitors who have furnished —Alliong the competitors who have tarnesses models for the Garfield statue to be erected at Columbus, Ohio, are Preston Powers, Wilson MacDonald, Charles Niehaus, Ross Adams, Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, and L. T. Rebison Charles and L. T. Rebison Computer Niehaland & the successful com-

petitor.
—Dr. Charles W. Newell, of Boston, author -Dr. CHARLES W. NEWELL, OI BOSTON, BULLIOF of Kalani of Oahu, which had a large sale at the Sandwich Islands, has been made Knight Companion of the Royal Order of Kapiolaui, and has received the jewel of the order from King Kalakaua, one of the first honors of the kind ever

received by an American. —The sculptor CLARK MILLS, who died in Washington lately, began life as a plasterer in Charleston, South Carolina. A bust of JOHN C. Calhoun, for which he received a gold medal from the City Council of Charleston, was his first

important work. Two of his sons are sculptors.

—Muscular Christianity is well represented by the rector of St. George's Church, New York city, Rev. W. S. RAINSFOID, who is six feet four in his stockings, was in the Cambridge University eight, and pulled in the winning boat in a college race. college race. -The home of the Governor-elect of Califor-

nia, General Stoneman, at Los Robles—which takes its name from a grove of live-oaks near, los robles meaning "the oaks" in Spanish—stands on elevated ground, with the vista of the San Ga-

briel Valley visible from the veranda, the sea in the distance, the lofty peaks guarding the San Gorgonio Pass against the eastern sky, and the Temescal and Santa Anna ranges to the south. The estate, of five hundred acres, is devoted to the culture of orchard fruits and vines, and is believed to have yielded an income of twenty thousand dollars last year.

—It is rumored that Miss ALICE BLAINE will

enter the Roman Catholic Church soon, as Colonel Coppinger, whom she is about to marry, is a communicant of that Church. He is the

is a communicant of that Church. He is the son of an Irish nobleman, is twenty-five years the senior of Miss Blains, tall, and fine-looking.

—At a breakfast given the other day to Mr. Frederick Douglass and his friends in the cause of abolition by Mrs. A. M. Mosher, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a poem was read by Mrs. Anagnos, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and addresses were made by Mr. T. W. Higginson, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Bufferm (who travelled in England with Mr. Douglass) Dr. Hedg, Mrs. Howe, and others.

—At a recent fire in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the cur shops, an engineer, wanting assistance

In the car shops, an engineer, wanting assistance in raising a ladder, called to a man near by, "Here, you, give us a lift!" The person thus addressed responded cordially, and when the engineer of the control of the

addressed responded cordially, and when the engineer had time to look at him the assistant was found to be President Eliot of Harvard College.

—The Chilian Minister's wife, Madame Godox, is of New Jersey parentage, although born In Peru, while the wife of the Mexican Minister at Washington, Señora Lulu Allen De Romero, was Miss Allen, of Philadelphia.

—In England the large edition of Harper's Christmas was exhausted on the day of publication.

-JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is to unveil the bust of FIELDING, which is to be erected on his native heath. The most elegant house belonging to the

justices in Washington is that of Justice Mat-thews, on N Street and Connecticut Avenue. —Edson Whitney was the first white child in

the Yellowstone Valley; he is now going to a graded school with one hundred and thirty other

children, although his father moved into that country, when the valley had been populated only one year by frontiersmen, in 1877.

—Secretary Folger claims descent from one of the first settlers of Nantucket, Mussachusetts, Peter Folger, one of whose daughters was Benjamin Franklin's mother.

—The American Country Co

—The American Consul-General for Persia, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, was born at Argos, Greece, and lived for twelve years in Turkey, where his

father was an American missionary.

—The remission of fifteen per cent, on the half-yearly rents on his Mentmore estates was Lord ROSEBERY'S Christmas gift to his tenants. Every cottager in the villages on his estates also received six hundred-weight of coal and a joint -Miss Burke sister of Mr. THOMAS BURKE

who was murdered in Dublin, has recovered her mental and physical health, but will never visit Dublin again.

Dublin again.

—The poems on the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah, "Pearls of the Faith," were begun by EDWIN ARNOLD last May only, and illustrated with Arab texts in blue and crimson characters with his own band during his summer vacation at Loch Katrine.

—Mr. C. E. MATTHEWS, late of the Alpine Club, says that there is scarcely one of the forty-nine accidents among Alpine climbers since July, 1856, which proper care and caution might not

1856, which proper care and caution might not have prevented.

-A daughter of the Duke of Argyll is going —A daughter of the Duke of Argyll is going to marry Mr. Baillie Hamilton, the inventor of a musical instrument—something between a harmonium and an organ—who calls himself a "mechanical musician." Several of the Duke's sons have gone into business.

—One of the few ladies who ever made the ascent of Mont Blanc, the late Miss META BREVOORT, was the aunt of Rev. W. A. COOLIDGE, editor of the Alpine Journal.

—It is reported that the practice of Dr. Anna

—It is reported that the practice of Dr. Anna Van Daenming, a lady dentist in Vienna, is worth twelve thousand dollars a year.
—Corôr's idea of a portrait, Mr. Hunt used to say, was the reproduction of the impression which an artist would receive of a person who should walk slowly by him several times.

should walk slowly by him several times.

—Dumas fils, Offenbach, Melleac, and Zola have filled the chair and presided at the lively dinners given every month in Paris by the socity of dramatic authors whose works have been

hissed.
—While on her way to Sun Francisco, Nilsson sang freely wherever people assembled. At Reno, Sacramento, and Rocklin she sang to the passengers, and the employes of the road gathered to hear her. Prime donne are not usually so generous; but she realized that the people of

the interior could hear her in no other way.

—For the establishment of a home for men of letters and retired librarians and printers over sixty years old a large plot of land and rentals in Paris, amounting to thirty-four thousand dollars, have been bequeathed by the late WILLIAM GALIGNANI.

GALIGNANI.

—A one-hundred-thousand-dollar "cottage" on a two-hundred-thousand-dollar lot in Newport, Rhode Island, is being built by Miss C. L. WOLFE, of New York. Love in a cottage of this description must be about the right sort of thing.

—Mrs. YUNG WING, who is agreeably remembered in Washington circles as the wife of the action Chinaga Minister a graduate of Yule Col-

acting Chinese Minister, a graduate of Yale College, was a Miss Kellog, of Hartford, Coulege, was

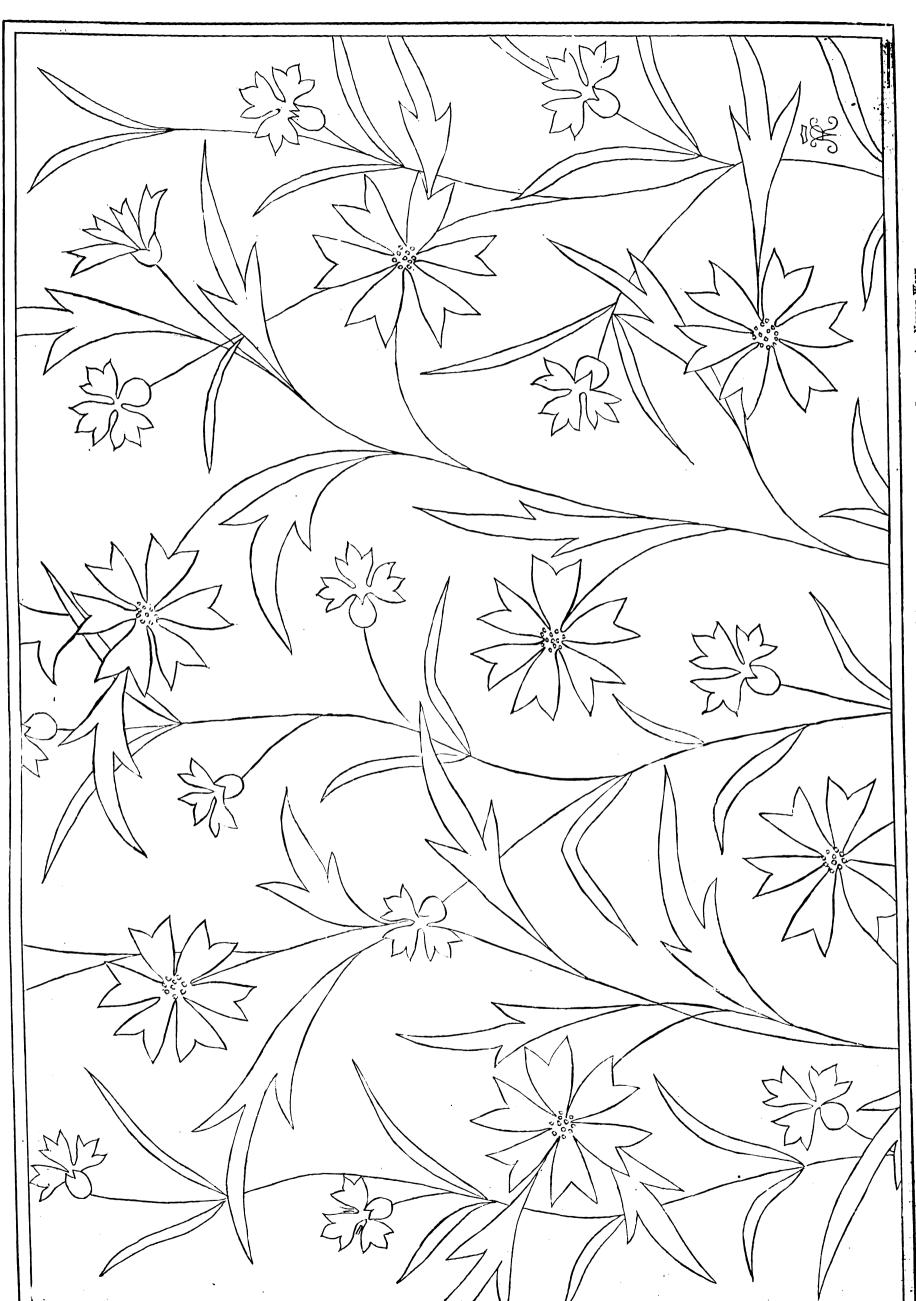
—When the husband of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child once said to her, "I wish for your sake, dear, I was rich as Cræsus," she answered, "You are Cræsus—you are King of Lydia."

—A Chicago lady once sent Mr. Longfellow two hundred of her visiting cards, asking him to put his autograph upon them, as she was to give reception to her friends, and desired to present them with some memento of the event.

—The Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild

has made the splendid Abbey of Cernay into a modern château; the Downger Baroness Di ROTHSCHILD has given the château of Boulogne a magnificence equal to that of her villa at Cannes; at the time of his death the Baron James Edward was erecting the mansion of Chantilly in the shadow of the home of the Condés, which his widow has finished; the Baron Alphonse has a royal château at Ferrières; and the Baroness Adolphe holds her autumn court in the little villa of Prégny, on the Lake of Geneva. They are all well-to-do people.

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CORN-FLOWER DESIGN FOR CHAIR BACK, FIG. 2. PAGE 85.-WORKING PATTERN.-From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.

CONVENTIONAL PERSIAN BORDER.-FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK,

Conventional Persian Border.

This border is worked in almost every shade of delicate coloring, and is very Persian in its effect. The best guides to the colors would be found in old illuminations or books on the subject. Each repeat of the scroll is, however, the same in coloring, so that the effect is harmonious.

Peony Table Cover.

This pretty table cover is worked on snuff-colored serge. The flowers are in pink and white crewels, the leaves in brownish-greens. The border matches the leaves.

Chair-back Covers.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE are the pink carnation and blue corn-flower, worked in silk or crewels on fine white linen. They are also often worked

on brown or green cloth for the seats and backs of occasional chairs or for sofa cushions. The coloring is often conventionalized, when used for chair seats, to suit the foundation color and the room, and the effect is always good. The illustration on page 84 gives a working pattern of the blue corn-flower design, Fig. 2. The flowers are usually worked solid, and the leaves in outline only; but the leaves can be solid if preferred. In that case the stems must be more heavily worked than is indicated in this design. The blue of the flowers is often a rather pale shade, and the leaves olive gray on a green-gray ground. "Cold gravy" is about the color for the leaves.

HUMAN PROPORTION.

THE Greek canons of human proportion may be taken as established into law, the innate taste of the Greeks, their opportunities of studying, and their loving study of the subject combining to invest their conclusions with an authority which has never since been questioned. They divided a perfectly beautiful human figure into ten or eight parts—ten if the face were taken as a divider, eight if the head—the face into three parts, viz., from the root of the hair to the spring of the nose, one; the nose, one; and one from the nose to the bottom of the chin; from the root of the hair to the top of the head gave the fourth part, and constituted what is technically called a head. To the heroic human figure were given eight heads or ten faces, varying wonderfully little in the lengths; in like manner by heads or parts of heads were measured the length and breadth of the upper and lower extremities, and also of the trunk.

Whether or not these measurements were commonly found among the beautiful inhabitants of Asia Minor we do not know; but they are not the average proportions of modern dwellers in the cities of Europe, the head, and especially the face, being

of Europe, the head, and especially the face, being usually disproportionately large. It is not uncommon to find the relative proportions of the limbs fairly corresponding with the Greek measurements, with perhaps rather a tendency to shortness of the lower extremities; but the small head is so far unusual that it is always remarkable and justly considered a great beauty.

Here attention may be called to the fact that bigness and tallness are not the same things, though commonly confounded with each other. A person may be of tall proportions on a small scale, and of short proportions on a large one. A model of Apollo may be two feet high, preserving the heroic or divine proportions, tall as a god, while a model of a dwarf may be ten feet high, having still the stumpy proportions of a dwarf. Now, according to this, fashions that create or increase a disproportionate size of head can not be in good taste; and the habit of piling up enormous masses of hair, mostly or always false, needs no comment. Hair

is beautiful, and Greek poetry is full of allusions to it and its value as a splendid possession; but it never will be found that the size of the head of a Greek statue is much enlarged by it; it is closely confined to the shape of the head, so as not materially to increase the size of it. The relative proportion was felt to be important before all; in the coins hair is more voluminous, but, the head being cut off at the throat, the principle of proportion does not come into play. The Greeks, with their fine taste, reduced art instincts to a science; they never violated by top-heaviness in their sculpture the sense of security which the upright tower of the human form should suggest; and to overweight the upright human figure with an immense quantity of hair massed into a solid lump is to distort that fitness without which there is no harmony or beauty. It will be in better taste, if a large hat or bonnet be worn, to make it of light materials, while one of denser materials should be small. In a picture any amount of hair may be made to fall or fly about

PEONY DESIGN FOR TABLE COVER.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

with charming effect, because its lightness may be delightfully suggested; but, excepting in the case of children, the effect of hair flying about is not good, for the suggestion of untidiness and want of cleanliness, with general unfitness, would counteract pleasure in picturesque effect. So that, as a rule, it may be said that it is in better taste to braid the hair closely to the head, not, of course, so tightly as to destroy the especial quality and beauty of hair; for, notwithstanding the advantage of form and proportion, to plaster the hair down upon the head till it resembles a metal cap can not be in good taste. And here it may be observed that it can not be good sense and good taste to make by art any natural object look like something quite different. Also a great mistake is made when it is supposed that a small stature can be made to look taller by piling up a quantity of hair, real or false, the only result being to put the face in the wrong place. A dwarf a foot high would still appear to be but a foot high, though a

structure ten feet high were placed upon his head. The apparent length of an indi-vidual is up to the eyes; indeed, the height of the shoulders determines the impression more than anything else; this may be proved by putting a pad on the shoulders under the coat. A man 5 feet 8 inches, with a pad a couple of inches thick, will look like one 5 feet 10 inches; for if a man 5 feet 10 inches bends his neck ever so much, he does not look shorter. It can not be wise or in good taste to try by artificial means to give the appearance of height and length of line that nature has denied, the result being only to disturb the proportion; indeed, the piquancy, vivacity, and delicacy that so often accompany smallness of stature are often far more attractive and more than a match for superior length of line. Good taste is shown by making the best of Nature's intentions, not by trying to subvert her intentions. In what particular manner hair should be arranged ought to be governed by personal peculiarities; it can not be in equally good taste for persons differing wholly in appearance to dress their hair exactly in the same manner. The hair parted evenly and equally over the forehead, as it is the most natural, is no doubt the best; fringes are often very pretty, especially in youth, though they cover from sight what is perhaps one of the greatest beauties—namely, the spring and growth of the hair from the forehead and temples-but variety and fancy in all such matters should have plenty of liberty. What, however, is objectionable is parting the hair

on one side, such disturbance of the balance being unnatural, the two sides of all organic structures always corresponding even in what is purely ornamental; and it is a safe rule to make, that what is unnatural is not in good taste; it may be laid down as a rule in dressing the hair, and in all other dressing, that all that is false is in bad taste, and a lady should be as unwilling to wear false hair as she would be to wear false jewels. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, in which good taste would dictate its infringement rather than its observance.

It may be again insisted on that a true understanding and observance of Nature's laws and intentions will alone keep in check wayward extravagance in taste. The remarks made about the arrangement of hair must be taken with this reservation, that when it is a special beauty, the chief or only beauty, it may be allowed by good taste to have an otherwise undue importance. It is so beautiful a thing that a short person rich in possession of it in its loveliness need not sacrifice the display of it in order

loveliness need not sacrifice the display of it in order to appear taller, even though proportion is one of the greatest of beauties and top-heaviness one of the greatest of disturbances. In whatever manner the hair may be dressed, it is desirable always to preserve the shape of the skull somewhere, if only a portion at the top of the head.

Among the distinctions of form which distinguish man from the inferior creatures, none separate him more emphatically and nobly than the manner in which the neck rises like a stem or column from the square shoulders, equally removed from the form and character of bird and quadruped. It can not be good taste to destroy by perverse arrangement of costume so beautiful and grand a distinction. The collar of a man's coat which obliterates in appearance the spring of the throat from the shoulders is therefore in bad taste. Perhaps any reform in masculine costume is not a thing to be at all hoped for; but women should certainly abstain from following so ugly an example.

It is a pity, as the habit has been to leave uncov-

It is a pity, as the habit has been to leave uncovered this beautiful stem on which the head is poised, to invent or fall into a fashion of covering it, especially as there is reason to believe that health is rather a gainer than otherwise by leaving it free. All dress, of whatever form, should be so cut as to leave the arm at the shoulder as free as possible; not only good taste demands this, but ease and comfort also; but in no case can ease and comfort be sacrificed without infringement on good taste.

From the moment the wearing of splendid materials ceased to be habitual—and for this there were many reasons, one probably being growing love of cleanliness, for the magnificence which descended from one generation to another was apt to become a little bit musty—fashion began to lose as a governing principle regard for impressiveness, what might be called its self-esteem. Mediæval costumes were often grotesque enough, but they were seldom without some strange sort of dignity; for the so to speak

solemnity of the materials resented frivolity of cut; but in the slight, comparatively inexpensive materials, lightly replaced or easily washed, the also comparatively filmsy trimmings govern the general impression to be produced; and if there is no understanding of or respect for the essence of the human form, there is nothing to prevent any amount of ignoble strangeness.

Quality of material should govern form. The severe cut, which would have an admirable effect in brocade, rich in texture, color, and weight, would not have an equally good effect in muslin. So the closely fitting cuirass, splendid in maroon velvet or other noble textures and colors, would not look so well in simple, colorless materials; and, if for no other reason, the stiff corset destroying the pliancy so beautiful in the natural form, this fashion of garment is apt to produce the effect of an artist's stuffed lay figure, over which good taste will at least hesitate. The persistent tendency

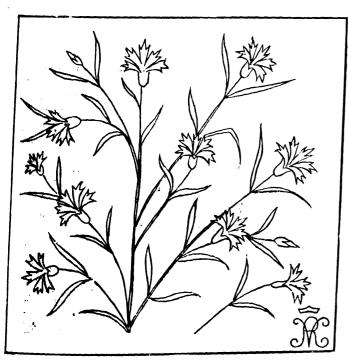


FIG. 1.—PINK CARNATION DESIGN FOR CHAIR BACK.—FROM THE SOUTH KRNSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

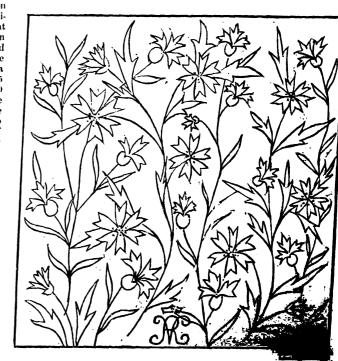


Fig. 2.—BLUE CORN-FLOWER DESIGN FOR CHAIR BACK.—(See Page)
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SOROOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

Digitized by GOGIE

to suggest that the most beautiful half of humanity is furnished with tails can hardly be in good taste, yet amid the constant changes of fashion this strange peculiarity is almost as constantly preserved. Crinoline is not only extravagant in form, but selfish in disregard of the convenience and comfort of others; and selfishness can not be in good taste. A long waist means a short skirt; length of line in skirt will always be more graceful than brevity. This is piquant and effective on occasions, but not beautiful. A long waist also means in appearance short legs, a dis-proportion good taste will not desire to suggest. The divided skirt seems scarcely to be a necessity. or to recommend itself on the score of beauty. Extreme tightness is at all times a very hazardous experiment. Even beautiful arms, when very tightly inclosed, look not a little like sausages: but, within limits that should not be difficult to define, tightness and looseness may fluctuate with agreeable variety; but it is always to be remembered that folds, with their infinite changeableness of shape, and light, and shadow, are more beautiful than anything, excepting that perfection of form which is very rarely found, and of which neither our climate, our habits, nor modern sense of modesty would permit the exhibition.

A QUESTION.

Did you know I came to meet you in the night, Came lone and wearily Where the tall trees in the cold uncertain light Beckoned me eerily? Did you know I stood there, love Where the stars gleamed thick above, And all around and all below Lay the moonlight, white as snow; And a silence deadly still Seemed the very air to fill, Only through the mystic hush of this, our trysting hour,
The love that binds us two, in its plenitude of

Did you, far away, through all those leagues of space,

Watched with me cheerily?

Hear me calling? So very still and noiseless was the place, The sere leaves falling, Falling from the branches bare, Falling through the frost-locked air, Falling to their mouldering bed, Dead things nestling to the dead, Almost seemed to start to sound The hushed world that slept around: All was dumb on earth, and sky, and field, and

Yet my spirit called upon you through the spell Us both enthralling.

Did you hear me, did you answer me, mine own? To outward seeming, This spirit bond we wove for us alone, This union teeming With the vivid fire of youth, With the steadfast soul of truth, With the power to endure While life is love and faith is sure. Is a thing as vague and wild As the fancies of a child. Yet, my darling, in the midnight standing lonely, In the power love has lent and lends us only, I trust our dreaming.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

"Isn't it?" he said, grimly. "Why, it's up near the sky, to begin with. I should say the average would be near three thousand feet above the level of the sea. And as for remotenesswell, perhaps Kingussie is not more than twelve miles off as the crow flies; but then you've got the Monalea mountains between it and you; and the Monalea mountains are not exactly the sort of place that a couple of old ladies would like to climb in search of wild flowers. You see that is the serious part of it for you, Miss Winterbourne. Fancy the change between the temperature of

the Nile and that high moorland—"
"Oh, that is nothing," she said. "So long as I am out-of-doors the heat or the cold is to me

nothing—nothing at all."
"The other change," he continued, "I have no doubt would be striking enough—from the busy population of Egypt to the solitude of Allt-nam-

"What is it? Allt-"

"Allt-nam-Ba. It means the Stream of the Cows, though there are no cows there now. They have some strange names up there-left by the people who have gone away. I suppose people did live there once, though what they lived on I can't imagine. They have left names, anyway, some of them simple enough—the Fair Winding Water, the Dun Water, the Glen of the Horses, the Glen of the Gray Loch, and so forth-but some of them I can't make out at all. One is the Glen of the Tombstone, and I have searched it. and never could find any trace of a tombstone. One is the Cairn of the Wanderers, and they must have wandered a good bit before they got up Then there is a burn that is called the Stream of the Fairies-Uisge nan Sithena-that is simple enough; but there is another place that is called Black Fairies. Now who on earth ever heard of black fairies?"

"But it is not a frightful place?" she said.

"It is not terrible, gloomy?"
"Not a bit," said he. "These are only names.
No one knows how they came there, that is all. Gloomy? I think the strath from the foot of the moor down to our place is one of the prettiest straths in Scotland."

"Then I should see Lynn Towers?" she said.

"Oh yes; it isn't much of a building, you

"And Mr. Melville of Monaglen—that would be

interesting to me."
"Oh yes," said he; "but—but I wouldn't call him Monaglen-do you see-he hasn't got Monaglen; perhaps he may have it back some

day."

"And you," she said, turning her clear eyes toward him, "sometimes they call you Master; is it right?"

He laughed lightly.

"Oh that is a formal title—in Scotland. Col-

onel Graham makes a little joke of it; I suppose that is what you have heard."

I must not call you so?"

"Oh no." And then he said, with a laugh: "You may call me anything you like; what's the odds? you want to please my brother-in-law you should call him Inverstroy."
"But how can I remember?" she said, holding

up her fingers and counting. "Not Monaglen; not Master; but yes, Inverstroy. And Mrs. Bell, shall I see her?"

'Certainly, if you go there."

"And the mill-wheels, and the electric lamps, and all the strange things?"

"Oh yes, if Jack Melville takes a fancy to

you. He doesn't to everybody."
"Oh, I am not anxious," she said, with a little dignity. "I do not care much about such things. It is no matter to me."
"I beg your pardon a thousand times!" he

said, with much earnestness. "Really, I was not thinking of what I was saving. I was thinking of Jack Melville's ways. Of course he'll be delighted to show you everything-he will be perfeetly delighted. He is awfully courteous to strangers. He will be quite delighted to show you the whole of his instruments and apparatus."

"It is very obliging," she said, with something of coldness, "but there is no need that I shall be indebted to Mr. Melville.

' Not of Monaglen," he said, demurely.

"Of Monaglen, or not of Monaglen," she said, with high indifference. "Come, shall we go and find my papa, and tell him about the wild, far place, and the Stream of the Fairies?"

No, wait a moment, Miss Winterbourne," said he, with a touch of embarrassment. "You see, that shooting belongs to my father. And I look after the letting of our shootings and fishings when I am at home, though of course we have an agent. Now-now I don't quite like taking advantage of a new friendship to-to make such a suggestion. I mean I would rather sink Perhaps your father might get some other shooting up there.

"But not with the Glen of the Black Fairies, and the strath, and Lynn Towers near the loch where the char are, and all that you have told me. No if I am not to see Mrs. Bell-if I am not to see-" She was going to say Mr. Melville of Monaglen, but she waved that aside with a gesture of petulance. "No, I wish to see all that you have told me about, and I think it would be pleasant if we were neighbors."
"You really must have neighbors," said he,

eagerly, "in a place like that. That is one thing certain. I am sure we should try to make it as pleasant for you as possible. I am sure my father would. And Polly would be up sometimes -I mean Mrs. Graham. Oh, I assure you, if it was any other shooting than Allt-nam-Ba I should be very anxious that you and your father should come and take it. Of course the lodge is not a grand place."

"We will go and talk about it now," she said,

"to my papa, and you can explain."

Now, as it turned out, although Mr. Winterbourne was rather staggered at first by Yolande's wild project of suddenly changing the idle luxuries of a Nile voyage for the severities of a moorland home in the North, there was something in the notion that attracted him. He began to make inquiries. The solitariness, the remoteness, of the place seemed to strike him. brace of grouse, a few black game, a large number of mountain hares, and six stags was a good return for nine weeks' shooting; and the last tenant had not had experts with him. Could Yolande have a piano or a harmonium sent to her away in that wilderness ?- anything to break the silence of the moors. And Mr. Winterbourne was unlike most people who are contemplating the renting of a moor: the cost of it was the point about which he thought least. But to be wav up there—with Yolande.

'Of course it is just possible that the place may have been let since I left," the Master of Lynn said. "We have not had it vacant for many years back. But that could easily be ascertained at Malta by telegram."

"You think you would like the place, Yo-

lande?" her father said.

"I think so; yes."

"You would not die of cold?"

"Not willingly, papa—I mean I would try not—I am not afraid. You must go somewhere, papa; there is no Parliament there; you are fond of shooting; and there will be many days, not with shooting, for you and me to wander in the mountains. I think that will be nice.'

"Very well. I will take the place, Mr. Leslic, if it is still vacant; and I hope we shall be good neighbors; and if you can send us a deer or two occasionally into the ravines you speak of, we shall be much obliged to you. And now about

dogs, and gillies, and ponies." But this proved to be an endless subject of talk between these two, both then and thereafter; and so Yolande stole away to look after her own affairs. Amongst other things she got hold of the purser, and talked so coaxingly to him that he went and ordered the cook to make two sheets of toffee instead of one, and all of white sugar; so that when Yolande subsequently held her afternoon levee among the children of the steerage passengers she was provided with sweet stuff

enough to make the hearts of the mothers quake with fear.

It was that evening that she had to put the flowers overboard—on the wide and sad and un-certain grave. She did not wish any one to see her, somehow; she could not make it a public ceremony-this compliance with the pathetic, futile wishes of the poor mother. She had most carefully kept the flowers sprinkled with water, and despite of that they had got sadly faded and shrivelled; but she had purchased another bas-ketful at Malta, and these were fresh enough. What mattered? The time was too vague; the vessel's course too uncertain; the trifles of flowers would soon be swallowed up in the solitary But it was the remembrance of the mother she was thinking of.

She chose a moment when every one was down below at dinner, and the deck was quite deserted. She took the two little baskets to the rail; and there, very slowly and reverently, she took out handful after handful of the flowers and dropped them down on the waves, and watched them go floating and floating out and out on the swaving The tears were running down her face; but she had forgotten whether there was any-body by or not. She was thinking of the poor woman in England. Would she know? Could she see? Was she sure that her request would not be forgotten? And indeed she had not gone so far wrong when she had trusted to the look of Yolande's face.

Then, fearing her absence might be noticed, she went quickly to her cabin, bathed her eyes in cold water, and then went below—where she found the little coterie at their end of the table all much exercised about Mr. Winterbourne's proposal to spend the autumn among the wild solitudes of Allt-nam-Ba. He, indeed, declared he had nothing to do with it. It was Yolande's doing. He had never heard of Allt-nam-Ba.

"It is one of the best grouse moors in Scot-

land, I admit that," Colonel Graham said, with an ominous smile; "but it is a pretty stiffish place to work over.'

You talk like that, Jim," said his wife (who seemed anxious that the Winterbournes should preserve their fancy for the place), "because you are getting too stout for hill work. We shall find you on a pony soon. I should like to see you shooting from the back of a pony.

"Better men than I have done that," said Inverstroy, good-humoredly.

They had a concert that night-not a ball as was at first intended; and there was a large as semblage, even the young gentlemen of the smoking-room having forsaken their Nap when they heard that Mrs. Graham was going to sing. And very well she sang, too, with a thoroughly trained voice of very considerable compass. She sang all the new society songs, about wild melancholics and regrets and things of that kind; but her voice was really fine in quality; and one almost believed for the moment that the pathos of these spasmodic things was true. And then her dress -how beautifully it fitted her neat little shoulders and waist! Her curly short hair was surmounted by a coquettish cap; she had a circle of diamonds set in silver round her neck; but there were no rings to mar the symmetry of her plump and pretty white hands. And how assiduous those boy officers were, although deprived of their cigars! They hung round the piano; they turned over the music for her-as well as an eveglass permitted them to see; nay, when she asked, one of them sent for a banjo, and performed a solo on that instrument—performing it very well too. None of the unmarried girls had the ghost of a chance. Poor Yolande, in her plain pale pink gown, was nowhere. All eyes were directed on the pretty little figure at the piano; on the stylish costume; the charming profile, with its outward sweep of black lashes; on the graceful arms and white fingers. For a smile from those clear dark gray eyes there was not one of the tall youths standing there who would not have sworn to abjure sporting newspapers for

the rest of his natural life.

There was only one drawback to the concert, as a concert. To keep the saloon cool the large ports astern had been opened, and the noise of the water rushing away from the screw was apt to drown the music.

"Miss Winterbourne," some one said to Yolande—and she started, for she had been sitting at one of the tables, imagining herself alone, and dreaming about the music—"one can hear far better on deck. Won't you come up and try?"

It was the Master of Lynn.

"Oh yes," said she; "thank you." She went with him on deck, expecting to find her father there. But Mr. Winterbourne had gone to the smoking room. What mattered? All companions are alike on board ship. Young Leslie brought her a chair, and put it close to the skylight of the saloon, and he sat down They could hear pretty well, and they could talk in the intervals. The night was beautifully quiet, and the moonlight whiter than ever on the decks. These Southern nights were soft and fitted for music; they seemed to blend the singing below and the gentle rushing of the sea all around. And Yolande was so friendlyand frank to plain-spokenness. Once or twice she laughed; it was a low, quiet, pretty laugh.

Such were the perils of the deep that lay around them as they sailed along those Southern seas. And at last they were nearing Malta. On the night before they expected to reach the island Mrs. Graham took occasion to have a quiet chat

with her brother. "Look here, Archie, we shall all be going ashore to-morrow, I suppose," said she.

"And I dare say," she added, fixing her clear, pretty, shrewd eyes on him, "that you will be going away to the club with those young fellows,

and we shall see nothing of you.
"We shall be all over the place, I suppose," he

answered. "Most likely I shall lunch at the club, Graham can put me down; he is still a member.

"It would be a good deal more sensible like," said his sister, "if you gave us lunch at a hotel."
"I?" he cried, with a laugh. "I like that! Considering my income and Inverstroy's income, a proposal of that kind strikes one with a sort of

"I didn't mean Jim and me only," said Mrs. Graham, sharply. "Jim can pay for his own luncheon, and mine too. Why don't you ask the Winterbournes ?"

This was a new notion altogether.

"They wouldn't come, would they?" he said, diffidently. "It is not a very long acquaintance. Still, they seem so friendly, and I'd like it awfully, if you think you could get Miss Winterbourne to go with you. Do you think you could, Polly? Don't you see, we ought to pay them a compliment-they've taken Allt-nam-Ba.'

"Miss Winterbourne," said Mrs. Graham, distantly, "is going ashore with me to-morrow. Of course we must have lunch somewhere. If you men like to go to the club, very well. I suppose

we shall manage."

Well, perhaps it was only a natural thing to suggest. The Winterbournes had been kind to him. Moreover, women do not like to be left to walk up and down the Strada Reale by them-The Winterbournes had been kind to selves when they know that their husbands and brothers are enjoying themselves in the Union Club. But it is probable that neither Mrs. Graham nor the young Master of Lynn quite fully recollected that attentions and civilities which are simple and customary on board ship—which are a necessity of the case (people consenting to become intimate and familiar through being constantly thrown together)-may, on land, where one returns to the conventionalities of existence, suddenly assume a very different complexion, and may even appear to have a startling significance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

" PUZZLED."

See illustration on double page.

N this expressive picture the artist draws the N this expressive picture the action of a fine old Irish gentleman farmer, puzzling over the intricacies of the Irish land question, which is engrossing so many minds on both sides St. George's Channel. Perhaps he is beset by the arithmetical difficulties in computing the legal minimum of his long arrears of rent, a portion of which the tenant is still required to pay for himself, in order to get the larger part of them cleared off, under the act of the last secsion, by a grant of public money—a perplexing problem which greatly exercises Irish land-owners, agents, and lawvers. Or he may be engaged in calculations of a humbler kind, touching the cost of his tobacco and whiskey, and the amount of change on hand. The individual portrayed is a good specimen of the respectable agriculturist. His handsome Celtic face denotes health and vigor, and the shrewd expression of his halfclosed eyes shows that he knows how to look out carefully for his own interest in making his calculations.

The artist, Erskine Nicol, was born near Edinburgh in 1825. Apprenticed in youth to a housepainter, he devoted his leisure to the study of drawing, and soon gained sufficient proficiency therein to devote himself to art. He spent several years in Dublin, giving drawing lessons and painting portraits, and gathering material for the clever sketches of Irish life in which he is preeminently successful. Since 1862 he has resided in London. His pictures bring high prices, and many of his works have been engraved. " Paying the Rent" was in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and many of his pictures are owned in America.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAR." UNDER WHICH LORD? "MY LOVE," RTO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

MRS. BARRINGTON was right: they knew very little about the young doctor who had settled among them. Though his manner was perfect, his skill unquestionable, and his year's conduct blameless, yet these were his sole credentials. And British respectability in high places likes to have something more solid in the retrospect before it commits itself to the freemasonry of adoption and equality. Perhaps, had it known all, it would have given the sign and pass-word to Armine; perhaps not. Social Brahminism is a capricious foster-mother, and nourishes one outlying member while it starves another with bewildering injustice.

There was not much chance, however, that it would be called on to exercise judgment in the case of St. Claire. For though he sometimes spoke of his father, more frequently of his mother, and often of the time when he lived in France, he spoke only in general, and always changed the conversation when it drifted too near to details. Hence he gave no one the power of choosing between what had been in the past and what was in the present, nor of deciding whether they would receive him for the sake of the former or exclude him because of the latter. Oakhurst judged of him only by things as they were, and things as they had been did not enter into

* Begun in Habper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

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Yet his story, secret as he kept it, had nothing in it dishonoring to his name if much that was grievous to his feelings. Nevertheless it was scarcely one he cared to tell, and it was only natural that he should hide it with such care as of itself to cause suspicion.

The St. Claires had been rich men in England for the last three generations. The founder of the family in Perfidious Albion, M. le Marquis de Sainte-Claire, a royalist exile of '92, had been for one while poor enough. Ultimately he married an heiress to whom he gave French lessons, whereby he made his own fortune, and gentleman "de vieille roche" as he was, he did not mar hers. His son succeeded to the property; cultivated English sympathies; dropped both the Marquis and the De which his father had retained; called himself plain John Clare, Esq.; was proud of his maternal ancestry; and tried to forget that he had inherited French blood from his father. He was more "John Bull" than many who ethnologically are all Bull, and those stood best with him who complimented him with most unction on his thoroughly English characteristics, and the fine patriotism of his polities.

His son again, Armine's father, went back to the Gallic strain, took up his marquisate; liked nothing so well as to call himself French; and blasphemed the British intermixture in his veins as if it had been so much muddy water poured into wine. He repudiated all connection with that unpatriotic Clare; married a Parisienne pur sang; and went in for the right thing and philo-logical exactness. He was the Marquis de Saintelogical exactness. It was the analysis to Sainte-Claire; and he was fond of saying, with a broad British accent, "nous autres" and "nous Fran-cais." He had no pride in his position as an English land-owner, but coveted that estate at Tours which had been his forefathers' in the days before the assembling of the States-General. When, therefore, the railroad was taken through an outlying portion of his property, he sold the whole thing out of hand, and went off to Tours, as a Mohammedan might have gone to Mecca Here his wife died, and the star of his prosperity

At this time young Armine was about sixteen, as beautiful and as tender as the Apollo Sauroctonos. His mother's death nearly broke his heart, and did slightly disturb his father's brain. The poor widower tried to overcome his sorrow by excitement, and took to gambling on the Bourse according to the prevailing madness of the time. Eager and extreme as he was by nature, he followed the crowd with a swift step and an un-steady head. At first he did well. The demon who watches over gamblers baited his hook with a florid fly, and at one moment the Marquis de Sainte-Claire had doubled, and at another trebled, his original capital. But he played the game too long, and followed the fly too far. He drifted on to the rapids; and then he shot Niagara. One morning he woke to find himself in the boiling surf below, hopelessly ruined. Out of the wreck of his fortune he managed to save just enough to start his son in a profession and provide himself with a decent funeral.

The fancy of the lad, at a time when costly fancies were the legitimate outfalls of his wealth, had gone to science and the microscope. For all his beauty, he had some sterling stuff beneath his clustering curls; and for all his manner, and what would seem to be his natural rôle of carpetknight and lady-killer, he had aspirations and ideals like men of fewer temptations. He was in the phase of humanitarianism and the worship of science when this ruin came upon him. When he realized the fact that he had to till his own field and work his own mine, he turned what had been an intellectual pleasure to practical account, and entered himself as a student of medicine in Paris and afterward in London.

When his last examination was passed and his hand was ready for the plough, the money saved from the wreck had run out, and his father' work was done. One morning the poor ruined Marquis was found lying peacefully asleep in his narrow bed-that sleep which knows no waking. A small bottle of evanide of potassium was lying empty on the floor, and the manner of that sudden death - the reason of the froth hanging about those pale lips - was too patent to be denied.

This, then, was the reason why Armine spoke so seldom of his past, and gave so few particulars of his family. Pecuniary ruin and paternal suicide are not pleasant supporters of a coat of arms; and between sacredness and sorrow he felt that reticence was better than confidence. He had nothing to hide if need be that he should confess; but also he had much that he did not wish to disclose voluntarily and unnecessarily. Hence he held his peace, and kept his family history like a book closely sealed from prying eyes, and the world speculated on the secret writing

It was not long after his father's death that St. laire, who had come over to England, heard of this modest practice at Oakhurst, which had become vacant by the death of Dr. Brown. He went down, paid a small sum for fixtures, goodwill, and lease, took up his quarters in the deceased doctor's house, added his own door-plate, repapered the surgery, laid in a stock of new in-struments, and stepped into the lapsed practice like so much inherited plate and linen. Miss Maria Crosby, the paupers, the "second set," and the servants at the grand houses, all fell into his hands, and there was no one to oppose him. The only word said in his disfavor was that he was too young and too handsome for his work and the requirements of the place. As time went on, these two objections fell by familiarity into the background, and then the pegs of dissatisfaction were to be found in these questions: Where does he come from? What is his family and what are his antecedents?

Why does he never tell us anything about him-self? Why has he no visible friends or relations

in England? Why is he so sad and reserved? And how does he, a mere country doctor as he is, without private fortune, manage to be so like a young prince in disguise, and to have all those accomplishments which only rich men can give their sons?

His history, had it been known, would have answered all these questions. The luxurious edu cation of his well-found youth had made him the accomplished gentleman he was. His mother's untimely death, his loss of fortune, and his father's tragic end had thrown that air of melancholy about him which so strangely moved the world of women, besides making him discreet and reserved as to all the rest. He could not speak of his past, partly because he would not run the risk of looking like a snob by boasting of his former vanished grandeur; partly because he did not choose to set the social sleuth-hounds on his trail. But neither would he be drawn into close friendships with people on a par with his present but below the line of his former place. If he might not dwell on his own inherited level, he would not build below it. Hence, among othdisagreeables, he was the veritable flying-fish of the community-not accepted as an equal by his natural peers, and not choosing to make himself the comrade of his present equals. an unpleasant position; but he could not improve it. But though he was not a strong man, he was both reasonable and sweet-tempered. And these make a moral amalgam as serviceable in its own way as that more fibrous quality known as force of character.

Grace at the Dower House continued seriously ill. Double pneumonia is not a trifling ailment anywhere, but when it comes during the harsh spring winds of England, the risk to life is naturally increased, and the necessity of constant medical attendance more and more urgent. It was in the received order of things, then, that young Dr. St. Claire should go every day, and in the beginning twice a day, to the Dower House, and that when he went he should see Mrs. Barrington in the drawing-room to make a more accurate report than even the trained nurse could This was his duty, as also her desire; and had it been even against his own wishes he would have been bound to fulfill the one and gratify the other. As things were, it was not against his wishes; and in this matter at least his duty ran parallel with his pleasure. He was thus thrown much with Monica in

these later times; and if Mrs. Barrington never forgot that this well-bred, pleasing, handsome young man was only the country doctor, her daughter sometimes did, and Armine himself always. He had established a community of pur-suits and tastes between Monica and himself which had both its charm and danger. He not only lent her designs for her wood-carving—often made by himself—and gave her a few extra "dodges," as he called his deft manipulation of tools, but he also brought up his favorite books -for the most part poems with passages vigorously underscored, and cognate passages in other poets jotted down in the margin like Variorum readings. As he always acted openly and straightforwardly, and offered his loans, while he discuss ed their merits, in Mrs. Barrington's presence, that gentle woman, whose creed of caste was so diametrically opposed to her daily practice and Christian philosophy, never found the time nor occasion when to interfere or deny. It would have been too ill-bred to have refused these little attentions, which, after all, she thought, meant nothing so much as the young man's own intellectual relief. It must be very dull for him at Oakhurst, as she said more than once to Monica. Among his own class who could possibly be a congenial companion for him, so highly educated as he was, and with as much native refinement as to make him almost like a real gentleman! It must therefore be pleasant to him to talk on he subjects which interested him to people like themselves, who could understand him; and it was only right to help young men to keep them selves select and out of low company. showed a very nice taste in him; and as it committed themselves to nothing doubtful, she was not sorry to lend that helping hand to masculine virtue which good women think they give to young men when, at five o'clock, they hand them ups of tepid tea and nice little slices of thin brown-bread and butter.

"It gives him something to look forward to, poor young man," dear Mrs. Barrington used to say, with gentle benevolence, making a kind of self-excuse for a practical democracy not naturally in her line.

'Yes," said Monica.

"And keeps him out of low company," said Mrs. Barrington.

Yes," answered Monica again. "So many country doctors take to drinking habits, it is only right to do what one can to

save this poor young man from such a fate." ' said Monica again, this time with s certain hesitation and a sudden feeling of revul-

In her heart she thought it not very likely that Armine St. Claire would fall into drinking habits or take to low company with or without their five-o'clock cups of tea. But she did not say so. She had an idea that it was the best policy not to make herself too decidedly the young man's champion.

"What books did he bring you this morning,

my dear?" Mrs. Barrington went on to ask.

Monica laid her long white hand on two books beside her.

"One of Matthew Arnold's and one of De Musset's," she replied.

"And you lent him-" "Adelaide Procter and Jean Ingelow."

"These are sweet and harmless, being written by women," said Mrs. Barrington. "I am not so sure of his choice. French literature is always doubtful—and who was this De Musset?"

"I have not read him yet." answered Monica. But I believe he is beautiful

"He may be dangerous all the same, my dear," said the mother, anxiously. "And I have forgotten all my French, so that I can not read and judge for myself. You must be careful, Monica."
"Yes, mother, I will."

"And if you come upon anything doubtful, you must put away the book at once."
"Yes, mother. But I do not think Dr. St.

Claire would lend me anything in the least degree doubtful," she added, very gently.
"He knows too much of French literature, my

dear, for my taste," said Mrs. Barrington, with an air of conviction. "We all know how hopelessly corrupt it is."

Her daughter said no more. She always knew when to give in, so that a discussion should not broaden into an argument; for Mrs. Barrington, like most women, disliked to be pushed into dialectical corners, and nothing disturbed her more than to be forced to trace her assertions to their foundations in fact. This was not because she was arrogant, but because she was timid, and, it must be confessed, intellectually indolent; and it annoyed her to be made to clear out her own ob-

Meanwhile the illness of poor Grace went through its appointed stages, and the intercourse between young doctor and the ladies of the Dower House grew insensibly closer and more intimate. as mental and personal harmonies overpowered conventional discords. One by one all Mrs. Barrington's faint suspicions were set to rest. She even tolerated French authors of whom she knew nothing save their nationality, and found pleasure in those sweet and simple little "romances" whereof she knew neither the meaning nor the effect. To please her the young man learned one or two of Claribel's most touching songs; and it became almost as regular a thing as the cup of afternoon tea to ask Dr. St. Claire to go the piano and sing "one of his sweet little

This was only when the mother and daughter were alone. When Theodosia was there the talk on literature was restricted, the practice of music was nil, and all things became stiffer, more reserved, and less genial. Theodosia kept the ball rolling on her own account and in her own y, and would have been horribly disappointed had things been on the æsthetic footing which was the rule when she was absent. She always made Mrs. Barrington cross, Monica uneasy, and Armine somewhat embarrassed when she came: but perhaps this restraint was better for them all than too much of that sweet seductive intercourse which had even invaded Mrs. Barrington's sense of fitness, and had given such dangerous reality to Monica's dreams.

One day Armine found Miss Barrington alone. Her mother was engaged for the moment in the library, where she transacted all her business. One of Anthony's tenants had come to ask her to intercede for him about the renewal of his lease on the old terms; and as his story was pitiable, and Anthony had been manifestly harsh and unjust, the dear woman felt bound to listen to the end, if with no certainty of ultimate good, vet with the feeling of giving present consolation And even an hour snatched from pain counted for something in her estimate of things. Dr. St. Claire and Monica were left for about a quarter of an hour alone—the first time such a chance had befallen them.

The conversation somehow turned on the modern outbreak of individualism and public ambition in women; and Armine, though against all excess, as was to be expected from a man of his type, was so far a child of the generation as to the champion of a certain amount of free-will and independence in women, especially in those things which were in themselves beautiful. Monica, on the contrary, represented the seclusion of home and the wholly domestic duties of past

"A certain amount?" she said, with a smile. "But does it not all depend on what is that certain amount? What one person thinks allowable, a second says is not enough, and a third too much. So where are we to fix the line:

"Where would you place it?" he asked, look ing into her eyes.

"I? oh, I am not of the modern school at all," she answered, her color deepening. "My mother's will is my rule of right, and my home the dearest and happiest place in the world.'

"Still, if not for yourself, you might make limits for others," he said. "All young ladies are not so fortunate as you either in circumstance or disposition. What would you do with one who had a very pronounced artistic or intellectual gift—Rosa Bonheur, say, Mrs. Siddons, Grisi, Mrs. Somerville ?-would you have had all these quench the light that was in them for the sake of leading purely domestic lives?"

'No. not these." said Monica, to whom, as to others, the success of a thing already done creates its own principle, but gives no precedent for the unknown.

"Then if not these, why any?" he asked, smil-

ing.
"But these were such glorious women!" she answered, naïvely

"They proved their gloriousness only by trial," he argued. "We are all potentialities of unknown value till we are tested. While in the egg an ea-gle is indistinguishable from a vulture or a barndoor fowl, and incubation, which is proof, alone shows the difference. The analogy holds good for mental powers. If we are not allowed endeavor, there can be no success, and the divine fire within us dies down for want of air to feed it and space wherein to burn."

"But true genius always makes its way. It is

irrepressible," said Monica.
"You mean that when it does it does," he answered. "And what about the mute, inglorious

Digitized by

Miltons who never get a chance to show what is in them ?-the buried seeds which are not helped to come to the light, and have not power of themselves to lift up the paving-stone? Had these vomen we have spoken of been forcibly kept from following the bent of their genius, they would not have been the shining lights they were But how many would not have been as great if they could but have had the means of showing themselves? And surely in the rising generation of girls there are some as gifted as those who have gone before, and who want only leave to develop, only the liberty to rise to their full height. As I said, disallow endeavor, and success is impossible."

"Still it is better for girls to be dutiful to their parents, and content to remain at home, than to just like so many boys, restless and dissatisfied till they can go out into the world and fling off all the duties of family life for ambition and excitement," said Monica, woman-like escaping from the logical consequences of an argument by doubling back on the main principle.

doubling back on the main principle.

"Certainly. All the same, genius should have its possibilities of expression," said Armine.

"And beautiful as the home life is—and no one values it more than I," he said, with strange em--"there are times when most young people feel that it is both restricted and arid. yourself, Miss Barrington, are there never days when you dream of a wider horizon—a more purely ideal existence?"

He drew his bow at a venture, and the shaft struck home. He was startled, and more than startled, by the expression which came into Monica's usually still and dreamy face. Her large soft eyes blazed with sudden fire: her cheeks grew pale with living passion; her lips half parted; her head was thrown back; her whole air and attitude rapt, yearning, full of unspoken aspiration and unsatisfied desire, told the hidden story of her mind, the secret of her life.
"Oh," she said, in a low, moved voice, clasping

her hands together, "if only I could!"

For a moment she hid her face behind those hands still clasped together, the fingers tightly interlaced and the palms turned outward, and the silence which follows an astounding revelation fell between them. When she lowered her hands and looked up the fire had died down, the passion had burned itself out, and only the soft, sad, dreamy quiescence of her usual self re-

"Obedience to parents is the best of all things," she said, gently; and her voice sounded like a sigh.

St. Claire was looking at her earnestly; so earnestly that she could not meet his eyes.
"You hold this obedience high?" he said,

speaking slowly.
"Yes, I do," she answered.

"Above all other things?"
"Yes," she said again. "Obedience at least to a mother from a daughter."

"To the extinction of genius, by which an art would be perfected and humanity improved? "I can not even imagine the circumstances

where it would not be the first and highest duty where it would not be better to make one's mother happy than to earn distinction for one's self and to please a multitude," she answered.

"You advocate, then, the sacrifice of every form of personal desire to this same principle?" he added, not looking at her, but carefully examining the edge of one of her wood-work tools. 'Yes," she answered.

"You would fling your lover overboard at the desire of your parents? You would never be Juliet? Yet how much poorer both the world and life would be without that love, stronger than death, which broke through all barriers and defied even a parent's will!"

As he spoke his voice trembled in spite of himself. He had wished to appear calm and disinterested, not taking advantage of that sudden revelation of hidden life, and putting a hypothetical case quite impartially. But that tell-tale voice betraved him more than he desired. A deep blush came into Monica's face and staid

there, burning like fire on her cheeks. She recovered herself, and answered with studied indiffer-"All this is a question with which I have no-

thing to do-never could have anything to do. If my mother wished me to marry, I would, and I would not if she did not wish it."
"You would yield yourself in implicit obe-

dience, without will or choice of your own? "Yes, without will or choice of my own," she

"You would marry where you did not love? refuse where you did?"
"It should be entirely as my mother wished,"

was her reply. He turned away. His heart was full of pain,

and his face expressed his trouble. He did not know if she had or had not understood him, nor whether she had answered simply, according to the faith that was in her, or with purpose, to warn him betimes. Either way she had been explicit, and she had spoken as if she had meant what she said—as if it were a vital and active principle of her life, and not one merely adopted for show and the occasion. Before all things, then, she was a Daughter; and neither her individuality nor her love, neither intellect nor passion, counted in comparison with her devotion to her mother. It was a lesson which she had set him to learn-hard, distasteful, desolating; but he must take it to heart, and abide by its teaching.

All this passed through his mind like succes-

sive waves of pain, while she, with her face still deeply flushed, but strangely fixed and rigid, sat carelessly turning over the leaves of a book-but seeing nothing of the pages which she was making such heroic endeavors to appear to read—that she might accentuate still more pointedly her per-. sonal unconcern in the conversation on hand.

> [TO BE CONTINUED.] **JOOgle**



"PUZZLED."-FROM THE PICTURE BY ERSKINE NICOL, A. R. A.-[See Page 86.]

BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Monry," "Victor and Vanquished," "Dorothy's Venture," etc.

and seemed to be studying it in quite a leisurely manner, when suddenly she closed it, and rose, looking at me with feverish eagerness. decided not to leave her. So when Mary said that it almost broke her heart to let me go, I instantly ecided not to leave her. She had borrowed a railway guide from "Ga-arge," Barbara, there is a fast train from Waterloo at 2.20. Will you come? with feverish eagerness.

"Oh yes!" I said, but only mechanically, for in her silence I had fallen

into the mental composition of a letter to mother—it being a habit of mine to concoct in my head first the few letters I write.

We took a hansom back to Morley's, packed our bags, and then, while Mary was settling the bill, I wrote and sent three telegrams: one to mother from myself; one from Mary to her maid directing her to bring luggage for us both, and take the train from Weymouth to Westercombe, going to the hotel which our waiter told us was the hotel of Westercombe, and there awaiting us; and one to the hotel to secure rooms, but not to order a private sitting-room, as Mary said she hoped we should go on to-morrow to Rocklands. We drove fast to Waterloo, without stopping for lunch, but taking

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

with us who would secure seats, and could summon us at the last minute be-fore the train left; for only on that condition would Mary run the risk of

was no expectation on my part her mother was languidly engrossed in observation of Mary, I had occupation near me took occasion to slip off the seat about once I took a book and apparently buried myself in it, to show be a cloak for silence, and that it would rest her to be silen There seemed very little vacant space left in the train as we made our way nan stood on guard at our carriage door, but our compartment

A black-hooded Sister sat in a reverie in the corner opposite of conversation on hers. occupied the corner opposite M for I knew that to I had taken care to pro-

enough in picking her up.

The train sped through the summer landscape, and presently—the sun shining hotly in upon her—Mary drew her curtain and closed her eyes. I saw the fashionable lady opposite her grow more interested now she could stare unhindered; but in spite of the long lashes lying so still on the white cheeks, I knew Mary never slept, and

"What were her musings, Barbara? What dreams could make a face so patient? Was she back in a world that had once enthralled her, or very, very far away from it?"
"I think she was warm" said I placidly. "Her costume is very heavy."

We found our companions still in the carriage, and had therefore the same occupations all the way to Exeter, where they left us. During the ten minutes we staid at Queen Street station we had tea, knowing we should not reach Westercombe until after nine; then we went on, still to all appearance.

I remembered having heard much of the beauty of Westercombe from Denis, and told Mary so, when we left the train, and saw that quite a cluster of tourists had alighted with us on the platform of this terminus; but Mary only answered listlessly that she had always heard it was a very favorite seaside resort. omnibus took us down to the large hotel on its wide plateau height of the season, while it only went twice a week earlier

now our busy day is at an end; and though we retired early, and I

"I think she was warm," said I, placidly. "Her costume is very heavy for this weather."

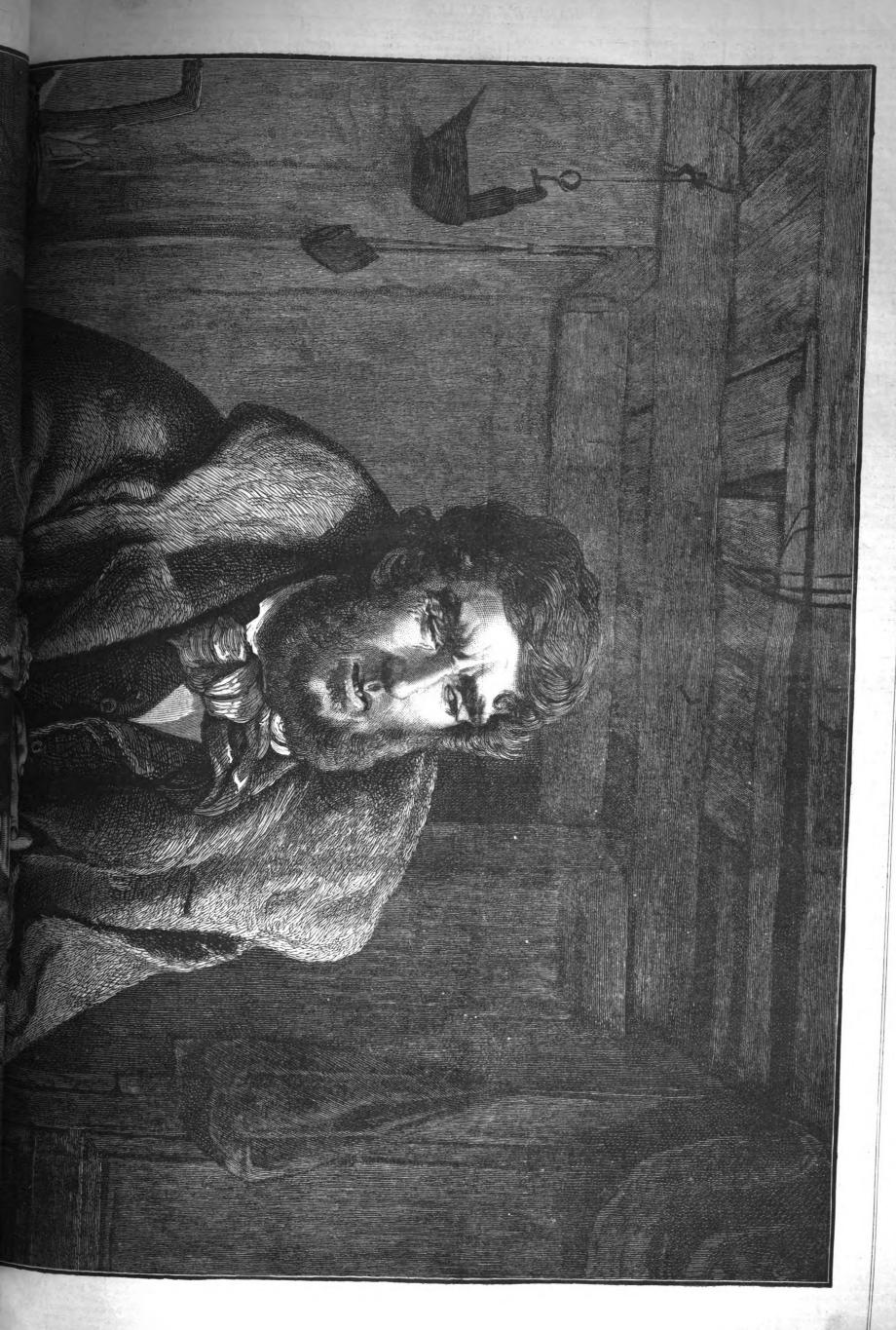
among the cliffs, and there we supped together in a window of a coffee-room, thinking more of the sweet dim view of sea and rocks, which we begged not undertook the commission, telling us the coach would call here in on us shut out, than of the scene within. From the toreign wanter who are on us Mary learned that a coach left Westercombe for Rocklands

was too wakeful not to be positively glad to have my diary to resort to, will sleep now, that I may be fully rested against to-morrow.

nity to replace to her seat. which I must own or sketch-book, ing a challenge watching the start from breakfast tables

Our waiter seemed to consider that his success in having got us the seats he advised gave him a special right over Mary, and he came out of his dignity to replace the ladder (quite unnecessarily) before he allowed her to alfind to her seat. Many of the tourists and holiday-makers, who had filled the breakfast tables in the coffee-room, had dispersed now, with rod and line, or sketch-book, or knapsack; but the coach was filled too, and some stood watching the start from the wide gravel-sweep before the hotel—a start which I must own the vehicle accomplished with great éclat, its horn blowing a challenge to any other coach to show such a goodly eargo, or a team more ardenly resolved on doing its duty that day.

Certainly the dust swept over us—as well as round and round us—rather often, settling in every cranny, and only dumbly laughing, I suspect, to see us bend our heads and think we could thus elude its writhing embrace, and certainly by noon the sun beat fiercely down upon us; but yet it was a glad, delightful drive. Now and then, with a very Babel of tongues behind us, we rolled along the level road with its grass borders and fringe of waving beech, through which the summer sky was outlined by the heights of Exmoor, while our driver pointed vaguely with his whip, telling us all that that low wall encircled the great moor, breaking off to call to the brisk little lad who acted as our guard that Lorna had a stone in her shoe. Then a halt while the boy took the stone from Lorna, who stood as quietly as if she had not known she could have trodden the child to death in half a minute, sharp as he was, Then a dash down-hill between high hedge-rows, all their primness melted through which often, settling rolled along the us bend our heads



into beauty by the wanton, sweet embrace of loveliest wild blossoms. Then smoothly stealing up the Devon hills, the four brown horses pulling against each other generously, and the boy b hind blowing lusty unmelodious blasts upon his horn, as if beyond this hill a city lay expecting us, and listening for this token. On under the bordering tassels of the woods, and out into the glare again; then down into as sweet a valley as even this sweet land can know; while now and then, upon our left, we caught a glimpse of the shimmering sea: but too far off for its great voice

to break the gentler sounds. Alarming shouts from our driver to a cumber some sheep lying helplessly upon its back in the pasture, and—they being unavailing—the dropping, without any slackening of the horses' speed, of our lively little guard, who climbs the hedge, races across the meadow, sets the sheep upon his legs, and joins us, with honor, later on: while Lorna and her brothers slake their thirst at last, and while a crowd of children surround the coach, holding baskets of flowers above their heads dumbly persistent until all of us who will have taken a little bunch of cottage flowers and dropped a penny in exchange. On again, the horn blown shrilly, until we stop before a tiny cottage down a steep incline of vegetable garden, and our genial coachman lifts his cheery voice for the benefit of its inhabitants:

"Come, Mary, have you got your mother's dinner ready? Here she is!"

Hastily a smiling gray-haired woman comes from the doorway, and runs up the garden path, wiping her hands upon her apron, an embodiment of the heartiest welcome I ever saw. Not one of us, clustered on the sunny roof of the coach, had ever supposed any human being was entombed in the solid body of the vehicle below us, until this merry woman opens the coach door and rescues a very old woman, kisses her warm ly on the steps, laughs her thanks and farewell, not only to the coachman but to us all, and leads her mother in-doors, her cheery voice following us upon our way.

Again and again, as we seemed to be nearing our destination, Mary led the coachman to speak of the neighborhood; but always her courage seemed to fail before she could ask any special question, until, after a marvellous blare, like a final explosion of the horn, we rolled majestically, and as it were with all our colors flying, up an abrupt ascent, and with ineffable grace and elegance were wheeled round, and stood, observed of all observers, before the great hotel upon the height at Rocklands. I looked to see the steps arranged for our descent, but they not only remained propped against the wall, but the hostler rested against them, contemplating us as he might a picture. Presently the reason of this was made clear to me, for we were requested to sit still for a few moments while the coach was being photographed. I sat still, thinking what a pity Mary's was not the outside figure, and amused a little by the ease with which our driver fell into an evidently accustomed attitude, the whip resting on his knee, and an affectionate glance fixed upon the leaders' heads, while the nimble little guard stood comically upright, a pillar of strength, with the horn fixed mutely to his lips.

It was when this operation was to all appear ance satisfactorily concluded that Mary-evidently intending to linger until the other passengers had descended-summoned courage at last to question the coachman as she wished, only myself, of course, being able to detect the tremulous hesitancy in her voice.

"Do you know Rocklands well?"

Very well, he told her. All Westercombe peo-ple knew Rocklands. It was beautiful up the river, though all the passengers would be sure to stay about the cliffs and sands. The river road was the prettiest walk or drive about.

"Thank you; we will go," said Mary, gently acquiescent in his natural interpretation of her question. "It is a village, then? I thought I had heard of Rocklands as a house only, belonging to-to a Mr. Discombe, I think."

Oh, she meant the Manor, of course, then? That was nearly a couple of miles beyond the village, higher up the river. Yes, that was a pretty place too—quite worth seeing.
"Thank you," said Mary again. "Who owns

Young Mr. Discombe, she was told, a little less deliberately now that the coach was fast discharging its freight. He was a lad at Eton, and the place was to be let if any one could be got to take it.

"Was it then- Had it a bad name?"

There were some, he said, who could not forget there had been a murder done there; but he thought it great folly, for it was not at the house

"No," put in Mary, breathlessly; and I involuntarily took her hand in mind as we rose; "it was in a summer-house; a little tower called the

She was right, the man said giving it as his opinion that people were foolish who shunned the house itself because of that: and that we might go and see the place if we liked walking, and be back to the hotel for lunch; then take the cliff walk and see all Rocklands before he was ready

to leave at six. "We may not be going back," I put in, as Mary turned silently to me; and then we descended, and went straight away from the hotel entrance, walking in silence for a good while, until I felt that I must break it, if only just to say what a pleasant drive we had had.

"And yet," said Mary, absently, "two ridiculous lines were all the time running in my head-

Behind the postilion Sits care on a pillion.

Was not it absurd when we were such a merry party? How beautiful it is here, Barbara, and how—restful! That cow lying on the shady hill-

side, and placidly chewing the cud, is a perfect

"And the same spirit of rest," said I—I'm afraid, only making talk—" seems to animate everything."

"Or rather not animate," said Mary, smiling. "The very silence is music; and don't you often feel that the country air upon your lips is Heav-eu's pure benediction?"

"You may imagine I have not much chance, said I, looking from her uplifted face far off to where the meadows gently rose to meet the sky. "The only bit of country easily obtainable at home is a hundred yards of the Duke's prim avenue at Chiswick."

"But you have country within reach, Barry, surely, and woods? Can you have lived always away from the woods? They were my bless-Oh, how I have wandered among them in the beautiful, thoughtful autumn weather, and found there-" A sudden silence fell upon her then, and her gaze went away from me, and grew absorbed, for I think she somehow knew that we were nearing the house she sought.

We had reached the river now, and down upon our left, between the steep and rugged banks, it rushed and sang and tossed along its stony bed; smoothly, yet in a wild excitement too; noisily, yet with softest sound to us; while on our right the summer woods bent over, sheltering our way and giving us, in softest whispers, hints of the wonderful secrets that they held within their

Presently the woods narrowed to a belt of trees, and we came upon a straight wide avenue, an old Tudor manor-house standing at its further end, with windows closed and shuttered jealously.

"This is the Manor," said Mary, standing back a little from the bolted gate, as if she would not touch even that, and looking from the closed mansion to the lodge beside us, with its doors and windows also locked. "I-recognize it. is, or was, a lovely place to live in, and it has never had other lords than the Discombes. I—have read of it"—answering my involuntarily questioning glance. "And that is the Belvidere, that square tower against the sky on the other side of the river. I know that too. It is on the highest point of the heath, isn't it? It must—must look

sheer down upon the river on one side."
"Oh yes," said I, ambiguously; for her words were as hurried as her step, while she led me on from the padlocked gates. "We can reach it from the padlocked gates. from here if we cross that little wooden bridge. There is no hedge or wall, and we can climb straight up with only a little difficulty.

"But there is a regular path," said Mary. "It will be further on, and a bridge and house near I shall recognize that too. I have read it all, you know; and the woman's name-I remember. But still, we can go this way, Barry, as you discover-

I followed her down the steep bank, wondering over her free, fearless step, and crossed what I had called a bridge, which was but a long narrow plank laid across the stream. Then we climbed —I all out of breath from the unaccustomed exercise, but Mary breathing unhurriedly, as if the hills had been her birth-place-to the tower standing on the bald crown of the height, which on three sides sloped downward smoothly to the meadows and the woods, but on the fourth fell roughly and jaggedly to the river's brim. Even to me there was a weird and eerie loneliness about the spot which even the view, so wide and beautiful, could not dispel, but to Mary I could see that there was far more than that. She tried the door eagerly, then the one small window level with it, but both were fast. Then she stepped back and examined the windows above. There were three, all as firmly closed as the one below, the paint blistered, and cobwebs lurking in the corners. Outside the one overlooking the river there was a feeble wooden balcony, which might once have been a rustic adornment, but now added to the desolate look of the place, for its rail had been roughly broken, and left unrepaired.

"What a forsaken spot!" said I, involuntarily "If I owned it I should open it and let the sun

"No, you would not," said Mary, gently. "Barbara"-she called me suddenly, as she stood against the door, her hands clasped, her head bent back, listening-"there are steps within,

and voices. What can it be?"

"The wind," said I, laying my prosiness like a quieting touch upon her nervous excitement. "In such confinement, and on such a height, his voice makes all sorts of deceptive sounds. Listen to that faint, unearthly moaning! Come away,

"But we must go in," said Mary, with an anx-us glance at me. "Shall you be afraid?" I ious glauce at me. "Shall you be afraid?" I might have smiled, of course, but could not with those lovely, serious eyes upon me.

"Oh, to go in is different," I said, remember-"There will be ing I only wished to cheer her. no ghostly sounds within. We shall open the doors to the wind, and he will laugh instead of wail. But how are we to compass this entrance, Mary?

"That one before us will be the orthodox road," she said, in a new tone, as if she shook off some oppressive thought. "That will lead us to the bridge and to the house."

We found it readily, a pleasant-looking little white house with green shutters, which the sweet Devon roses climbing about them made quite useless. After only a moment's hesitation we went through the green gate, along a gravelled walk bordered so lavishly with snowy pinks that their perfume filled the air, and knocked upon the nar-row green door. Before our knock was answera tall dark woman came round from the side of the house, and told us she had seen us coming, but had been busy with her bees-putting them new caps, I think she said-and hadn't liked to leave them, for she'd had but poor speed with 'em so far.

"Is this the Lady-house?" asked Mary, in her pretty, gentle way; "and are you Miss Angerona Brock? I thought so," as Miss Brock nodded I thought so," as Miss Brock nodded od expectant. "Then have you not the key of the Belvidere, and could we not enter it?"
"Well, I have the key," allowed Miss Brock, reflectively, with shrewd small eyes fixed on Mary's

lovely face, "and I would take—a lodger of my own, say; but 'tis not public."

n, say; but the not public.
Oh no," said Mary, very humble in her anxiebut alert as ever; "and perhaps we have no
ht to ask, but I had read of it. We are seekty, but alert as ever; "and perhal right to ask, but I had read of it. ing lodgings, Miss Brock; could you not take us in?"

"I must, if 'tis lodgings you do want," asserted

Miss Brock, with a vain effort to be unconcerned. "Mine is the only genteel house about here. Rocklands is sure to be full this time of year, an' 'tis purtier too up the river here, so most do think. My one parlor's let, but the other do happen to be void, though 'tis not usual, for we've tourers here so continual, an' gentlemen after trout. Yes, I've the key of the Belvidere," she added presently, going more cheerfully back to the subject after we had been shown into the "void" parlor, and had had a discussion on terms, which pleased her, though Mary made it very brief, "and I may lend it to my lodgers, but 'tis so rusty now that I must get something done to it before 'twill open any door. That 'll take up a day. Dear me! I was never asked before-no, I b'lieve-to show the inside of the Belvidere since the p'lice shut it up. It has a had name, you see, an' folks do have a horror of it, an' scarce ever go even near."

"Will you tell us why?" asked Mary. "Do

you know the story?"
"Who better?" inquired Miss Angerona. "This is the direct way to the Belvidere, an' I kept the key then. There isn't any one knows it as weil as I do, sure-ly, an' I'll tell it, if you do want to hear it."

And she did, but as it is impossible for me to give it in her Cornish way, I will merely write the little outlined story as it rests to-night in my memory. Miss Brock's father, a Cornish boatman, had once saved the life of the lady the late Mr Discombe had married for his second wife, and out of gratitude she had, after his death, sent for Angerona here, furnished for her this house which she had persuaded Mr. Discombe to settle upon her for life, and so enabled her to

make a comfortable living.

"I always kept one key of the Belvidere," she said, "because Mrs. Discombe was forgetful, and as she had to pass the Lady-house to reach the Belvidere, she could be sure of it from here; and I went on keeping the key after she died. That was when Mr. Evlyn, the heir, was seventeen, and her own son, Mr. Ernest, seven years old; he's the Squire now, and owns all the property, though he's at Eton, and wants to let the place. The Squire changed a good deal after that; p'r'aps it was, and p'r'aps it wasn't, because Mr. George Haslam was here so much. He was a younger brother of the Squire's lady, and as his nephew Mr. Ernest, was but a tool in his hands, he got the whole rule at the Manor gradually, in a slow, mean way, for the Squire wasn't himself, and we suppose it was then he made his new will, and left Mr. Ernest the place. At last one day-it must be just six years ago-there was a serious quarrel, and I s'pose the Squire took Mr. Haslam's side; that shows how changed he was, for he used to be bound up in Mr. Evlyn; but he did, and Mr. Evlyn went away. He had his own mother's money, and though it wasn't anything like what he'd a right to expect, it was enough for him to live on, and he dropped all names but his mother's, so I b'lieve, and we knew nothing of him for three years. Then Squire fell ill, and twas said he sent and sent for his son, and that Mr. Haslam stopped the messages, and though we shall never know the truth of it, everybody up at the Manor said it was true, especially when Mr. Evlyn came so quickly and lovingly at last, because Parson himself had traced and summoned him. But for all his eagerness then, he came too late." Here Mise Beach hard a loud aside, whether my friend was faint; but I said feebly that the perfume of the pinks was rather oppressive through the open window; and while I closed it, and Mary leaned her head against it. I touched her cheek a moment with my lips. "Yes, he came too late, unfortunately," resumed Miss Brock. "The Squire had had a terrible stroke, and was speechless and unconscious—as dead as any living man could be. There was no quarrel then between his son and Mr. Haslam; it was too sad a time to Mr. Evlyn for him to mind that man. Yet every one could tell afterward-and many of them were made to, in the court-how Mr. Evlyn treated him as if he was invisible to the eye or ear; never spoke to him or of him: never moved aside for him if they n once even throwing him coolly down and walking over him, yet never even then seeming to see or hear him. That was in the spring of '78, and Squire lingered days and weeks, scarce alive at all, and Mr. Haslam staid at the Manor, as well as Mr. Evlyn. Mr. Evlyn had always been fond of the Belvidere, and, indeed, even in his step-mother's time it had been considered really as his room, and his things were in it; but he didn't go there often now, for he felt-or rather hoped p'r'aps-his father might wake to consciousness and know him at the last. But one June day he came up here for the key of the Belvidere, and passed on rather hurriedly, telling me he had an appointment. I didn't understand, of course, but when I had to tell that at the trial the judge knew at once that it was with Mr. Haslam he'd had the appointment up there, and of course it was, for Mr. Haslam passed up soon after him. I was down in Rocklands the rest of the day, and so didn't note that the key wasn't brought back, though I shouldn't anyhow, for often it wasn't returned to me the same day. But that evening one of the keepers passing the Belvidere at dusk

found it open, and going to the upstairs room to speak to his master, as he fancied-the lower room is only an entrance—he saw nobody there but Mr. Haslam, shot dead and lying across the doorway. He found the window open, and the old rails freshly broken, and there below, on the stony slope to the river, Mr. Evlyn was lying in-sensible—his head had struck a stone. Every. body said that after shooting Mr. Haslam he had intended to escape, and sprung from the window, forgetting the little wooden balcony, and had broken it in his eagerness-the rails were very rotten, and easily broken. They said, of course, he had intended to go through one of the other windows, from which he could have jumped so easily, but that he had been maddened by his conscience, and sprang from that window because it was the furthest from the dead body that lay across the doorway. I went up next day, and the blood hadn't sunk into the carpet—it never does, they say—and it has been a horrible place to me ever since."

"Was no one else ever suspected of this mur-

der ?" asked Mary, very low. "Never," Miss Brock assured us, "though the p'lice searched the country, and moved everything in the Belvidere. I'd a detective staying here a good while, prowling night and day, searching every place, and everybody, and everything, because some people thought there might have been a third person there; but the notion had to be given up, it all was so clear. Hadn't they been always enemies, and hadn't Mr. Haslam been very unfair, and aggravated Mr. Evlyn to the deed? And wasn't it Mr. Evlyn's own pistol that he kept in the Belvidere that had shot him, and wasn't its own bullet found in him? It was only too clear, and they said it was through some very clever barrister that Mr. Evlyn wasn't hanged, though it would have been all the same to the Squire, for he knew nothing of all this, though he lived

for some time."
"No," I said, weakly, feeling Miss Brock's stern little eyes questioning me—"I suppose there is-was no hope of a third person being discov-

"No hope. I'm certain everything was done that could be done. If anybody else had passed to the Belvidere, I must have seen him. "But it can be reached easily without passing

this house," said I, remembering how we had "Possibly," Miss Brock allowed; "but it would

not be tried while this is the established path." And all this would not have been if the son had been allowed to come in time for his father to know him," said Mary, and rose and looked around her: just as if she only studied the innumerable photographs of the Manor-taken under every conceivable aspect-which adorned the walls. Then, evidently for the purpose of getting rid of Miss Brock, she asked for lunch.

Oh, Barbara," she cried, when we were at last alone, "I will find out this secret. There is some one for us to—unmask. You will help me? We will clear the innocent, if-"

"If he be innocent-yes," said I, practically, in her pause.

"I meant to say if—I die for it." Fortunately, as I thought, Miss Brock returned just then to present us with her card, and another bearing the name of the Rev. John Sladeley Gunn. "The clergyman who enjoys my other Gunn. "The clergyman who enjoys my other parlor," she explained, in a stately manner, "with his two little boys. He's taking our parson's place for a time. He's liked very well, an' I heard him once, but I do mostly go to preachin'."

"Does not he preach?" asked Mary, in her

quiet, humorous way, though of course she understood

Preach, yes, that grammatical that we do ought to take dictionaries. But 'tis beautiful to hear him read about Daniel. Daniel answers quite plain from far away in the lions' den. If he preached in two or three voices like that, he'd have large congregations, yes, I b'lieve. He do try to make me a church-goer, but I tell him to leave me alone, for we're best mixed like our tea. But he does talk, talk, talk. 'Tis a comfort to think he won't die with anything on his mind, 'less he's took very suddent."

"I don't think, Mary," said I, to rouse her, when Miss Brock had left us, "that she either will die with much on her mind unsaid." But I saw that Mary did not even hear me.

"Oh, Barry!" she sighed, as she still sat against the window, "who can have come to the tower on that day, and done such a deed? How can we learn this terrible secret, with no clew at all, however faint?"

'I don't know," I said, heavily, staring at the varied representations of the Manor photographed with startling truth and ugliness. And it was just see the narrowest ray of hope." as I said it, with my eyes fixed upon a delinea-tion of the Manor avenue unbiassed by perspec-tive, that there darted into my mind—no, nothing ever darted into my mind—that a struggling fancy began to take hold of me, and took it more and more firmly through every minute, until it was a haunting, harassing idea which I determined to set at rest, whatever trouble the doing so should cost me. So absorbing had it become by the time Miss Brock, in her deliberate manner, had removed the cloth, and feelingly inquired if we had not found the cold beef "of a pretty savor," that, though I knew it to be but a feeble step, I was wrought up to invention in my determination

to carry it out.

"As I need a little solitary walk to get my ideas clear, Mary, and you are anxious to discourse with Miss Brock, I shall go to Rocklands, and send a note by the return coach to Silla. Is she to come out to you to-morrow?

"Oh, Barry, we do not want her here," said Mary, blankly. "Yet," she added, her own kind, thoughtful self again, "she must not stay at Westercombe alone, and Miss Brock will—have her. Thank you, Barbara." And then her head went back against the lettice pages and I felt ashamed back against the lattice panes, and I felt ashamed



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of my paltering. I did not leave her until I had only time to catch the coach before its return, and then I hastened away, repeating to myself all and then I hastened away, along the road to Rocklands the date of that murder, which I had looked back into my diary to learn. The coach was just leaving when I to learn. The coach was just leaving when I reached the hotel, and our genial driver touched his hat when he saw me, and said I was only just in time. When I had given him the note for Silla, I asked him, weighing every word, in my usual manner, whether it had long been customark to hoteograph, the coach and if so whether ary to photograph the coach, and if so, whether

the photographs could be seen. He told me with natural pride that it had been done for about four years, and most of the copies were sold at the time, but that one was always kept at the hotel, and though they sometimes sold them after, sometimes they didn't, and so I should find plenty, for the coach ran daily from the middle of June to the middle of August, and

twice a week for a short time before and after. "Of course I wish to buy the one taken to-day," said I, "but I should like to see the oth-

The men-servants of the hotel stood about to watch the coach depart, and I found, too, that another coach was expected from one of the another coach was expected from one of the Great Western stations; so I felt it better to delay my errand, for fear of not doing it so well in the confusion. As I loitered, with what patience I might, I became aware of two little boys standing hand and hand in the road, evidently awaiting some arrival; and then of their being return. ing some arrival; and then of their being pater-nally reprimanded by our driver as "venture-some," and, under this reproof, backing toward the hedge, and standing there, still hand in hand, and still hopefully expectant. They were sturdy, thickset little fellows, with bare brown legs, and dusty boots and socks, vet there was to me a quaint nobility in their little sunburned faces the big black eyes were so ridiculously intrepid, the full curled lips so babyish. As I watched, my heart went so strangely out to them that at last I went up and asked them if they were waiting for any one. The smaller child—he was very little the smaller—eyed me with a sort of phlegmatic sternness, evidently questioning my right to address him at all, though not moved to anger; but the other, with a glance of superiority

at his brother, politely informed me that they were waiting for "John."
"Oh, for John?" said I, with the air of friendliness which is supposed to be acceptable to chil-

en. "And who are you?"
"I'm Trot," said the little fellow, with a look in his large deep-set eyes which said, pensively, "I'm a great man where I come from, but I drop

my greatness here.' And you?" I asked, touching the shoulder of the smaller boy. He looked back at me with an immovably serene apathy, which made me color over the liberty I had taken, and feel grateful

that he did not resent it actively.

"He's Nap," said his brother, giving the hand he held a little corrective pull; "and he's felled down. He always does when he's got his best

"Oh!" said I, relieved to find in Nap's fixed wide-open gaze the fact that even his brother's condescension to me did not disturb his equanimity; and then I smiled weakly but well-mean ingly upon the little fellows, and wondered whether there was anything else that I could say. But I could not find that there was while those four

great black eyes scrutinized me impartially. I had forgotten the departing and arriving vehicles, when there came up to the boys-and therefore to me-some one whom I had surely seen before—a stout little clergyman with a good and kindly face. He held out to the eager children one very plump, white hand, while with the other he raised his hat to me, and in a moment I was aware that he recognized me, and that he was going to introduce himself to me, not alone with the consciousness of a clergyman's right to do so, but in a cheery, friendly way that was perfectly

"This is strange! We met yesterday in a London restaurant, and though I have travelled hard

all day, I find you here before me."
"We came yesterday to Westercombe straight from—where you saw us," I said, unable to resent the simple, unconstrained address. Not until I was going over this conversation afterward as I invariably do, to my disappointment and weariness-did it strike me that this was a bold acknowledgment of having noticed him, for he did not show the faintest sign of thinking it so. "You must have come by a very fast train to-

day,"
"The Flying Dutchman," he said, with a pleasant laugh; "and I have decided with myself that if David had lived in the year of our Lord 1881, instead of desiring the wings of a dove, he would have said, I'll catch the Flying Dutchman and flee away. How kind of you to be taking a passing interest in my little lads, who are very naughty to be here at all! Their father is very grateful, I

assure you."
"But," I said, in my slowly comprehending

way, "they said they were waiting for 'John.'
"That's myself," he answered, with a look he answered, with a look of the tenderest merriment down upon the children. "Their filial piety is remarkable. I ought to tell you I am taking the duty here for a time, and we

lodge at the Lady-house."
"So do we," I said, in my shy, scant way, my thoughts at last clasping the fact that this was the ventriloquial clergyman who was so successful with Daniel in the lions' den, but who preached too grammatically.

"That's right," he answered, in his cordial
way.

"It is a pleasant house, and Miss Ange-

rona-I like that simple name, and use it in preference to Brock—is, with her Cornish words and ways, amusingly un-English." Then we parted. He had asked me if he might walk back with me; but though I knew it would

be pleasant to have genial companionship on my

way, I feared I might unconsciously hasten or perform my errand superficially if I felt I was detaining any one, so declined, telling him I had business in the hotel. As he went on his way, with one sturdy little fellow pulling at each hand, I just momentarily wondered whether Mary had observed him in London, and would recognize him, half wishing I could have been present to see the renewal of that strange, prompt interest he had taken in her. Then I utterly forgot him, as I entered the hotel.

The manager took me to the drawing-r and brought me some books that looked like rap-books, where he told me I should find the photographs I spoke of, each season having a col-lection to itself, and each book being dated. I feel quite sure it was because he saw how childishly my fingers trembled over finding the date I wanted that he left me alone to my task. The great room was unoccupied then, save by my own insignificant person, and I paused with a half-smile at myself, for my plan suddenly looked to me futile, and even imbecile. What had I been expecting to discover? Even if I found out who vere the passengers to Rocklands on the day of that murder, could that discovery give the slenderest clew to any possible murderer? What a poor frail hope mine was, and how characteristic of me, after all!

This honest disdain of my own intellect roused me to act, but with a new, unhopeful carelessness. I took up the book dated 1878, and turned its leaves slowly to June 27. There were several blank pages in the book, but that page was not blank. There stood the coach, two or three pigmy human figures standing down upon the ground beside it to show off its loftiness and its importance; and the four horses, apparently very fiery but held in check by the driver's infinite skill. It was exactly like the photograph of to-day, except that the coach was but sparely loaded. Beside the coachman who had driven us to-day sat one gentleman; behind them two gentlemen and one lady; behind again only the juvenile guard who had been with us to-day—I knew him in a moment, and scarcely was surprised that three years ago he looked no smaller and no younger than he looked to day. There were but four faces, then, for me to fix upon my miud, so I studied them slowly one by one. On the box a boyish, frank-looking young fellow, with fishingrod and basket; on the seat behind, an elderly gentleman of great size, and wearing dark glasss; and an evidently foreign artist, with flowing locks and beard, holding a sketching portfolio conspicuously as a badge; and between them

Half an hour later I shook off the strange mist that had enshrouded me, and started on my homeward walk, unutterably lonely and heartsick, fighting strenuously and zealously against suspicion and mistrust, longing with great intensity for the opportunity to speak one word to Denis now. All the time keeping my eyes turned from the river, because the sunset threw strange red stains upon it as it came on toward me from below that tower on the heath; and dreading beyond all words my meeting with the girl whom 1-against my better judgment, I had often told myself before this day—had grown to love so well. For the photograph had shown me that one of the passengers to Rocklands on the day of that murder in the Belvidere had been Mary Keveene herself!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"STAYING" VISITORS. STAYING" visitors, as they are called in New England, are those who remain long enough to become part of the family, if even for a few weeks; and to appreciate the delicacy of the distinction, let us think over just what hospitality means, just how many people we would like to have as "staving" visitors at our firesides and in our family councils, and, on the other hand, in how many households do we care to

play the rôle of this intimate sort of guest. Probably not in one case out of twenty are the duties and privileges of host and guest rightly estimated, and yet they ought to form a very clearly appreciated part of life, since our hospitable and visiting hours can mean so much of graciousness, mental expansion, and indeed a very high kind of charity—the charity that can ex press itself in words or looks, the sound of a voice, the touch of a hand, when "life treads on

life" a little too heavily. "I wish," we heard a lady say not long ago-

"I wish I could afford to entertain." "But you can afford to be hospitable," some ined and truly enough. many kinds of hospitality need not demand the expenditure of anything more than the capital of charity and sympathy, which always grows when

it is drawn upon. The brightest, kindliest fireside we know is one of the very simplest: but there one always finds the ready look and word, the air of refinement and heart comfort, which means more than a banquet or other entertainment ever could; and in this household one is never jarred upon by hearing of the annoying details of life on a moderate income, which so many people seem to think the best way to cover up any necessary deficiencies. Everything that need be referred to is spoken of in a frank, honest fashion, but the guest is never called upon to feel embarrassed, or uncomfortable, or bored by comments on other ways of living, or the petty annoyances of a life in which it is hard always to make both ends meet. What is given is cheerfully, genially, and brightly offered. One feels that the hostess in her simple hospitality takes her own bright hours; so one leaves her feeling that an exchange of cheerfulness has filled the hour.

Tact in hospitality and in visiting is a rare quality. How many times the entire harmony of a visit can be disturbed by a trifling lack of it on either side! We know a lady who was made quite unhappy during a visit to a really loved friend because her hostess from time to time wore an air of preoccupation, which Mrs. —thought indicated weariness in her society. Later she discovered that her hostess's husband had been on the verge of a disaster, which accounted for her absent-minded manner; but in this case how much better would it have been for the hostess to have postponed her friend's visit until after the decisive hour, since hospitality means something more than mere food and shelter.

Some visitors think that the perfection of good-breeding consists in "giving no trouble." This is true up to a certain point; but the visitor who makes it obvious that he or she is scrupulously avoiding any extra attention errs quite as much as those who are inconsiderate in their demands. To understand the method of the house you are in, to quietly conform to its ways, and to make any request which will save your hostess the ne-cessity of seeking your needs, are by far the best means of making your visit agreeable to every one. A lady who has the most perfect art of en-tertaining, and every means for doing so gener-ously at her command, told me that of all visitors she most dreaded those who declined services. "I have had visitors fall ill sometimes," she remarked, "who nearly drove me frantic with their efforts to save me trouble. The result on such occasions always inflicts twice the necessary amount." At that time she happened to be entertaining a young lady visiting her for the first time, and who had fallen suddenly ill. She was, we all declared, a model visitor, since she so cheerfully and frankly expressed her wants that when she refused an offer of attention we all knew it was sincerely meant. We recall her saying one day, "I would like to go to the drawingroom this evening if you could contrive to have me carried down." And when two of the men-servants had easily accomplished this, our hostess said, admiringly, "Now I am relieved of a serious worry; I longed to see you make the change, yet I felt so sure you oughtn't to walk, and that you might refuse to be carried, I dared

not suggest it.' We know a lady who when she has company has a most unconscious yet peculiarly exasperating way of following her visitor about, picking up little trifles she or he may have put out of place, or moving back or forward a chair recent in use. It is such a trifle! Yet some of her best friends have declared it made her house almost intolerable for a visit of any duration.

A difficult matter to adjust is precisely what a visitor's manner should be toward other guests. We speak of this because quite recently a discussion arose as to whether a "staying" visitor ought or ought not to take any part in the entertainment of her hostess's other guests; whether during an evening party, for example, she should perform any introductions, or otherwise voluntarily assist in the matter of hospitality. We think that on this point, as on many others, the decision should be the result of circumstances. Should the visitor, for instance, be talking to one of the company, and be joined by a third, she could always, with due deference to good-breeding, perform an introduction, but unless specially requested to do so, no further duty should be un-

Indeed, stringent as may be certain rules for either visitor or hostess, yet it is hard to give any which will apply to general conduct. One suggestion only can be made as invariably worth re-membering. The keenest impression of hospitality is always made by one's method of receiving a guest. A cordial greeting which shows that the hostess means a welcome, small preparations for the comfort of the guests in the rooms to which they are conducted, the offer of refreshment, or attention to any of their peculiar wants, all show what true hospitality means; but if a small deficiency in anything is unavoidable, do not greet your visitor with apologies. A lady, whose manner was always nervous on receiving any guest, nearly banished a most welcome one from her house by saying, within ten minutes of her arrival: "Oh! do excuse the room I have had to give you, but really I had not another spot. I have so much company in the house!"

PALMISTRY.

N his ancient treatise on Palmistry, published in London in 1671, Richard Saunders claims Scriptural authority for his occult science, quoting Job, xxxvii. 7, which, according to the original Hebrew, reads, "He hath placed signs in the hands of all men that every man may know his work

We cull some general directions from this old book for the benefit of our readers who may like to amuse themselves and their friends by the practice of what has become a fashionable pastime of the day; for what was once the occult science of hoary sages is now the popular diversion of gay watering-places, and the lady who can even superficially interpret the lines of the hand in a piquant fashion is sure to be the pet lion wherever she goes, especially if she combines with her oracular knowledge the fascinations of wit and beauty.

Although palmistry relies chiefly upon the indications supplied by the lines and signs in the palm of the hand, it also takes account of the shape of the hand and the fingers. And what an infinite variety we find in the form and expression of the hand!-from the hand exquisitely perfect, like that which made the beautiful Queen of Prussia immortal, to the blunt-fingered. coarse one of the lowest, most degraded person we meet!

There are some general rules to be observed in relation to the shape of the hand and fingers, Digitized by

though each of these rules is subject to modifications which we can not enter into in an article like this.

There are good hands of each type, and it requires much experience and study to do justice to their classification. But undoubtedly the first and best type of hand, other things being favorable, are those which have tapering fingers; such able, are those which have tapering in grow, shands belong to poetic, ideal people. They are impulsive, sympathetic, sensitive, and if poets and artists, they are always of the highest order.

On the contrary, fingers that are thick, with a sort of cushion at the ends, and a pad on each side of the nail, belong to people who are business-like, matter-of-fact, and who also have a high appreciation of bodily comforts. An artist or poet with such fingers will be apt to treat his subjects in a realistic manner. It is said that Emile Zola's hand is a striking example of this

Then there are square-topped fingers, which we generally find on the hands of scientific meand on most of our successful professional men. They are the well-balanced ones who steer clear of the too visionary and ideal taper-fingered folk, on the one side, and the grosser materialism of the padded or spade-shaped fingered, on the other.

Such fingers had Abraham Lincoln. As to the proportions of the hand and fingers, in a normal hand the second finger is the longest, the first nearly as long as the third, and much longer than the fourth, or little finger. The principal lines of the hand are best known: the life line, which runs round the base of the thumb; the line of the head, as it is generally called, which crosses or partly crosses the middle of the palm, and sometimes joins the line of life; and the line of the heart, which goes from one side of the hand to the other, just below the fingers. If the line of life is unbroken, strongly marked, and of good color, it indicates good health and long life. A long, well-defined line of the head promises intellectual power; if it is too long, extending to the edge of the hand, it indicates too much calculation, or meanness; if it is double or forked toward the end, it denotes double-dealing, deception. This line for right length should lose itself, or end, below the third finger or there-If it is very short, ending, say, below the first finger, it shows stupidity.

The line of the heart promises many mental qualities as well as indicating with regard to the affections. If this line is well marked, and extends from the edge of the hand below the little finger quite to the base of the first finger, it shows an affectionate disposition and a good memory. It also promises well for the happiness of the possessor. If it sends down short lines toward the line of the head, it shows that affection must be founded upon respect. If, on the contrary, the small lines go upward, then love will be more impulsive and unreasoning. When this line is often broken, it denotes inconstancy. Here we would again remark that judgments must not be formed hastily from any one appearance or line of the hand, as there are many

things to be considered. The two hands rarely correspond in every particular, and one hand may make good the failings of the other. Experience and study will help us to make a just estimate of character. The left hand ought to be most considered for riches, honors, loves, and misfortunes, and the right for length of days. All lines, if pale and wide, tell the absence of the quality attributed to that particular line, or else the existence of the effect which is the opposite of the quality. For in-stance, a pale wide line of the heart indicates coldness, or even cruelty. It is said that this line in the hand of that monster of cruelty, young

Pomeroy, strikingly illustrates this theory. Each finger and the mount at its base is named from a planet. The first finger is Jupiter, and in the highest type of hand—the pointed-fingered—if it be long, well-shaped, and the mount at its base well developed, it indicates a noble character and a religious mind. If too long, and otherwise disproportionate, it may indicate fanaticism, religious madness. In the spade-shaped hand it would probably denote only vanity, or, in

the square-topped, it might denote pride

The second finger is Saturn, and it properly roportioned and developed, in the highest type of hand indicates only becoming gravity, and sympathy for others; if too prominent and dis-

proportioned, it is misanthropy, melancholy. The third finger is Apollo, and belongs to the arts. In a "pointed" hand it means genius for poetry and musical composition; in a "square" hand, painting and sculpture-leaving the contemplative in art; and in the spade-shaped or padded, it would probably denote capacity for

acting on the stage. The fourth finger is Mercury, and, if well-proortioned, it denotes a scientifi

plomacy, tact. The thumb is Venus, and is a very important part of the hand. The upper joint with the nail stands for the will; the second, the reasoning faculties; the base, animal instincts. By bear ing in mind the hints already given in regard to the other fingers in the three types of hand, the

same may be applied to the thumb. When a character like the sun occurs in the line of life, it signifies loss of an eye or blindness. Wavy lines in the ends of the fingers or elsewhere foretell death by drowning. A crescent-shaped mark below the little finger and below the line of the heart denotes insanity. If the lines of the left hand are the stronger and clearer, then the person resembles his mother both physically and mentally. The lines about the wrist indicate the years of a life, one line marking thirty years. The short lines on the side of the hand below the little finger denote the number of times married. The lines extending down from between the little finger and the third or ring finger number the loves of a life-



Fig. 1.—Shamrock Foulard Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3375: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Fig. 2.—Plain and Checked Wool Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3376: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Figs. 1-3,-SPRING STYLES.

Fig. 3.—Sprigged Cotton Satteen Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3377: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Spring Styles.-Figs. 1-3.

THE illustrations on this page represent the earliest spring styles, both in designs and materials, and will be useful to ladies who make up their light woollen dresses in advance of the spring, and devote their Lenten leisure to making and remodelling their summer dresses for the country.

Fig. 1.—Shamrock Foulard Dress. This graceful dress is of olive green foulard silk, with dark myrtle green shamrock leaves, and is trimmed with écru Oriental lace. The basque has the very long pointed front and short sides now in vogue, with a more moderate point in the back. The V-shaped neck has a lace point in front that is made to stand erect behind, and with the Byron collar of the dress goods produces a very pretty effect. The very bouffant over-skirt is drawn back from the front to display a short apron and deep flounce, both of which are edged with lace. This model is also excellent for very dressy cotton satteens that do not need to be washed often.

Fig. 2.—Plain and checked Wool Dress. This simple dress for early spring and summer is made of plain and checked Cheviot in terra-cotta, olive, strawberry red shades, seal brown, or black and white. The basque is in Jersey style, with but few seams, and is cut in turrets on the edge, and faced with silk. The skirt and over-skirt are attached to one belt, and made over a foundation skirt of alpaca.

Fig. 3.—Springed Cotton Satteen Dress. This gay dress of cotton satteen has an écru ground strewn with clusters of pink carnations. The pointed basque is of plain shape, with an edging of embroidery and a jabot of the same; the collar is in the cadet

shape, but is widely open at the throat. Plain écru satteen is used for pleating on the sleeves. A bow of satin ribbon is on one shoulder, and there are bows on the over-skirt. The Marie Antoinette over-skirt is very bouffant, and is caught back in points on the sides. Two rows of the open Irish point embroidery are the trimmings. The skirt has wide box pleats separated by clusters of side pleats. English straw bonnet, with pink roses and an écru ostrich plume.

Ladies' Neck-Wear.-Figs. 1-7.

See illustrations on page 93.

The cape shown in Fig. 1 is composed of three bands of netting in heavy pink silk twist, which are connected by two bands of pink chenille open-work, and ornamented with chenille loops. The edge is surrounded with chenille fringe, and a bow of pink satin ribbon is placed at the throat. White lace four inches wide and light blue ottoman ribbon are the materials used for the collar Fig. 2. A foundation standing collar an inch and a half wide at the back and sloped toward the ends is faced with ribbon, and edged around the bottom with side-pleated lace, which is carried for ten inches along the front edge of two ends of ribbon that are joined to the ends of the collar. The lace is narrowed gradually to a point at the ends, where the ribbon is pleated in, and finished with a bow. A similar bow is set at the throat, and the collar is covered with flat lace. The narrow standing collar in Fig. 3 is of ruby velvet lined with satin. The cravat is composed of a strip of figured cream-colored gauze, which is edged along both sides and

across one end with cream silk lace, and a pleated velvet strap finished at the lower end with a gilt buckle, both arranged on a stiff net back in the manner shown by the illustration, and the whole attached to one end of the collar. For the cravat Fig. 4 a neck band two inches wide made of bias foundation is covered ove with white China silk in upturned folds. The bow at the front is composed of two pieces of the silk half a yard long and five-eighths wide, edged with wide lace at the bottom, and arranged in a long loop with the lace-edged end falling over it. The fichu-collar Fig. 5 consists of a rounded stiff standing collar attached to a narrow band, edged around the bottom with thickly gathered lace, and covered outside by a bias scarf of white silk muslin arranged in full folds, the ends of which project beyond the ends of the collar and form the jabot. The gathered lace is continued around the and form the jabot. The gathered lace is continued around the ends of the silk muslin scarf, which is caught up in loops. The right side is mounted on a stiff net back, and is completed by a lace fan-pleating and a cut steel buckle. On each side the lace is caught up under a similar buckle, and a fan-pleating is set underneath. The stiff military collar of Fig. 6 is of black velvet lined with streambarry and Surah and agrand with flat lace. Two strips with strawberry red Surah and covered with flat lace. Two strips of the red Surah eight inches long and ten wide, closely pleated in at the top and shirred near the bottom, where they are edged with lace, are attached to the ends of the collar. The collar is fastened with a hook and eye, and the ends of the cravat are crossed and held by a scarf pin. The cravat Fig. 7 consists of a three-corner-ed piece of ivory white China crape, which is edged on both straight sides with gathered lace, and arranged on a small stiff back. A cluster of plush rose-buds and leaves is secured among the lace







Fig. 1.—VELVET AND GAUZE CORSAGE FOR EVENING DRESS.



Fig. 1.—NETTED SILK AND CHENILLE CAPE.



SEWING-WEIGHT.



Fig. 2.—Satin Corsage for Evening Dress.



Fig. 4.—CHINA SILK AND LACE CRAVAT.

broidery in silk of the same color, and is edged with chenille fringe. The overskirt is edged with fringe; it consists of a short embroidered apron front, and a long looped back. The short pointed basque is trimmed with brandebourgs.



Fig. 6.—VELVET COLLAR WITH SURAH AND LACE CRAVAT.

The dress Fig. 2 is made of cinnamon brown cashmere and darker brown velvet. The skirt has two narrow pleatings, and a deep flounce composed of broad box pleats of cashmere with velvet bands between. The short full drapery is fastened on the skirt; on the left side of the



Fig. 1.—Camel's-hair Dress with Appliqué Embroidery. Cut Pattern, No. 3372: Barque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents Each.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Velvet Dress.





Fig. 5.—Silk Muslin and Lace Fighu-Collar.

garnet plush, while the other half, which forms a receptacle for sewing implements, is lined with satin of the same color. The plush on the side is decorated with a vine embroidered in colored silks. A leather handle faced outside with plush is riveted to the ends.



Fig. 7.—CHINA CRAPE AND LACE CRAVAT.

Corsages for Evening Dresses. Figs. 1 and 2.

The corsage Fig. 1, which is worn with skirts of silvered gauze, is made of sapphire blue velvet, cut in the shape of a low pointed bodice with short sleeves, which is richly embroidered with gold and Digitized by

Fig. 2 is worn over white tulle skirts. It is of strawberry red satin, ornamented with embroid-ery in pearl beads. The top is cut into sharp points, which are wired at the edge, and the spaces between are filled out by a thick tulle ruche set inside. A satin scarf is draped around the hips, and terminates with a sash bow behind. A bunch of white roses is fastened in the folds of the scarf.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M., READING. - Yes; the gentleman who is a stranger to the lady should leave a card for her, as as the gentleman who has taken him to call. is a visit, whether she is at home or not; both should

FLOWER AND WEED.—Mourning is worn for a parent for a year, and paper edged with black is used. Braiding is not worn in first mourning. A crape veil is only worn three months for a parent. As for closing your plane, we advise you not to do so, but to bring in the consultation of waits as soon as translated.

consolation of music as soon as possible.

Gwendolink.—The plain heavy English note-paper without monogram or mark is the most fashionable paper at present. Some ladies like that with ragged edges. In addressing your note to a gentleman always asy "Green Brown, Esq."—never "Mr. Green Brown." A young lady about to be married does not put P. P. C. A young lady about to be married does not put P. P. C. on her cards. As for the gloves, a lady must, if her aleeve be very tight, necessarily pull her long glove up over it. It is, however, fashionable for evening dresses to have the sleeve cut off at the elbow. If the sleeve is sufficiently loose, let the glove wrinkle up the arm. All styles of coiffure are fashionable, the Greek knot with a fluff in front the most so.

M. C. P., DANSULLE.—You should always help ladies at a table before gentlemen.

A Subsculber, Hartford.—No; a card with "acceptance" written, printed, or engraved upon it is always vulgar. Write a punctilious note in the third person, accepting or declining. If a card is turned down in the corner, it means that the visitor called

Sustr.-Mercy Merrick is the heroine of Wilkie Col-

line's novel The New Mandalen.

X. Y. Z.—If you love the young lady, you are fully justified in giving her the option of sharing your humble formula.

ble fortunes.

J. E. P.—We can only suggest the New York Deco-

A. C.-Widows do not wear white strings to their bonnets. It is correct for a widow to have her Chris-

tian name on her visiting-cards.

INEXPERIENCE.—A matine is merely a long sacque, and is not so suitable for afternoons for an invalid as a shorter sacque of plush or cloth, or a nice Chuddah shawl. Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV., for a dress waist for invalids. Use embroidery on flannel, as it washes better than braiding or luce. Torchon (linen) luce is used on fiannel skirts. You will need both knitted and linen shirts.

First Susscriber.—An unmarried lady who has no older sister unmarried has "Miss" on her cards without her initials or her first name. Read about bolsters

in previous Answers to Correspondents.

Masoor.—Get olive cloth for your travelling dress, with a velvet or felt bonnet or a velvet turban of the same color, and tan-colored gloves. Get ottoman repped silk and velvet of dark strawberry red shade for your church dress. Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV., will furnish you models for each one of these dresses; the designs on page 765 are particularly stylish. The bride and groom must wear gloves, but the groom must not wear a dress suit in the daytime, no matter how the bride is dressed.

Bratha.—You will get a great deal of comfort out of a fur-lined circular, and while it is not an extremely fashionable garment, it is never entirely out of style. A heavy, thick cloth pelisse would be more dressy for a young lady, and would not add to her appearance of

EDITHA.—Girls of sixteen or eighteen years wear their hair banged and in thick curves on the forehead, while the back hair is arranged in loops across the head quite low on the nape of the neck.

A FRIEND.—You might have either plain or brocaded velvet for your sash, or else very heavily repped ottoman silk. The dress you suggest is good, also the long velvet pelisse with plain velvet skirt. A short mantle with square alceves is liked for a velvet costume; it is trimmed with fur, feathers, or chenille fringe as thick as a ruche. A row of this trimmin; or else a thick ruche of silk or of velvet should trim the foot of the

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—A family of three persons can live comfortably in New York on an income of \$3500 by taking rooms in a quiet, unpretending neighborhood, and practicing careful economy. They certainly could not live lavishly on that sum. It is not wise to expend more than one-fourth of one's income on rent, nor even that if Bacon's adage is to be heeded, that "a man's ordinary expenses should be but to the half of his receipts, and, if he think to wax rich, but to the third part."

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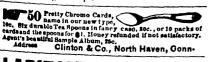
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THE ELDER IS CONVINCED THAT BEWERGARD IS NOT AN OR'N'RY MEWIL.

FACETIÆ.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog, that was as gentle as a lamb. He would not bark at the passers-by or at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas's dog, on the contrary, was always ighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions he had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men who came along, and would bite them unless somebody interteed. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas's?"

Instantly came the answer, in one cager shout, "Thomas's!"

In what respect do time and a mule resemble one another?—In the fact that it is better to be ahead of both time and a mule than behind either of them.

"Yes," said the farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop to rest every time he has to climb it."

A man told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad itt."

WANTED-An artist to paint the very picture of health.

In a recent marriage ceremony in the central part of this State the officiating elergyman interpolated as follows in addressing the groom: "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health—which means you shall not kiss any other girl but her—and for-saking all others," etc. The groom promised, and then the bride could not well refuse to agree to a similar stipulation which the minister interpolated in her yow.

In the biographical sketches of members of the Maine Legislature a Representative from Thomaston is written down as a Democrat in politics, and in religion "independent as a man can be whose wife and mother-in-law are Baptists."

PAT'S "HEIGHT OF MANNERS"—"The top of the mornin' to you."

Beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher on your irony, it you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. Charles Lamb had a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which he was showing off to a Scotch friend. After he had examined it minutely, Lamb ventured to self-interest. off to a Scotch friend. After he had examined it minutely, Lamb ventured to ask him how he liked his "Beauty"—a foolish name it went by among his friends—when the Scotchman very gravely assured the essayist that he had considerable respect for his character and talents, but had not given himself much thought about the degree of his personal pretensions.



FUTILITY OF Q. E. D.

Mamma (who has been variety struggling to help Tommy with his Euclid), "What Rubbbe I is, to be sure! All this bother to prove that A B C is equal to C B D! As if anybody in their senses would ever say it wasn't."

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Dear me," exclaimed the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now in my younger days they just made a hole in each end and sucked."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A little school-girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward the teacher asked the geography class, to which this little bud of promise belonged, "What is a zone?"

After some hesitation this girl brightened up and replied: "I know! it's a belt round Mrs. Grundy's waist!"

"What is a camp meeting?" asked one little boy of another.
"Camp-meeting?" said the other, gravely, "why, it's a place where they have Sunday every day in the week."

A gentleman said to the son of a poor tradesman, who had won several prizes at school, "So you have earned your spurs!"
"Yes," replied the practical boy; "and I shall soon have to earn my boots."

STINGY AUNT. "Well, Robin, have you enjoyed yourself?" Roms. "Oh yes, aunt; but I wish I hadn't come. Brother Jim is sure to cry 'halves' when I get home; and when I say you didn't give me nothing, he'll punch me for a story-teller!"

There was company to supper, the table was set out splendidly, and all were emoying themselves exceedingly, when the pet of the household unfortunately whispered: "Mn, why don't you have this sort of supper whom there isn't any company?"

Mother. "Now, Gerty, be a good girl and give Aunt Julia a kiss and say good-night."

And say good-night, "

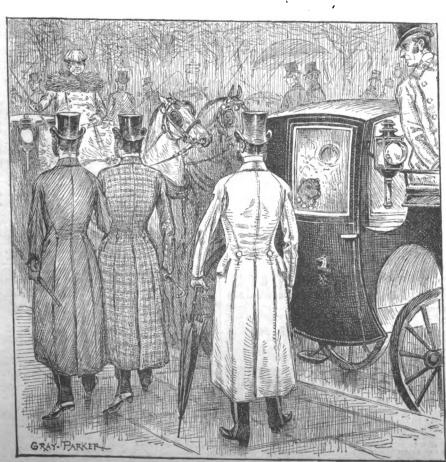
Our ny, "No, no! If I kiss her she'll box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

Little Paul is at the Paris Zoological Gardens, in front of the monkeys' cages. Perceiving a youth dressed in most remarkable style, who is coming toward him, he clings close to his mother's gown. "Oh, mamma," he cries, "here is one who has got out of his cage!"

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher,

in a commanding voice.
"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class.
"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."
"In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

Teacher. "What bird did Noah send out of the ark?"
SMALLEST BOY IN THE CLASS (after a paisse). "Dove, sir."
TEAOHER. "Very well. But I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that."
Tyt. Prent. "Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his father's a bird-ketcher, sir!"



THE "NEWMARKET."



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JEAMES. "Well, IF THAT MAIN'T MENOUGH TO DISGUST ONE WITH THE SERVICE! GENTLEMEN TOO, THEY GALL THEMESELVES! TAKING THE VERY CLOTHES OFF OUR BACKS."

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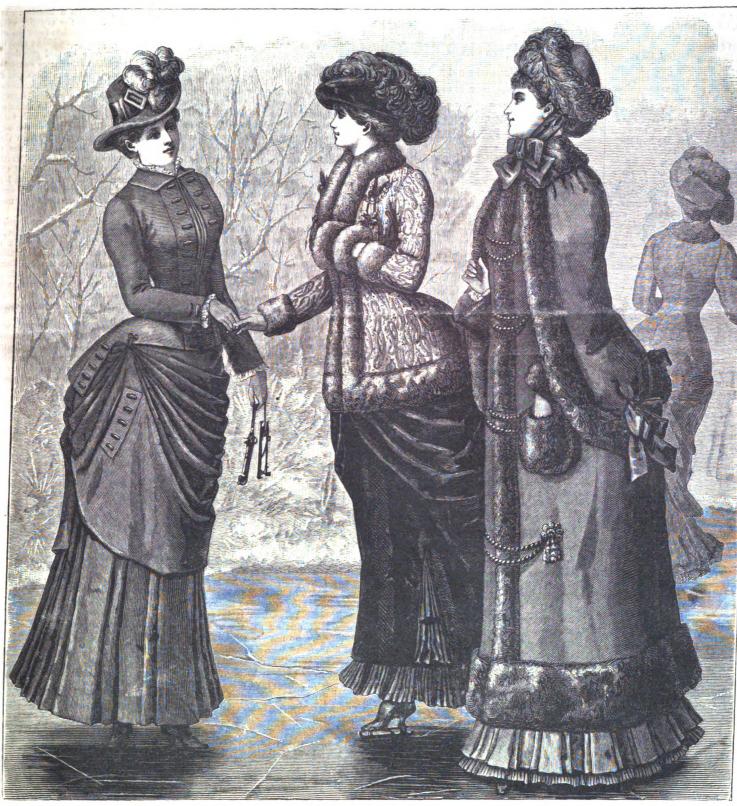


Fig. 1.—Cloth Suit.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 100.] Cut Pattern, No. 3878: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-13.

Fig. 2.—Persian Cloth Jacket and VELVET SKIRT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 14-18.

Fig. 3.-CLOTH CLOAK WITH FEATHER BORDERS. FRONT .- [For Back, see Page 100.] For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-3.—SKATING AND WALKING COSTUMES.

STIMULATING AND NUTRITIOUS SOUPS. BY JULIET CORSON.

A T that period of an illness when the patient seems out of immediate danger the greatest care must be exercised in supplying the system with the proper materials for renewing its exhausted vitality. vitality. A superabundance of nutriment is required to restore the balance of health. Fortunately in most cases the desire for food accompanies returning vigor, and the digestive organs soon regain their natural tone; but where the vital forces have been very severely taxed, there sometimes is a positive disability on the part of the patient to digest or even to retain the usual semi-solid dishes

suitable for the use of convalescents. The power of the stomach to absorb certain liquids directly they are taken into it offers one means of meeting this condition. Liquid and semi-liquid foods speedily impart a portion of their nourishment to the system; it then remains to choose such of these foods as will satisfy the invalid's needs. I have already said that the various gruels are use ful mainly as bland demulcents in inflammatory or intermediate stages of disease, but wholly inadequate to meet the necessities of reviving strength. The caudles and panadas rank higher as nutrients, but still more valuable are those meat teas and soups which combine stimulation with nutrition; they re-enforce the strength of the invalid and prepare the digestive organs for the

reception and disposition of more substantial food. This article will be devoted to these useful preparations, the lightest and most digestible ones being first considered. Various beef teas were treated of in the Bazar of December 2, 1882, and therefore only

one will be given now—the old-fashioned beef tea, made in a bottle. SAGO AND CLARET SOUP (a nutrient stimulant, useful in conditions of exhaustion, debility, and old age, a refreshing and strengthening summer food when used cold; the addition of good beef broth to this soup, in place of part of the water employed in its preparation, raises it at once to a high rank as a nutritious and stimulating food)—Wash two heaving table specularly of small sage in plant. tion, raises it at once to a high rank as a nutritious and stimulating food).—Wash two heaping table-spoonfuls of small sago in plenty of cold water, and put it over the fire in a pint of cold water; as Digitized by

the water is absorbed add a little more, and slowly boil the sago until it is quite transparent; then add enough more water or beef broth to make with the sago one pint; dissolve in it four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add one pint of good claret, and let the soup heat without boiling: use it as soon as it is hot. For summer use, or for use at night in conditions of extreme exhaustion, add enough more beef broth to the soup when it is cold to make it liquid. The seasoning is to be a palatable one of salt and nutneg.

CREAM OF CELERY (a nutritious food, useful in debilitated conditions, exhausted vitality, and nervous or hysterical affections; very useful also in neuralgia and rheumatism, and an invaluable nutriment for old people).—Thoroughly wash a bunch of celery in plenty of cold water, trim off the roots, leaves, and defective parts; put it over the fire in sufficient salted boiling water to cover it, and boil it until it is tender enough to rub through a sieve with a potato-masher, but not until it is soft and watery; then drain it from the boiling water, rub it through a sieve, and mix it with a cream soup made as follows: while the celery is being boiled put a table-spoonful each of butter and flour in a thick saucepan over the fire, and stir them constantly until they are smoothly blended; then gradually stir into them a pint and a half of hot milk, adding it about half a cupful at once, and stirring it quite smooth before putting more; when all the milk is added, season the soup with salt, white pepper, and grated nutmeg to suit the palate of the patient; put the celery into it, add half a pint of cream, let the soup boil once, and serve it hot. This soup must be made very carefully in order to avoid burning.

MUTTON TEA (a light, dignstible food, less stimulating than beef tea, but generally preferable for the use of women and children).—Chop very fine one pound of lean mutton, put it into one pint of cold water, together with two table-spoonfuls of rice which has been washed in cold water, and a salt-spoonful of salt, and let them stand for at least an hour. Then put all together over the fire in a thick saucepan, and gradually heat them to the boiling-point; at that point add another pint of cold water, and again boil the tea, letting it boil slowly for half an hour; then strain it through a coarse sieve, and use it hot.

When it is desirable that the patient should eat the rice, boil it for twenty minutes in salted boiling water by itself, without soaking it with the meat. Soak the meat in one pint of cold water with the salt for an hour; then let it heat slowly in the same water, and boil for two minutes, when it will be ready to strain and use, with the boiled rice added to it. After the tea has been strained, all fat can be removed from it by laying soft paper upon it, several pieces in succession, until all the fat has been absorbed by the

paper,
Veal Tea (less nutritious and digestible than mutton tea, but more bland, because of the gelatinous character of the real; by using egg and toast with it the nutriment is increased; veal tea is use ful when only a little nourishment is required, and is an agreeable variation of the other meat teas).-Chop the meat from a knuckle of yeal in small bits; break the bones; put both meat and bones over the fire with two quarts of cold water and a level tea-spoonful of salt, and boil them slowly until the broth is reduced to one pint. Four or five hours will be required for boiling. Just before the veal tea is done, beat an egg to a froth, strain the tea into the egg, stirring it to mix it thoroughly, and serve it with a slice of toast.

BEEF TEA IN A BOTTLE (this preparation is the pure juice of the meat, and is a concentrated stimviating nutrient).—Chop a pound of lean beef very fine, put it into a bottle with a salt-spoonful of salt, cork the bottle tightly, place it in an earthen jar full of water, and set the jar into a moderate oven for at least six hours, or let it remain all night in the oven. Then strain the beef juice,

BOULLON (a stimulating nutrient, exceedingly valuable in all conditions of illness where the use of mingled animal and vegetable foods is permissible; bouillon is also an excellent food for healthy persons who are engaged in absorbing intellectual pursuits, whose sedentary habits do not favor the digestion and assimilation of much substantial food; this soup is useful in cases of hemorrhoids, or any disease of the rectum where it is desirable to avoid solid waste matter in food, because its nutriment being in liquid form, is almost entirely absorbed during the process of digestion).—To make four quarts of bouillon use four pounds of soup beef and bones, two pounds of veal and bones, and a chicken weighing two or three pounds; the meat should be cut from the bones, and the bones well broken up and laid in the bottom of the soup kettle, with the meat placed on them; the chicken should be prepared and trussed as for boiling, but without stuffing, and placed on the meat then four quarts of cold water poured over all these ingredients, and the soup kettle placed over the fire until its contents boil gradually, all seum being removed as fast as it rises. While the meat is boiling, one carrot, one turnip, and one onion of medium size should be peeled, the onion being stuck with ten whole cloves, and the followingnamed sweet herbs should be tied in a compact little bunch, which is called a "bouquet": two medium-size roots of parsley with the leaves attached, one small stalk of celery, one bay leaf, one sprig of dried thyme, savory, or marjoram, one blade of mace, and ten whole peppercorns. When the soup has been skimmed quite clear the vegetables and bouquet should be added, together with a level table-spoonful of sait, and the bouillon closely covered and slowly boiled for five or six hours, when it should be strained through a clean towel into an earthen bowl, and cooled. The chicken may be taken out of the bouillon when tender, and used for any other dish. After the bouillon is quite cold, all the fat should be removed from the surface, and it should be clarified as follows: for each quart put into a saucepan

the white and shell of a raw egg and a tablespoonful of cold water, and mix them slightly; then pour the bouillon on the egg, set the sauce pan over the fire, and stir its contents occasionally until it boils and the egg rises to the surface boil it until the bouillon looks quite clear under the egg; then strain it through a folded towel laid in a colander set over an earthen bowl: let the bouillon run through the towel without squeezing it, and it will be as clear as wine. To prepare it for use heat it, and add to each quart a glass of good sherry or Madeira wine, and the juice of one lemon, or a lemon thinly sliced, putting the wine and lemon into a soup tureen and pouring the hot bouillon on them.

CHICKEN AND RICE SOUP (an exceedingly nutri-tious, digestible food, valuable in cases of debility and impaired nutrition; excellent for the use of old people).-Pluck, singe, and wipe a chicken with a wet towel, draw it without breaking the intestines, and boil it until tender in boiling water enough to cover it, with two tea-spoonfuls of salt. When it is tender cut off the white meat, free it from skin, and return it to the broth in which the chicken was boiled; add to it a cupful of rice washed in cold water, and boil until both chicken and rice are tender enough to rub through a sieve with a potato-masher; after rubbing them through the sieve put them again over the fire with the broth and enough milk to make the soup the consistency of cream; season it palatably with salt, white pepper, and nutmeg, let it boil for one minute, and then serve it hot.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is Messes. Harper & Brothers' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 30, contains a rare collection of stories and sketches, viz.; "The Fort on Abbott's Hill," by Janes Otts; "A Story about Mr. Du Chailla," by Miss L. M. Crane; "Swimming for Life," by David Ker; Chapters XXI. and XXII. i "Nan," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillik; and Chapter of "Reg," a story in four parts, by Matthew

There is a most interesting article on the ting forms of animal life found in sea-water, by M188 ARAH COOPER, entitled " Some Dainty Morsels for the Whales," MISS EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER contributes a poem entitled "Baby," and MISS SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT one entitled "The Crisket and the Tea-Kettle."

The art-work in this Number includes a beautiful wood-engraving by H. P. WALCOTT, with the legend, "You Can't Come In, Jack Frost"; two drawings by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd; a full-page picture of "The Gorilla"; and a charming winter scene by E. J. MEEKER.

DAMSEL AND DOWAGER.

F every woman in following the fashions L chose only those parts of them which are suitable to her style and years, but not necessarily to her neighbor's style and years, how much better dressed should we be as a people!

No one can complain with any candor that she is hampered by obligation and arbitrary laws, for the multiplicity of the fashions allows one such generous scope in these late years that this course of free choice is perfectly practicable, and there is no requirement whatever for the middleaged woman to make a dowdy of herself by wearing the apparel of age, nor for the dowager, in aping the frivolities of the débutante, to make a simpleton of herself. Yet with such want of taste do the greater part of our friends of the high-numbering years beam in their best gowns upon the world that if we did not know the word dowdy to be derived from the old Scotch word signifying a rag, we should think it might with as much propriety be derived from dowager.

Not that there are not notable exceptions whose success makes the failure of others more conspicuous, women who dress as perfeetly at fifty as their daughters do at twenty, who know what colors and what lines display and what hide the touch of time's tarnishing fingers, and who use them so well that one never thinks of time or years in their presence, but finds the wearer of the well-arranged costume still a thing of beauty, there being both the beauty of the peach blossom and the beauty of the peach, the beauty of the spring flower and of the autumn leaf, and each being perfect in its

For when all is said about beauty unadorned being adorned the most, there is

not a woman alive who does not know better, or thinks she knows better, and is not sure that such and such a charm can be heightened by such and such an arrangement, that these tints brighten or tone her tints, and that these outlines ripen or refine her outlines, and that of two young maidens of previously equal good looks the one in an ugly print without a collar will not begin to compare in attractiveness with the one who has a ribbon in her hair, a ruffle at her throat, and some successful effort about her simple dress at the becoming. Attractiveness, meanwhile, she acknowledges to be a duty-a duty with no more ignoble object than that of helping to make the world a pleasant place to live in, with loveliness on every side.

For various reasons, some plain on their face, and some inscrutable, we none of us like to grow old. The first wrinkles remind one of the dog's-ears in a child's book: it is almost worn out; it is time to go to another. As the eye dims, the day darkens; as the voice cracks, the bell sounds to ring down the curtain. Feeling, then, a disinclination to recognize the fact of advancing age, women are perfectly right in preventing the fact from becoming more apparent to others than need be, without the aid of factitious or reprehensible resorts, such as paint upon the cheeks or drugs to brighten the eyes. And the first of many ways to prevent the obtrusion upon others of the decay of youth and beauty is the study of the fit and becoming-of what bonnet, let us say, best prevents the betraying glare of the sun, what cut best drapes the increasing rotundity or the decreasing skeleton, what color supplies the want or the superabundance of color, not whether such a cut, or color, or cap, looks well on the nextdoor neighbor, nor whether we can not bring ourselves to go without it because she has it.

Ever since there have been women the various adornments of dress and of the person have been in use. The daughters of men that the sons of God found fair must have known how to make the most of them; we all remember how the wrath of old Isaiah and the other prophets fell upon them; two hundred years ago they were still in use, as we read in the old dramatic pastoral that took occasion to enumerate them:

"Chains, coronets, pendants, bracelets, and ear-rings Pins, girdles, spangles, embroideries, and rings, Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, rufts, cufts, falls, Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, mufts, laces, cauls, Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn, and farthingales, Sweet-falls, veils, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins, Pots of ointment, combs, with poking-sticks and

bodkins, Coifs, gorgets, fringes, rolls, fillets, and hair-laces, Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsel cloth of gold Tissues, with colors of a hundredfold."

Perhaps, if one wished to do it, as formidable a list of toilette appliances could be made out to-day, as there are now people who use the modern equivalent for a good portion of these things, at one time or another in the year; but owing to the liberality of modern fashion, of which we have spoken, almost none of them are necessary. and, what is a little singular, these modern equivalents are more used in the toilette of the damsel than of the dowager.

In this country, indeed, the usual toilette of the dowager is one of too much simplicity, if anything. The gorgets and bodkins and fillets and spangles are worn by the damsels instead, who, whether they need them or not, know how to make beauty the more telling by means of them. In Europe the reverse rules, and it is the downgers there that put on all the splendor of apparel. We do not see why, however, under our modern system, a middle course can not be held, and the downger, to whom such things may happen to be unbecoming, can not take the liberty of putting them behind her, and the damsel, to whom they may be necessary, the much greater liberty of wearing them. For indeed the watch-word of fashion in our era is not "Follow, follow, follow," nor even "Ars celare artem," but rather "Before all things, fitness."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON is now at the height of its V social season, which, owing to Lent beginning as early as February 7, is this year compressed into so brief a space as to necessitate even a greater degree of haste in going from one gay seene to another than usual, great as the rush is there always in January and February. Visiting, as usual, is the occupation of every lady who pretends to keep up with social duties, every afternoon except Sunday and her own reception day.

The ladies whose nearest male relatives hold official positions order visiting-cards by the thousand, and spend much time in registering those they receive from others, and in preparing their visiting lists for each day. This is an arduous task, as they must endeavor to arrange their lists so as to save time by having the places nearest together in consecutive order, so that the coachman can be told what places must be visited in New-Year snowy and slippery, has of course add-

turn; this is rendered the more difficult by the fact that every one in the same neighborhood does not have the same reception day. Often three of those living in the same row of houses will each have a different reception day, because their husbands belong to different classes of officials, as the wife of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court always sees visitors on Mondays, the wife of a member of the cabinet on Wednesday, and the wife of a Senator on Thursday, wherever each may live. Any one who chooses receives on Tuesday, Friday, or Saturday, the wives of Representatives usually taking either Tuesday or Friday, except the Speaker's wife, who receives on Wednesday.

Some people actually think it presumptuous for any save those who belong to the official classes named to take the days assigned to those classes for reception days, even if they live next door to one of the officials. All this, of course, is absurd, and as visiting is such a business in Washington, neighborhood reception days should be obligatory, and official reception days abolished.

At present Monday is the busiest day of the week for visiting, for in addition to the families of the Justices of the Supreme Court who receive on that day, all living on Capitol Hill, at the Navy-vard, Marine Barracks, at the Arsenal, and at three hotels which are far apart, receive calls Monday.

No one understands what a rush in visiting can be until they have seen Washington society returning calls on a Monday. It fairly makes one dizzy to see the rapidity with which ladies with long visiting-lists (and no one who makes calls on that day is without one) dart into a parlor, exchange a hurried greeting with the host-ess, and still hastier ones as they are introduced to her assistants, and dash out again, touching the hands of many acquaintances as they hurry by them to their carriages, entering which, they order their coachman to make all speed to the next house on the list, which may be a mile distant; for the extremes of the city must be gone over for Monday visits, from the Navy-yard in the extreme southeast to the northwest, near Georgetown, where Justice Matthews and Chief Justice Drake of the Court of Claims live. tween these distant points at least one hundred other ladies receive on the same day, at least half of whom are visited by many of the same

In this hurry to do as much as possible between 2 and half past 5 P.M., the fashionable hours for visiting, scarce six minutes can be given up to any call for it takes full an hour and a half to drive to the different houses, leaving only two hours for the time spent in-doors. To make twenty calls in that time is the least any lady expects to do, which gives her just the time mentioned for each. Some take even less time, and literally say nothing but "How do you

o? Good-by. Excuse me—my list is so long." The paraphernalia for visiting in Washington, in addition to the lady's toilette-which, by-theway, is almost invariably a suit of brocade silk, satin, or velvet, always short, and a white hat, or one to match the suit—consists, first, of a large box of cards with the names of all the ladies and gentlemen in the family who expect to go into society (the lady always leaves her husband's, brother's, or father's card for each lady on whom she calls, and one for each of the gentlemen who belong to the family she calls upon), and, next, of a visiting-list and a Congressional Directory, which latter is the only visiting-list some people, and especially strangers, have, as it contains the names of all who are in official life in Washington. A powder box and "powder rag" are not unknown in the visiting outfit, and are often used to conceal the flushes the heat engendered by haste brings to faces no longer young enough to stand additional color.

Some very amusing while very annoying con-tretemps often occur while ladies are dashing about in their carriages making calls. Sometimes one drops all her cards in the gutter as she steps out of her carriage to make her first call, and must either give up visiting for the remainder of the day, or lose time going home for a fresh supply, for no one is expected, in the midst of the hurly-burly of a crowded reception, to remember who has called, unless cards have been left by each one. Besides, many of the visitors are strangers to the hostess, so can not be identified without their eards. Again, the visiting-list is lost en route, or having been missed after one starts off, is found on returning to one's room to look for it charred almost past recognition in the grate, where it was accidentally thrown with the cards from which it had been made out. As the list can no longer be read, and the cards are burned, this is a far more serious misfortune than appears at first thought. The lady's husband is perhaps one whose political success depends much on his wife's social tact, and the friends she makes or keeps for him, which is a case quite usual in Washington, where the husband's business absorbs him so much that he must have a wife to help him onward in the manner indicated. If her list and the cards of those who have called on her are destroyed, she can not possibly remember all who have called upon her, and those she omits very likely think her failure to return their visit intentional, and are thus alienated if not antagonized. Serious feuds have been engendered just in this way, without any other cause of offense being given, and none being in-

The instances cited, which add to the grievance of being forced to make more calls than can be done as a pleasure, but which, on the contrary, have become a labor, are genuine ones, and many more equally as ludicrous to look upon and as harassing to endure might be truthfully given.

The weather having been frequently inclement this winter in Washington, and the streets, usual-



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ed much to the fatigues and difficulties of visited much to the rangues and dimenties of visit-ing in the much-spread-out city. Nevertheless, ladies go out whether it rains, snows, or the sun is shining on dirty slush. Nor do all of these have private vehicles, for some are seen visiting on foot, taking public conveyances occasionally, on toot, taking phone conveyances occasionary, and wearing water-proof cloaks and overshoes, and carrying umbrellas. The umbrellas and cloaks they leave in the hall when they enter a house, and after removing the veil which has protected feathers and forehead frizzes, enter the parlors as smiling as if they had been walking through a rose garden in June.

Dinner parties in the state dining-room at the Executive Mansion are given by President Arthur once a fortnight, but he does not seem inclined once a fortnight, but he does not seem inclined to attempt any other style of entertaining, especially in the way of holding public receptions. Such receptions have been few, indeed, at the White House in two years. The dinners in the state dining-room since that given there by the President and Mrs. Haves to the President-elect and Mrs. Garfield on March 3, 1881, have been, including that of January 22, only four, two only having been there given last year by President Arthur, he preferring usually to give his dinners to smaller numbers in the family dining-room.

The reception at the Executive Mansion on New Year's would have been only the fourth public one, had it not been interrupted by so tragic an event before the general public came in, which has occurred there since the last held by the President and Mrs. Hayes in February,

Mrs. Garfield had one in March of that year, and President Arthur has had but two, that of New-Year's, 1882, and that which he had one evening last March, just after the termination of the six months' mourning for his predecessor, when General and Mrs. Grant assisted him, and the

crowd was intolerably great.

It is rumored that it is owing to the feeling aroused in him by Mr. Allen's sudden death at the first large reception he had this winter that the President has felt a hesitation about fixing a time for other large entertainments. Until last year, when the government was in mourning, there has always been an announcement immediately after New-Year's for public receptions at the White House at least once a fortnight during the season, the first always occurring within ten days

It is said that President Arthur complains of passing very wakeful nights in the White House, waking up and being unable to go to sleep again in the big lonely place, with its many vacant rooms and recent tragic associations, with no one to whom he can speak unless he should go downstairs and find the night-watchman, for no one lives there with him, and he rarely has visitors to spend a night there. He knows in that house the two extremes, absolute loneliness and a hurrying, hand-shaking crowd, and has little in his daily life between the two.

Her friends say that Miss Allen, the young daughter of the late Hawaiian Minister, in speaking of his sudden death at the White House New-Year's, says that she can not regret the manner of his dying, because she knows he would have pre-ferred, had the choice been given him, to die with the harness on, but grieves deeply that she was not by his side on that day, as she was the previous New-Year's. Rightly considered, the death of the senior member of the diplomatic corps at such a time and in such a place was an enviable one, since it was a painless transition, and the surroundings were befitting an emperor's death-bed. The highest officials of this country, and the representatives of every foreign government in court uniforms, and the army and navy of the United States, also in full uniform, were in effect the at tendants on the occasion, and he died as the Marine Band was playing the "Miserere" from Trovatore. In the annals of the White House no more dramatic scene has occurred there. No American President has had such a death-bed.

So very tall and large is Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court that some one has suggested, as the title by which he should be addressed, "Your High Mightiness of the Supreme Court," "his High Mightiness" having been one of the titles suggested in 1789 for a President of the United States, and one which General Washington is reported to have favored. A member of the House of Representatives was then sometimes playfully addressed as "Your Highness of the Lower House."

There are some very domestic men among the members of Congress, despite the popular belief that so many of them are rather disposed to wor ship at the shrines of other goddesses than at those they have placed beside their own firesides. It has been mentioned that Senator Jones, of Nerada, rises at night to soothe the baby rather than let his delicate wife do so, and that Representative Moore of Tonn raiment as a surprise for his pretty wife; it can also be added that another member of the House, whose wife is not in robust health, always assists to dress her, and buttons her boots, although they have long been married.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PRINTED INDIA PONGRES.

THE first silken fabrics displayed for the dresses of next season are printed India pongees, which are in demand by ladies who make up their summer wardrobes during the leisure days of Lent. These pongees are of much lighter weight than the ecru pongees, but are said to be quite as durable fabrics, and are in the new fashionable colors for the plain part of the dress, and in a great variety of designs printed on grounds to match the solid colors. large figures of flowers and fruits are shown among these, some of the roses being larger than any known to the florists, and the fruits are of | and in very large plaids, the extremes in bars and

natural size; these are for gay Watteau overdresses and for matinées, with a skirt of plain strawberry red, terra cotta, shrimp, dull India red, pale blue, olive, rose, or brown, made with many very narrow flounces, and trimmed with lace, either white or colored. There are, however, many small designs that more quiet tastes will select and use for the entire dress, with merely facings, collar, cuffs, plastron, and balayeuse of a plain color that will harmonize in tone with the figured parts. The kaleidoscopic designs combining every color in the prism without any stiff set pattern are effective in the dark and in the light tones; there are also many more conventional designs with small circles, leaves, sprigs and fans thrown at intervals on a cream white dark blue, green, red, or brown ground. large full moons and polka dots are most liked when of four or five different colors on a cream white ground; olive, red, blue, and plum-colored dots together are handsome for making the whole This quaint Eastern silk comes in what the Orientals consider dress lengths, measuring six and three-fourths yards, that are thirty-four inches wide, but this is only half enough for the puffed and pleated and frilled dresses of the peiod, and two of these lengths are sold together. The spotted patterns are \$10 a length, while the plain silks are \$11, and those with figures cost from \$14 to \$16. The most expensive are those with very large flowers and leaves, such as single poppies or roses, each as large as a lady's hand, or dahlias, tulips, and cacti of exaggerated sizes.

PRINTED POULARDS.

Printed fabrics promise to be more fachionable next season than the woven brocaded figures that have been so long in favor, and among these are foulard silks of plain surface, or with satin finish, or else with very broad twills, like those of silk Surah. These are shown in the high colors and large figures described in the India pongees, and an oft-repeated design among these, called the "crushed-rose pattern," has full-blown roses of every color, thrown together without foliage, and entirely covering the surface of the fabric. mosaic designs also show many colors, and there are indigo blue grounds with white linked rings, bars, blocks, and balls that will make most tasteful dresses. The star patterns—white on red, blue, brown, or green grounds—are very neat, and others with small white sprigs repeat the popular designs of last year.

HOW TO MAKE SUMMER SILK DRESSES.

Shirred basques with shirred sleeves and trimmed skirts will be used for these thin silks. The skirts have lengthwise double ruffles between clusters of shirring down the front and side breadths; sometimes, instead of making this ruffle of silk, lace will be used, and in other cases the ruffle will be of figured foulard lined with plain foulard. At the foot there are puffs that lap, with a plain ruffle at top and bottom. The over-skirt will be drawn up very high and full on the hips, and may be opened down the centre and drawn back on each side, or else in a closed front in apron shape; the back drapery falls in soft folds and bows, yet is very full and bouffant. The basque will be shirred on the shoulders, again on the bust, and also at the waist line, and inside this shirring will be a gathered plastron or vest of plain foulard. The shirred sleeves will be arranged in lengthwise puffs for short arms, and in puffs around the armholes and elbows, if the arms are long and need to be rounded out; but these puffs must be very soft and drooping, and will look best if made separately and sewed upon the sleeves. Polonaises that are very full on the hips and tournure, yet are drawn back plainly on the sides, will be made of the largefigured foulards to wear over skirts formed entirely of puffs or lengthwise pleats, or covered with ruffles of the plain goods. The plain fou-lard is shirred in the front from throat to waist line, and edged with lace frills, and it is also formed in a great sash and bow made of a whole width laid in folds, and passed across the tournure between the under-arm seams. Dark velvet is sometimes preferred to the plain foulard for the accessories of these polonaises, and velvet ribbon bows are on the front of the waist and knotted on the sides, or behind as a sash, but velvet skirts are no more effective than those of foulard, and add to the weight, when one of the greatest commendations of these summer silk dresses is their lightness.

COTTON DRESS GOODS.

A "cotton season" is announced for next summer. Already the importations of cotton satteens are displayed on the counters of retail stores, and new designs are shown, among which the single daisy is one of the prettiest; this has large ox-eyed daisies, stemless and leafless, dropped at invals on a glossy twilled surface of indigo, ol The chrysanthemum patterns ive, red, or brown. are also liked, and there are new clusters of shaded leaves, moss-rose buds, tulins, outline designs of roses that look like embroidery, carnations, eglantine with leaves and without them, hyacinths on their thick stalks, pansies, and thistles. Bordered satteens are shown with a broad vine near one selvedge, and the flowers gradually lessened in size across to the opposite selvedge. A pattern of Japanese umbrellas has very odd combinations of color, while there are many white flowers on black grounds for ladies in mourning. Finest of all are the satteens of a single color, with large balls of the same shade woven in heavier twills; these monotone satteens are made on the Jacquard looms, and are shown in crushed strawberry shades, pale blue, shrimp, terra-cotta, and olive green; the black satteens are especially good, and will be useful for mourning dresses. as their lustre is not too high: they cost 75 cents a yard. Scotch ginghams are largely imported in small checks not so large as the head of a pin,

in stripes being preferred to those of medium

BASQUES, TRAINS, ETC.

The velvet basques so much worn with both day and evening toilettes are now sharply pointed in front, very short on the hips, with a deep square basque behind, which must not be too broad, and is formed of what are called fluted These are thickly lined box pleats that stand out in clearly defined shape by reason of their stiff interlining, and are merely two large box pleats-not doubled or tripled, but single box pleats—not doubled or tripled, but single— formed by widening the middle forms of the back below the waist line. A half of a box pleat is then made on each side of these pleats by widening the side form, and these half-pleats are then curved gracefully upward on the sides to meet there the shallowest part of the basque, which is only two or three inches deep. The neck may be low and round, or it may be high behind with an oval opening, or else pointed with a rolling wired collar, or three-cornered with a full high Medicis ruche of lace or beads, or of the pleated material of the dress across the back. A French fashion is that of having a chemisette or a real chemise Russe, or blouse, of silk muslin gathered very full, to be worn inside these open-throated dresses. The sleeves do not extend below the elbow in the high corsages, and the low-necked waists have merely rows of lace or cordons of flowers across the top of the arm. The most graceful trains are of very full straight breadths pleated in a very narrow space at the top and slightly bunched up just below the waist, but they are allowed to flow freely thence and form natural folds, instead of being caught up in puffs or held together near the end by tapes on the inner side. Four or five breadths are required for long trains. When only three breadths are used, the train must be of halflength, that is, only ten or twelve inches longer than a walking skirt. Some quaint dresses in the Louis XIV, style with trains that may be carried over the arm have been made for fashiona-ble young women to wear when dancing the stately manuet with its many ceremonious courtesies. The low corsage and train of the minuet dress are made of Geneva velvets, or brocaded satins with gold and silver threads in pink and green flowers, or rose with blue, or salmon with blue or poppy red. The whole toilette may be copied from old pictures, and should have the coiffure of the period as well. The front of the skirt is very short, and is made of satin or plain ottoman silk with many narrow flounces of lace.

VARIETIES.

Ottoman ribbons in many loops, with edges cut in sharp irregular points called cockscombs are used for ornamenting dresses in various ways. Six different colors appear in a cockscomb bow of large size to be worn on the corsage just where the fichu meets, or else without a fichu high on the left side. A thick ruche of loops and ends all jagged is made around the skirt of a shrimp pink satin dress, and various shades from shrimp to deep red are used in this ruche. A ruche of violet shades on mauve satin is also very effective.

Sprays of cherry blossoms, blackberry flowers with their fruit, and strawberries of varied sizes, with pears, plums, and mandarin oranges, are fashionable designs for brocaded ottoman silks.

Corn-flower blue is one of the stylish shades for the wool dresses imported from Paris, and is seen in dark rough cloth pelisses that are worn over brocaded ottoman silk skirts with blue grounds strewn with red carnations.

New black Spanish laces with hand-run out-

lines of the figures are to be further ornamented by polka dots of velvet.

Gold-lace in Flemish guipure designs, with col-

ored silks woven in the flowers and leaves, are used on dark velvet bonnets, and brighten them very effectively.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

NANCY McComb, a very aged colored woman who died a week or two since in Milledgeville Georgia, was the cook who prepared General LAFAYETTE's dinner when he visited that city.

LAFAYETTE'S dinner when he visited that city.
—Although their rules forbid the entrance of any woman except the wife of the ruler of the nation into their monastery, the Trappists of Gethsemane Abbey, near Louisville, Kentucky, have two women buried in their grave-yard, Mrs. Nancy Miles and Mrs. Mary Bradford, the latter the only sister of Jefferson Davis.
—A piece of Plymouth Rock, eight inches long, three inches wide, and four thick, has been forwarded to the Rev. Henry Allon, of Mission Chapel, Islington, London, to be built into the front of the chapel pulpit, by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts.
—Miss Catharine Wolfe's "cottage" at

-Miss Catharine Wolfe's "cottage" at Newport, Rhode Island, is built of Longmendow brown stone, cut and carved elaborately; no wood is seen, copper and stone taking its place. The twelve signs of the zodiac are among the carved decorations of the hall, and the windows are of stained glass and French plate. Miss WOLFE is said to be the wealthiest single woman in America. She has a superb collection of pictures.

—Prince Frederick William of Prussia has

attended EDWIN BOOTH'S performances of Hamlet in Berlin repeatedly, where BOOTH was called before the curtain and applauded to the echo. This was not the mere attendance of royalty,

but of a critic and connoisseur.

One of the passengers on the trial trip of Fulton's steamboat, Mrs. Sally Smith, died not long since at Edgartown, Massachusetts, and District the aged ninctv-two.

—At a recent masquerade party in Washington, given by Senator and Mrs. MILLER, Miss DORA MILLER, their daughter, appeared as "California, in a short white satin gown garnished with small bunches of flowers and fruits, and humming-birds and butterflies perched on tiny sheaves of grain, a net-work of gold and silver embroidery running through the whole, and a veil of Spanish lace was crowned with a wreath

reil of Spanish lace was crowned with a wreath of purple grapes and ears of wheat.

—We are glad to see that our neighbor the Critic, founded by the enterprise and courage of Miss JEANNETTE R. GILDER and her brother, has met with such success as to warrant its becoming a weekly.

—A number of Indian and Chinese curlosities, where the state is Reitish Columbia.

gathered during her tour in British Columbia, have been sent to Rideau Hall by the Princess

Her husband and baby travel with Madame

ALBANI.

The first Jew who has been honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity from the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati is the Rabbi Eppin-

A bonfire, which has communicated with a bed of coal beneath, is said to be still burning on a hill near Troy, New York, having been lighted to celebrate General GARFIELD's elec-

-Some of the carved mantel-pieces in the Washington residence of Schator Miller, of California, built by Thomas Wilson, now one consuls were the handiwork of of our foreign consuls, were the handiwork of Mrs. Wilson. -A Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun, colored people,

whose daughter has just graduated from the Atlanta University, keep a popular restaurant at Atlanta, Georgia

-Governor Bates, of Tennessee, was a clerk once on a steamboat between Nashville and New Orleans.

The principal of the female department of Liberia College, West Africa, is Miss Jennie E. Davis, who graduated at the Girls' Boston High

School ten years ago.

—The Massachusetts School Suffrage Associa-tion have re-elected Miss ABBY W. MAY President.

dent.

—Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent by OLE BULL in his attempt to colonize large numbers of his countrymen in this country, and to establish a national school of acting and mutain Descent Norman.

sic in Bergen, Norway.

—At the age of one hundred and three years and six months Ruth Humphrey is still living with her adopted daughter in East Granville, Massachusetts.

-VICTORIA, Queen of England, is said to be a large real estate owner in New York.

—The alma mater of Jefferson, Marshall,

MONROE, and RANDOLPH, the onice-renowned William and Mary College, of Williamsburg, Virginia, had but one new student last year.

Virginia, had but one new student last year.

—A hospital bearing his name has been thought to be a better tribute to Garibaldi by the Italians of New York than a statue, as suggested by the Chevalier G. F. Secchi de Casali.

—Physically Governor Alexander H. Stephens is said to be almost a wreck, but still he is a giant mentally. His small and nearly helpeless body is wheeled about from place to place.

—Daniel Webster and John G. Whittier both trace their descent from Christopher Hussey, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who married a daughter of the first minister of that town, the Rev. Mr. Bachelor. The black Bacheloneye is said to be famous in their part of the country, and we have heard that there was a country, and we have heard that there was a glint of it in the eyes of HAWTHORNE and CALEB

CUSHING.

—It is thought, since "Mark Twain" has proved not to be a trade-mark, that the most guildless of the "Innocents Abroad" is Mark

On the 19th of April is to be dedicated in Washington the statue of Professor HENRY by WILLIAM STORY.

—Miss Eva Channing, who has lately return-

—MISS EVA CHANNING, WHO HIS LIKELY I CERTIFIED HE GROWN FOR THE UNIT WITH A COUNTY OF THE REV. W. E. CHANNING.

—A counct is expected by Mr. RICHARD

PROCTOR to take an excursion early in spring through the American atmosphere, and make it hot for us. It would seem as if this astronomer was more in the secrets of the comets than other astronomers are.

—The widow of the arctic explorer, Mrs. DE

Long, is expecting to receive a pension, as she should.

—The American dentist to the Khedive of

—The American dentist to the Khedive of Egypt, Dr. James F. Love, who lost his diploma in the bombardment of Alexandria, has had a certificate of graduation prepared for him by the dean of the Philadelphia Dental College, as it would violate the law governing medical bodies to have the diploma duplicated.

—For an equestrian statue of the late A. E. Burnside thirty thousand dollars have been subscribed.

BURNSIDE Unity thousand dollars have been subscribed.

—Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT has in her drawing-room a portrait of herself by MADRAZZO, representing her in white, with a black cloak, lined with rose-color, blowing open in the wind. Her own sitting-room in her new house is the reproduction of one in a Medicean palace. She has a Sister of Charity, it is said, to look after her children, although herself a Protestant.

—At Christmas about thirty swans from the

—At Christmas about thirty swans from the Thames are killed, of which the Queen has four, the Prince of Wales two, and the other members of the royal family one each. There is little dif-ference between the flavor of swans and geese.

—Eating and drinking are supposed to have

had as much to do with the death of Gambetta as anything else, although the French physicians say he "succumbed to a peritypheylitis, complicated by a pericolitis, to which was added a slight peritonitis during his last moments."

—The Rue Royale, Paris, is to be called by

Louis Blanc's name.

Opera is telephoned from the Marinsky
Theatre to Russian royalty at Gatschina Palace, forty miles away.

—Improvidence and intemperance are the two

great curses of people in his profession, HEN-RY IRVING declares.

—Of Mr. Edmund W. Gosse's privately issued

book on the Elizabethan poet Lodge only ten copies have been printed.

—The wife of Arabi did not accompany him

to Ceylon, but resides at Paris

-Before her novel Gramille de Vigne was writ-ten, Ouida, whose "Frescoes" is just concluded in HARPER'S WEEKLY, was an unknown writer, getting five dollars a page only for her magazine stories. She now receives seven thousand dollars down for a novel. Her name is Louise De LA RAMÉE. Her father was a Frenchman. She lives in a villa near Florence with her dogs, and is rather "mannish."

THE HAND AND FOOT.

NOTHING is more admirable or surpris-ing in its adaptability to an infinite number of purposes, or noble in the sense of power conveyed by its form, than the human hand. It can not, therefore, be in



CLOTH CLOAK WITH FEATHER BOR-DERS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Front Page.] For description see Supplement.

good taste to squeeze it into a glove so much too small for it that it becomes useless for any purpose beyond holding a visiting-card; the division of the fingers extending only down to the mid-dle knuckle, and the back and inside of the hand pinched into shapelessness and uselessness. shapelessness and uselessness. Though the hand is not permanently injured by the tight glove as the foot is by the tight shoe, the effect is ignoble and absurd. The hand should not be too small or the limp a thing to be expelled. or too limp a thing to be capable of any kind of duty; and when fashion suggests that it is, there



Fig. 2.—Velvet, Brogade, and Satin Dress.—Baok.—(See Fig. 1.)—Cut Pattern, No. 3382: Basque, Over-Skiet, and Skiet, 20 Cents Each.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 30-36.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Flannel House Sacque.—Front and Back.—Cut Pattern, No. 3879: Price, 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 19-22.

can be no doubt about the bad taste. The hand of the finest lady should be able to clasp with the full fervor of friendship, and pull a child out of danger; and a hand upon which no dependence could be placed in an emergency is by no means



CLOTH SUIT.—BACK.—[FOR Front, see Front Page.] CUT PATTERN, NO. 3378: BASQUE, OVER-SKIET, AND SKIET, 20 CENTS EACH. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1-13.



Fig. 2.—Black Satin Merveilleux Dress.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3380: Basque, 20 Cents; Trimmed Skibt, 25 Cents. For description see Supplement.

A DESCRIPTION

-Embroidered Chair Back.-[See Fig. 2, or Page 101.] For design and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 46.

grow till they resemble claws, priding himself upon this evidence that he nev-er did, and is incapable of doing, any manly work; and many ladies cultivate their hands to suggest the same notion. It must be remembered that the longer and more pointed the nails, the more they are suggestive of claws. This is increased by the polishing of them. Surely it can not be in good

them. Surely it can not be in good taste to recall our animal origin at the expense of human capabilities.

The Greeks, who accentuated all peculiarly and distinctly human characteristics, carefully avoided pointing the nails, though no Darwin had shown



Fig. 1.—Black Satin Merveilleux Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3380: Basque, 20 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents. For description see Supplement.



DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3381: PRICE, 15 CENTS.

For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—HANGING PILLOW FOR CHAIR OR SOFA BACK.—[See Fig. 2.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 86.

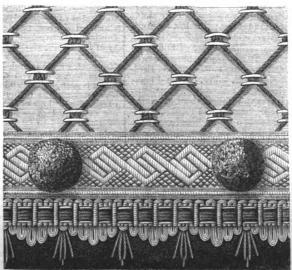


Fig. 2.—Part of Stripe for Pillow, Fig. 1.—Full Size.



Fig. 1.—Velvet, Brocade, and Satin Dress.—Front. [See Fig. 2.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3382: Basque, Over-Skiet, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 30-36.

them whence the nails came; they also rejected smallness of hand, such as the ideal of modern taste demands. Proportion and fitness were to them ruling principles, outside of which they found no beauty. Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first can not be too large nor the last too small. Tiny feet and hands are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It can not be possible that they are intended by the

course of time, inevitable bunions, the only wonder being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left. To this pernicious habit of crippling the foot by the short, misshapen shoe has of late been added the equally pernicious and even disastrous practice of wearing a peg under the heel and toward the middle of the sole, to the destruction of that balance which can not be interfered with without evil consequences, not only to the foot and ankle but to the whole frame by reason of the strain foot and ankle, but to the whole frame, by reason of the strain upon muscles which maintain the balance, and which are called upon to act permanently in a manner intended only to be occa-

A DAINTY DISH.

A PRETTY conceit for the table, and appetizing withal, is a French dish not known perhaps here. Roast some small birds—reed-birds, larks, plover, snipe—and mash a quantity of potatoes with cream and butter. Spread this thickly over the bottom, sides, and edges of a deep dish. Lay the roasted birds in the middle of the dish; place them with the breast downward. Nick the edges of the potato, and stick in it inch lengths of vermicelli which has been baked. Reserve one or two of the birds to cut



Fig. 2.—Embroidery for Chair Back, Fig. 1, on Page 100.—Full Size.—[For rest of design and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 46.]

writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement; but a notion is encouraged that results in the destruction of one of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This unfortunate notion, that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it till it becomes, in many cases, a bunch of crumpled deformity. It is a most reprehensible practice, allike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of the growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of general shape and, in the

sional. These very muscles, being impaired by constant pressure of the stays, are still less able to bear a strain that would injure them even in a healthy state, so that peculiar maladies actually them even in a healthy state, so that peculiar maladies actually caused by this fashion of high heels have come into being. The high heel is also a great mistake if only regarded as a matter of appearance, as it greatly increases the apparent size of the foot at a little distance, making it look like a hoof, and, to say nothing about taste, the fashion is attended with very serious danger in walking quickly, or over uneven ground, or descending stairs. up and stew in a gravy made of a little flour, a beaten egg, and some stewed oysters. An excellent sauce piquante, that is to food what action is to oratory, may be used with game. Put a table-spoonful of parsley leaves and the same of capers in a mortar and beat them together; add a table-spoonful of fresh mustard and three hard yolks of eggs, and mix the whole. Then add six anchovies boned and forced through a sieve, a table-spoonful of vinegar, two of oil, and a finely chopped shalot, and mix the whole. When to be used stir the sauce into half a pint of melted butter or strong beef gravy. butter or strong beef gravy.

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BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDRITON'S MONEY," "VIOTOR AND VANQUISHED," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

Sunday, July 31, 1881.

I ROSE this morning with the same vague feeling of mistrust against which I had so persistently, yet vainly, struggled last night, with the same hatred of myself for this distrust, and yet with the same cowardly dread of hearing Mary mention anything relative to that day of the murder three years ago. I had not looked again at the photograph I bought last evening, but yet it seemed to be before my eyes all through the wakeful night.

I only waited for the eastern light to climb the hills and bring a tender smile upon the western sea before I rose, grateful in my heart for the country sounds and sights and scents around me. This was so different from our Chiswick home. with the red houses close upon us before and behind, and hand in hand with us on either side -so different even from the tame view of sea and long parade and fashionable crowd which had been our idea of summer holidays. Oh, the joy and gladness of the summer Sunday morning in this fair, sweet, untamed land!

My lattice window was wide open while I dressed, and the Devon roses nodded in and cheered me, making me forget the harassed wakefulness of the past night. Then I leaned through to drink a deeper draught of the new joy and freshness of the morning, and doing so, I saw two children standing hand in hand upon the doorstep. I waited, smiling to see the little fellows expectant, just as they had been when I had seen them first, until I heard a strong, swift step upon the road, the click of the little gate, and then a voice, half laughing, half scarifying: "Go in! go in! You'll certainly catch the worm if you're out so early." Then little pattering, hastening, eager steps down the garden path, a merry call to "John," and following that a trio of laughter down below the roses. I did not look out again, nor did I hurry over dressing. Some-how I felt more content, less lonely and uneasy. I had thought myself early—as I certainly was compared with our Sunday morning appearances at home-but when I went down-stairs I found Mary sitting at our parlor window, looking as if she had been down for hours. All through breakfast I fought with this new painful restraint that held me in her presence; but the fight grew easier and easier as I saw that she herself had had little or no sleep, and yet that she so tenderly devoted herself to me, coaxing me to eat, and saying unsuspiciously that she could see I had had what Silla calls "bad rest"; talking brightly to me, as if no shadow dimmed her own awaking.

"Listen!" I said, as through our open window me the chime of the village bells. "You will came the chime of the village bells. go to church, Mary?"

"I should like to go," she said, looking absentlv far down the river's track, "if it is not wrong to go only for the sake of a rest."

would have told her I thought it good to know that rest was to be won there, but I am so awkward, and never can say properly or in time

"If you do not mind, Mary," said I, as, going upstairs together, we paused at the sound of the children's arguments—I had seen Mr. Gunn go to the schools some time before, and if I had not, should have known he was absent by the different tone in his children's voices, for their nurse was a rather incapable as well as dismal young woman, with her face wrapped up in a most depressing manner—" we will take those little boys. Their nurse will not undertake it—Mr. Gunn said so last night—and it is such a pity to hear them fretting here."

Their delight over this project may have been great, but their evidence of it was measured. Trot's lofty excellence could not stoop to more than a brief sweet smile, while Nap's stoicism was entirely and perfectly impenetrable. They were dressed with willingness by the maid, who was apparently delighted at the prospect of being for a time released from what possibly weighed upon her mind as a responsibility, and we soon set off. Nap, having on a fresh little white tunic, took occasion to tumble down in the dustiest bit of the road, and wore a most impaired appearance afterward; but, except for this diversion, we reached the church in safety and in time. But I can freely confess now that the service was an ordeal to me through which I have no wish to pass again-at present; for there had been a sort of tacit understanding between us that Mary should have charge of Trot, and I of Nap, and envy ate my heart away through every minute of and his devout and concentrated contemplation of the congregation certainly was all that Mary could have desired; but to be custodian of Nap I found to be a task not equally light. For a time he gave himself up to a thorough and unhindered investigation of everything, from the height of the seat on which I had perched him, then fell into a steady, unintermittent regard of my features, his head turned to comfortably conduct it, and that queer gaze of his, solemn and yet half humorous, growing more and more steadfast as I writhed under it. I tried touching him, as if accidentally, with the end of my sturdy white umbrella, and I tried smiling sweetly into his face, but nothing disturbed him. With enviable persistence and firmness he, unmoved, continued his grave study of my face. I knew I should presently have to take the child out of church, and I was very sorry, for the simple country service was good for me. I tried to forget him, and for this purose I looked about me. Then it was I noticed that almost every one seemed to be regarding

Mary. I wondered what the rustics thought of the lovely face, and what the few fashionably attired visitors thought of the plain brown dress, but I wondered more what Mr. Gunn thought when he turned his eves so often to the beautiful lifted ones beside me; and then, I am sorry to say, I fell to thinking how terribly my dull complexion would look in that brown suit of Mary's. This had been a little respite, and surely the sermon was half over now! Just then, as I hoped this and vet feared it-for the words were like fresh air to me-Mr. Gunn quoted a few lines which I was certain I had seen or heard before:

"Till the stars go old,
And the moon grows cold,
And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold." Instead of listening further, I was hunting through the chambers of my memory for the source of this, and finally fancied that an American poet had written what he was pleased to call a Moorish love song, in which he vows to love the queen of his affections until the period therein indicated. I have heard many poets quoted in the pulpit, certainly, but the Moorish love song is a new experience. Through this brief recess Nap's scrutiny never wavered. I saw Mary smile at last, and I tried to do so too, but it was heavy work under that close investigation, and I had lost my fleeting bravery, and was just succumbing, when (to my relief) Nap turned his head to

his father there, he clearly and loudly broke the

But, after a grave contemplation of

silence of the congregation: "Come home now, John."

My horror can only feebly be described when this infant in my care—actually held at the mo-ment within my encircling arm—tendered this friendly counsel to our pastor, with such an evident conviction of its wisdom, and such stolid contempt for its repression. In a panic I put my fingers on the little pouting lips, and avoiding a glance either at Mr. Gunn or at Marv, took the child out of church, in fear and trembling, and hating myself for having been the cause of this extraordinary address to the pulpit. But I had no idea what reproof to administer, or how to improve the occasion, and so-weakly silent myself -I let him walk stolidly beside me, until he tumbled down. After that I still more weakly carried him, for I was glad to hasten home, give him up to his nurse, and hide my own diminished head.

No words can tell how apprehensively I awaited the return of Mr. Gunn, and was quite grateful to Miss Brock for happening to be in our room, laving the cloth for our early dinner.

Twas a pity you had the trouble of them." she observed, alluding to the little lads, "but that nurse ain't much. She's always feelin'-like Peter did when he sat at the gate of the temple weepin'—just mazed wi' toothache. I can't say it do surprise me, for her bonnet ain't naught but a limpet shell 'pon top of her head."

"But it is such fine warm weather," suggested I, meekly, wondering what my bonnet looked like in Miss Angerona's eyes.

"Oh yes, the weather's handsome, sure nuff," she allowed. "We get a fine passel of mercies we do never stop to count up. The Almighty is fine and good to us one way and 'nother; and that girl, though she's been poorly all mornin', is purty clever again now. Lor, miss, we must all of us feel slight now and then. Now I do hope you two'll eat some dinner to-day, for the meat do go poor this weather if 'tisn't eaten. I've got the key of the Belvidere usable now, and you shall have it this afternoon. What time shall you want tea?

"Any time that will suit you best," I said, acting on Mary's principle.
"Lor, miss, never mind," said Miss Brock, cor-

"If you're late the girl will wait on you all right; for I do mostly go to chapel in evenin's. I do very often have a bit o' nap in the afternoons, an' then I do like to go to preachin' in the evenin,' cause I can sleep so much better after bein' out a bit."

Just then I saw Mr. Gunn come up the garden with Mary, Trot walking in advance, and I felt thankful to be sheltered in our own room; but my heart fell when Mary actually brought him straight in with her, telling me he would not be denied thanking me for my enterprise. His hearty laugh over our adventure did me good, and then, while he idled in our low parlor, giving it a curious homeliness, I thought, I told them, with a bad imitation of Miss Brock's Cornish, her

"A rather original reason for attending Divine worship," said Mr. Gunn, with his pleasant laugh. "It reminds me of a motive given by one of her countrymen to tardy almsgivers to provoke them to good works: an old friend of mine heard it. A missionary meeting was held at Porthleven, and the necessity of sending the Gospel to the heathen in foreign parts a One good brother who belonged to Porthleven, and knew a great deal of local politics, concluded his oration thusly: 'I do hope, friends, that there'll be a good collection, and I think you did ought to come out liberal this year, for the fishin' han't been bad, and you have had two very good

"The heathen in foreign parts were their brothers indeed," laughed Mary, and by that time my apprehension had worn off, and I had forgotten my ignominious exit from church.

Presently Mary called the children in, and in her pretty, easy way amused and played with them, trying to make me do so too, but I could not, for I could not sufficiently forget myself. I was not astonished that Mr. Gunn looked with such quiet, intense pleasure at her, and so forbearingly left unnoticed my awkward advances; yet he specially addressed me before he left, to pretend he did not see my discomfiture.

'Nap is not the only child in Rocklands who has covered himself with glory to-day, Miss Os-well," he said, with a smile for me, and a kind touch upon his boy's hair. "There was a brisk

little girl in the school who volunteered to tell me how Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, and then informed me it was by brimstone and Then he went away laughing, and left us laughing too, and far more ready for dinner than we should have been

When it was over, Miss Brock brought in the key of the Belvidere (not very shining), and we strolled out. I paused in the garden, fancying Mary would like to visit the tower alone, but she looked at me wistfully: "You will come, Barry?"

"Oh yes," I said, quite naturally, the moment I saw it was what she wished. "You can not get rid of me, now you have brought me so far, Mary. We shall have a delightful walk, for it is, indeed, as Miss Angerona said, 'handsome weather sure nuff.'"

Yet, for all my studied unconstraint, I found, as we went on, I could not throw from my mind its great anxiety. As we neared the Belvidere. I talked to Mary on irrelevant matters, but this was always an effort to me, and defeated its own ends. I began to think it as impossible for me to still my doubts, vague as they were, as to stop the motion in the spikelets of quaking-grass I gathered; so I fell into silence just as she had done, and stood turned away from her, looking down upon the purple slope of moorland, while she fitted the key in the lock, and opened the door, for I seemed to understand so well the trembling of her fingers over the task. Then I followed her, lazily as I could seem to do, into the tower, and up the few stairs which led straight from the lower room-evidently only an entrance, as Miss Brock had said-into the upper one, which, in spite of its desolate, unvisited look, was a very strong

Intentionally averting my eyes from Mary, I inspected the room. There was a small window on each of the three sides, and beyond the one over the river I saw the broken rails still standing, ugly reminders of the tragedy this little place (built for pleasure) had witnessed. Below each window was a semicircular little bracket table. On one stood an old-fashioned ruby claret glass, on one a well-worn blotting-book and inkstand, and on the other a heavy antique tobacco jar. But what added greatly to the furnished look of the room was the fact that the door was lined book-shelves, so well filled that to close it behind us was quite a labor, but when we had done so the whole character of the room was changed, even though below it, upon the dark green carpet, lay that great stain so visible still!

I was examining everything in this slow, deliberate way, partly to avoid a glance at Mary, and partly to avoid a thought of what she felt, or even a remembrance of that mystery between us, when her voice startled me, it was so oddly strained and perplexed.

Barbara, I have such a strange, strange feeling! I can not understand it. Did you ever enter a room that you seemed to know? Did you ever seem to have been in a place before, and yet not know you have? What is it? I seem to have been here before, but on a different day -a misty, brooding day. I know the scene—the bridge down there; the river; the bank; the heather; the road beyond; even one sheltered spot where the May-weed is in blossom-yet it is so late for that. Yes, it was late, I remember, then. And the river sobbed and wailed. How do I know that, when to day it is so glad and swift? Listen! Is not the water rushing merrily in summer gladness? Barbara, what does it mean? Have I been-mad?"

"My dear," I cried, putting my arms about her, and softly kissing her white check, trying vainly, I fear, to hide from her the fact that I was frightened, "come home now. This is a chill, damp, uninhabited, uncomfortable, unsociafor I scarcely knew what to urge to entice her away, while there came back to me that insane longing for Denis, as if he were the

only one who could help her now or advise me.
"Yes," said Mary, repeating my words in a slow, confused way, "it is a chill, damp, cruel place, but it is not that—oppresses me. dream, I think. Can it be? What is it that I can not grasp? Barbara"—in an eager, intense whisper, her eyes wild and feverish in her pale face—"I—recognize this room; and yet I do not. Tell me what we came for. Was it"—dazedly looking round-"to gain some clew to-who was here with Evlyn? Did we say that appointment he came to keep was not with the man who was murdered? I forget. But if it is not a dream -look on that upper shelf, Barbara, and I think all the volumes will be" (her hand upon her side as if in pain) "'State Trials."

"No, I will not, Mary," said I, sturdily. "I hate dreams to be remembered. They are all nonsense and indigestion and untruth. wretched room makes my head ache, and I shall aint if you keep me have ed in my life, and have not the slightest idea with what sensation it begins; but I could not help this excuse, as I laid my fingers soothingly

help this excuse, as I laid my fingers soothingly for a moment on her wide, bewildered eyes.

"I am so sorry, Barbara," she said, in her sweet, pitiful tones. "Come away. I am selfish to have kept you. You are right. Let us shake off the horror of this place, dear. I was forgetting it was Sunday. Why did we choose to-day? Now come back to our own quiet rooms, and you will plan to me won't you?" will play to me, won't you?"

"Yes," said I, shakily; for it occurred to me that my music would scarcely soothe her, and how few things I could play without notes-only two or three showy pieces of a boisterous and tumultuous character, learned to perform at any party where I had no help for it, and I thought of the last one, and how, if she asked me what it was, it would not sound soothing to say, "Valse Caprice, by Tschaikowsky, op. 4."

I found myself repeating this tranquillizing explanation again and again, as—still with my affected headache and faintness—I decoyed Mary from the Belvidere, without having allowed her

to discover what books occupied the upper one of these curious book-shelves.

But when we reached the Lady-house a great surprise awaited us-and yet somehow it seems now as if it could have been no surprise to me— for Denis was there. What a different aspect everything had to me then! And yet I saw, below all his courteously cheerful entertainment of us, that there was upon him-as there had been and still was upon me-a restraint against which he almost vainly contended. My own vague uneasiness had increased tenfold since I had witnessed that strange mood of Mary's in the Belvidere, and I am afraid I watched her in a troubled way, though I really did try not to do so. I fancied Denis did so too; but it was quite plain to me that she was not aware of this. At first I thought she looked vexed to see Denis, but afterward it struck me she was glad he had found us.

As for him, unrestful though he certainly was, even I, dull as I am, could not mistake the fact that it was a delight to him to be once more in her presence, and that his eyes never grew weary of following her. During tea (and we all seemed determined to idle over our delicious country tea) I had wondered whether the conversation would touch upon the motive of our visit here, scarce knowing whether I hoped or feared it; but when the lingering meal was over, and Denis had followed Mary to the old-fashioned seat in the lattice window, which was her favorite lounge, he set my mind at rest, just in his usually straightforward, direct way.

"My father's place, Miss Keveene, is not far from here. I mean the place that was my fa-He sold it."

"What a pity!" said Mary, listlessly; and I fancied she had forgotten all I had told her about Denis paying his father's debts; but of course I had not told her old Mr. Vesey had sold the place

without even consulting his son. And I used," he went on-and I saw that he was steadily regarding Mary, as he sat beside her -" to pass this house sometimes, and ride under that little Belvidere on the height. But that was before the murder which made the spot shunned and avoided. Strange to say, I have never been within sight of it since the evening of that day.

"What day?" asked Mary, very white and still and cold.

The day that George Haslam was murdered in that tower."

"How strange!" said Mary. "Did you know this Mr. Haslam?"

"I did a little, and though so little, quite enough to make me very anxious that the boy, who is now owner of Rocklands Manor, should break from his guidance. Since Haslam's death the lad has been a different fellow. I often see himat Eton now-and rejoice to feel that he will be such a man as I hear his father was years ago. It is a villainous thing to say a word against the dead, but Haslam's influence, if Ernest Discombe could not have been saved from it, would have ruined the lad, as it ruined the happiness of his father and brother. Miss Keveene," he went on, more earnest in his quiet way than I think I had ever seen him, and his eyes so kind and anxious, "I was almost painfully interested in the circumstances of this murder. I had to go to India just after it occurred, else I should have striven in the trial to do something toward solving a mystery which I feel sure still exists. I would like to do so.

"It is too late for you, Mr. Vesey," said Mary, lifting her lashes for one swift gaze into his face. You say you passed here on the day of the murder. Think what might have been if you had made a discovery then! Now your turn has passed, and—it is mine."
"If so, Mary," said Denis, in a new, relieved

tone, as if at last he had heard her utter words he had been longing for, "let me help you."

"Help me?" she said, with a swift, sad laugh,

and rose as she spoke. "I need no help-no other help. I have my generous, faithful Barbara. Didn't you promise to play to me, Barbara? Do, for I am so weary of the water's sound.

I glanced at Denis, a little alarmed, I fear, for the water's sound could not be heard from the Lady-house, and I dare say I glanced appealingly too (as I felt), for he understood.
"May I play instead?" he asked, simply; and

even he could not help but see Mary's grateful look, and must have felt pleased.

Some of the things he played I knew, but most I did not, and I did not wish to. It was pleasure enough to listen to the dreamy, beautiful thoughts he knew so well how to utter, and to see that even for Mary this indeed was rest. Once long ago Denis had laughed at me when I was wondering over his having learned so much music off book, and told me that what he had loved he could not help making his own; but I don't think had ever heard his music sound just as it d this evening. It was while he was playing one of the bits I recognized, a plaintive saraband of Handel's, and my eyes were absently wandering from one to another of the photographs of Rocklands Manor surrounding us, that I quite suddenly, as it seemed to me, and not in my usually gradual, deliberate way, decided to tell Denis of Mary's recognition of the convict on Portland Island, and to show him the photograph I had purchased of the coach and its passengers to Rocklands on the day of the murder. I went on pondering this decision in my ridiculously unstable way till the music ceased, after a beautiful slow movement of Clementi's which left the tears in my eyes.

"You played Bach chiefly, did you not?" said Mary as he joined her, speaking unconcernedly; yet I saw that she looked out through a mist of tears, which she resolutely kept from falling. "Is tears, which she resolutely kept from falling. not Bach the German for brook? Yet his music is not so like its blithesome, merry flow as-as

an ocean of peace and power."

"It is wholesome music," said I, lamely, glad to turn away from the harassing effect of those photographs in the dusk.



Begun in Habren's Bazar No. 8, Vol. XVI.

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"It is wise music," said Mary, absently; and Denis smiled as he sat down by her. He talked to both of us, but his voice grew low with untold tenderness when he addressed Mary, and presently I decided I would go out and await him, that I might be certain of the opportunity to speak to

I went upstairs for the photograph and a shawl. and as Miss Brock's mansion is not on a very extensive scale, I could not help being aware that there was something wrong in the children's room, and that the nurse had willly set the door wide open, either to silence a refractory mortal through his dread of publicity, or to intrap any passer-by into acting unconscious bogle. As I passer-by into acting unconscious bogle. As I passed she looked up with fairly well assumed surprise and awe, and cried, "Oh, Nap, here's one of the ladies! she'll cry to see you so naughty."

I can not say I could readily have done so, even for the glorious result of Nap's conversion, but I could still less have done so a moment later, seeing his instantly awakened, hopeful anticipation of this result. He would evidently mightily have enjoyed the sight of tears in my eyes, and his study of my countenance grew for him appallingly lively. I was far too conscious of my own in ability to improve this occasion to venture within the room, or question the child's nurse on what was wrong, but Trot met me thoughtfully, and in his sweetly superior manner informed me of Nap's

"He won't say his prayers, and John said we were to go to bed before he came home. I've said mine, and if Nap doesn't, he won't be the

boy the Good Lord loves."
"I don't care," said Nap, in his softly apathetic nes. "I'll be the boy the Bad Lord loves."
What could I say? I should, I fear, positively

have kissed one chubby little stolid cheek if I had staid; so with a feebly murmured moralizing that I hoped they would not hear-for I knew that though Trot would pardon it, Nap would sturdily despise me for it—I escaped.

Having got my cloak and the photograph, I went slowly down-stairs; and then, thinking Denis might await my return to bid me goodnight, and so frustrate my plan, I opened the sit-ting-room door to tell him, but softly, because he was singing, and I would not disturb them. So I heard the conclusion of the song:

"I dream of thee
When evening shadows on the streamlet play;
When softly fades the golden light of day;
When the sweet moon glides slowly on her way;
Then, love, I dream of thee.

"I dream of thee
With anxious longing and with timid fear;
Yet with sweet pain in every starting tear.
Thou couldst not be more loved, nor be less dear.
Thus, love, I dream of thee."

"I have taken that freely from the German, have I not, Miss Keveene?" Denis said; "and the melody is Schubert's, because it seemed to fit so wonderfully. Mean of me, wasn't it? But I could not resist singing that—to you—Sunday though it he."

You should not to me," said Mary, quietly. "To any one but me. I have valued your friend-ship—I have indeed, though I have never seemed -but I wish you had never offered me more.'

And before I had time to speak, just like the knight he had once spoken of, "who loved one only, and who clave to her," he stooped and touched her hand with his lips.

Without a word, I left the room again, then spoke in cheerfully as I reached the open window: "Denis, I am going for a little constitutional. You will pass me on your way out, and I can bid you good-night then." So with a nod

What a tender sweetness there was in the twilight! Somehow, when Mr. Gunn came up to me on the bridge, it seemed as if our natures have their twilight hours too, for the blaze of his sunny merriment had passed, and his words and manner had the peaceful quietness of the twi-light scene around us. He asked at once for my friend-of course his first thought would be for Mary—and then he asked, but with no inquisitiveness, whether we had been to church; and when I answered in the negative, there was not in his voice the faintest implied reproach. He told me pleasantly of the very small congregation he had had in this sparely peopled spot; and how he had had to pull himself up when he caught himself say-ing, "Many of you will remember," etc. But he did not go in then; and as I did not like to turn aside because of missing Denis, nor to go back for fear Mary herself should stroll with him as far as the gate, we walked slowly to and fro, backward and forward, on the bridge, while the twilight paled and paled, and between the grand dark scattered clouds the stars came slowly forth. I do not know what he said, but I know it was all good and wise and charitable, and I like to think my empty years have held that peaceful hour.

in only when he saw Denis come through the garden gate, and knew then whom I was awaiting, and I stood where I was until Denis came up, so deep in thought that he started visibly, and almost painfully, when I addressed him.

"I waited here to speak to you, Denis," I began, as awkwardly shy as usual.

Yes, Barry?" he said, in his gentle way, and offering me his hand, as if that were a tangible encouragement.

'Of Mary," I went on.

"Yes," he said, but not in the same low, absent

"You are her friend, I know, Denis," I said, making only a step at a time. Her lover, Barbara."

"Yes, her lover," I amended, with the swift passionate rising of a lump in my throat. "I understand, Denis. It is because I understand that I have decided to consult you. I can not help

her in her trouble, and—perhaps you can."
"No, I can not," he said, heavily. "You heard

"But you will listen to me, Denis, and you will

try?"

"Try? Oh yes, I will try," he said, with an odd curt laugh. "Surely I can be as faithful as she called her Barbara."

"Hugh Denis, please." for the mood was as

"Hush, Denis, please"—for the mood was so unlike the steadfast, patient friend of such long years—"I will soon have finished. Walk here slowly, and so if Mary comes we shall not be un-

prepared."
Then, walking just as Mr. Gunn and I had walked, and yet, for some inscrutable whim of mine, upon the other side of the bridge, I told him of that shock to Mary when the young convict crossed the quarry toward us in Portland; of her frequent journeys to the island afterward; of her quest in London, and the hope of a discovery which had brought her here. Then, rather hesitatingly-for I feared what he might say to any independent act of mine, I had so seldom committed them-I told him of my fancy of the photograph helping us in our clew for a possible third person who might have been in the Belvidere that day three years ago, and how I had gone back to buy the photograph, and found that one of the visitors to Rocklands on that day was Mary herself, offering him the photograph to take with him and look at afterward. Indeed, I quite fancied he might have seen it, for I felt sure the detective would have hunted it up, though to him the passengers would be equally unsuspicious, even if traceable.

"Hold it, Barbara," he said, in a stern sort of way, and he lighted a wax match, and held it to the paper, for in the still night air the little flame burned steadily. Then he was so silent that I did not like to speak, but I eagerly watched his face, as far as I could see it with the frail light touching it.
"Yes, it is Mary Keveene," he said, and for a

moment I saw a passion of angry love and desperate tenderness on his pale face; "unmistak-ably so, though the Mary Keveene of three years ago more, of course, than of to-day. Barbara—no, do not take it, leave it with me—I will tell you now where and how and when I met her first. I told you that what had so long puzzled me I understood when once more I saw her troubled and confused. You heard me tell her this evening how I had passed the Belvidere on the day of that murder three years ago? Barbara—it was

'Oh, Denis, hush, hush!" I cried, and clasped my hands upon my ears, though or course me knew the photograph might have prepared me for this; "I can not bear it."

"Yes, you can, Barry," he said, as kindly and the book no suffering himself. "It

is only something which we in time shall comprehend, and to speak of it is best. I remember it all well now. It came back to me on that morning in Henry's room, when I saw the same pale, vely face, the same scared glance from the sorrowful dark eyes, and the same half-shrinking attitude of the tall young figure. I was driving from my father's place to Westercombe on that June evening, and as an old friend was with me in the dog-cart and was talking much, I drove slow-I had gone a little way-perhaps a milebeyond the Belvidere, when on my right, among the undergrowth on the river's bank, I heard a quick, light, hurrying step, and was sure I also heard a low and pitiful sobbing. But my friend talked on, evidently hearing nothing, and so I did not stop, but-listening all the time-drove more slowly still. And then-and then," said Denis, uncovering his head and pushing the hair from his face, "a woman came out into the road, as if straight to stop us—a woman young and tall and beautiful—but you know her; what need have I to say it? She seemed to be looking straight at me as she came in sight, her face terribly pale, but her eyes so dry and wide that it was a shock to me to see them so after the grievous sobbing I had heard. She drew back when she saw us, and stood turning her head away, as if to prove she had no thought of us. I raised my hat involuntarily, for I could not help fancying she had hurried out into the road when she had heard our horses, and then she spoke to me, just quietly and calmly as a lady would, while still that fire was in her wide dry eyes. She had mistaken, she said, the sound of our wheels for that of the coach to Westercombe. No need to say I begged her to let us drive her if she had missed the coach, but my friend assured her she had not; and so, with a little bow, she walked from us, and we drove on. Just at first this lovely, sorrowful face haunted me; but my friend laughed about 'the pretty damsel who had lost her party,' until I thought that was all, and it soon passed quite out of my mind. You know how a dim memory haunted me now and then in Miss Keveene's society when I met her in Weymouth: it was the faint, almost dead memory of her face as I had seen it here; but the distinct remembrance returned to me on the day I saw her in Henry's room. with the same tearless misery in the beautiful eyes, and the same shrinking attitude. We were talking then of the murder which must on that other evening just have been committed, and thus the two days

were brought together by a flash in my thoughts." "Then, Denis," I gasped, "you-really believe—"
"I believe," he said, just like the loyal, simple

gentleman he was, "nothing against the girl I love. But it has taught me whom she loves and now, of course, I understand how she, loving him, can believe in no crime of his."

"But this possible third person who might have been present in the Belvidere, Denis? Can you understand her wish to find that out when

"Hush, dear," said Denis, very low and patiently, but just as if he reminded me that no one had a right to doubt her. "She will not take my help, and I love her too well to force it upon her; but she knows how wholly and entirely my heart is hers, and perhaps some day, when she remembers this, she will let me be of use to her. But even now she will take your help, and gratefully. Be true to her, dear Barbara, and help

And I said I would, just looking up among the quict stars, as if that would help me to be as true and unsuspicious and unselfish

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAYS AND MEANS IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

N English village—we visited once a typical A ne in Devonshire—is usually almost entirely owned by one or perhaps two of the county gentlemen. In this case the "Squire," who lived at B—— Hall, a very fine old place five miles from the village, owned nearly every house in the place. The village consisted of one long street, from which various lanes or roadways branched in different directions. There was a neat little railway station, a bit of common, a pond with some fine willows, and two or three places of worship, one of which was hoary with age, and stood in the midst of an old church-yard, with a gateway which had done good service three centuries ago. There were two inns, and a temperance public house with a very gloomy-looking "tea-room." Just up the road the curate lodged, and the rectory was a fine old brick mansion, with gable ends and a leafy garden. On the outskirts of the viliage were one or two rather fine houses, one, a solid brick mansion, being the doctor's, and the other belonging to an old sea-captain. This was, of course, only a village, in no sense a town, and as such was, we think, thoroughly typical.

The houses were nearly all on a par, some being a little poorer, some a little better, but all in-habited by people who earned their bread by hard labor; and in this connection we would say that in an English country place there are trades unknown to us; for instance, that of thatching, and again of sheep-tending. The former once was a very thriving business, but has now so lost ground, owing to searcity of work, that it is by no means advisable for many men in the same place to follow it. A good thatcher attends to roofs and to stacks as well, and he is occupied during the cold months in making his own "spears," if he is thrifty, which he sells to his employers and uses in fastening down the thatch. His men are paid about fifty cents a day, his own earnings being between nine and twelve dollars weekly, which was considered, in Devonshire language, "fairish good earnings."

The other small trades-people in such a village will be the cobbler, who always keeps his shop in his house—often in one window—the dressmaker and milliner, who does "small work" for the gentry, and has her little stuffy room full of apprentices. and the watchmaker, perhaps, who also has his wares in his front window, and his shop in a piece partitioned off of some room in his cottage. Other stores there will be of a general character to supply the modest needs of such a little community, and unless a large town be very remote there will be no shop in which much money could be expended or many superfluous articles purchased. As there is always a market-town to go to, the farmers and their wives and daughters make their purchases there on market days, and so

they rarely need to patronize the village stores.

To begin with house rent. Let us suppose the cottage of a thatcher or other tradesman, like a painter or under-farmer, consisting of six or seven rooms, there wili be a tidy parlor, a kitchen and outside kitchen, and three to five upper rooms. For this and a piece of ground he will pay about twenty doilars a year, certainly not more, and his taxes may be five or six. He will be sure to cultivate his ground so as to bring in all the ve-getables needed for his family, and there will be poultry, and one pig at a time fattening for family use, few, unless those with a farm, caring for more than one animal of the kind. One pig will supply the family with bacon for the winter, and the good housewife always understands the curing of hams, and instructs her daughters in the same. Occasionally eggs will be sold at such a cottage, but as a rule there are always one or two women in the village who make such their exclusive right—"dairy-women," who sell butter

and eggs and milk and cream. Now let us see what the cottager's expenses are. Meat is sold him at about sixteen cents a pound, almost the only article of his consumption which is dearer than it might be in an American village, and, unless a few groceries, almost the only article he needs to buy. His meals will probably be as follows: Breakfast—bacon, either fried alone or chopped up with potatoes; coffee or beer; and a modicum of bread. Dinner-a stew, or a piece of boiled meat with greens-one vegetable-and occasionally a simple pudding; to sure to consist only of bread and butter (or treacle) and tea, unless water-cress be available; and in some cases a supper of bread and cheese will follow before bed-time. Oatmeal porridge has lately come into more general use in England, and the poorer classes are beginning to find out how to bake beans, and make use of American selfraising flour, etc., while American meats, even down to bacon, are eagerly sought for as cheaper if not better.

In regard to his other family expenses, the question of clothes is far simpler than in our country, for except in rare instances such a man's daughters would not think of finery; a "tidy" appearance during the week, a simply trimmed bonnet and "best" gown for Sundays, being all that is necessary. Shoes and boots are always of the most primitive and durable fashion, and the stockings worn are nearly always knitted by the women of the family. Should a dress be made "out," a woman of this class would rarely pay above one dollar for the making, so that a costume suitable for even church-going would not cost above three or four. Prints or calicoes are comparatively high priced, twelve cents a yard being ordinarily asked for a good quality.

Minor expenses are very few. It is wonderful how frugally such a family contrives to live, and yet with the utmost appearance of decency and the necessaries of life. At as early an age as possible such a man's daughters will go into service, which accounts for the excellence of nearly all English servants. They come from careful, cleanly, and well-regulated households, and nearly all have learned at home the domestic arts, needle-work included. The sons are early apprenticed, and generally live at home until their trade is learned, giving in to the family exchequer their earnings.

It was surprising to us to see how often such a household as we describe lays by money, for at most the income rarely exceeds three to five hundred dollars a year—more, as we know, than many curates with large families have, since two hundred and fifty to four hundred are generally the incomes of these minor clerical gentlemenyet such is the case, few frugal-minded cottagers being without some hoard, for sickness or sudden need. The great drawback to prosperity in some cases is the existence of "long bills." Tradesmen, laborers, thatchers, etc., are often only paid once or twice a year, so that in their turn they are compelled to have bills with their butcher and baker, the system of long credit serving rich and poor in England alike, and, let us say, serving them often, in both cases, to their ruin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. M.—Get Madras muslin curtains for your daughter's room, and put them on rods and rings. You will find the double-faced Canton flannel most satisfactory material for plain table-covers and for mantels. We can not tell you how to lighten a switch of hair. Frescoing and plain whitened ceilings, also papered ceilings, are used here.

Carrio.—Use your red and black striped silk for a

pleated vest and petticoat front of your suit, with a basque, short draped scarf front, and long back drapery of the black brocaded satin. You will find models for such combinations in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV.

CONSTANT READER.-You can not buy a Persian lamb-skin jacket for less than \$106 to \$200; hence you will do well to have yours put in order, or else to cut it up for trimming a cloth costume, or for a pelerine cape and muff. Many of the most fashionable costumes of the season have this trimming.

M. L. C.—Wear light tan-colored undressed kid gloves with long loose wrists with your pale blue ottoman silk dress for either day or evening toilette.

INQUIRER.—The front and side breadths of the polo-

naise you mention are not lifted by looping or pleats. The extra breadth put in for making the back bouffant is confined to the ends of the middle back forms, and the top droops over in two loops like those of a bow, after being gathered down the middle; this back breadth is longer than the side forms of the skirt, and

breadth is joiner than the side forms of the skirt, and is pleated to them near its upper edge.

M. R.—Use your brocaded velvet for the front breadths and vest of your short black dress, and buy ottoman silk or else plain velvet for the basque and

ottoman silk or else plain velvet for the basque and short wrinkled front and long back drapery. Trim it at the foot in the way shown on the dress of such a combination on page 765 of Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV.

Daisy.—You will find many illustrations of cloth suits in late numbers of the Bazar. Paniers are more used for house dresses, and pelisses for the street. If your cloth dress must serve both purposes, you should follow the simple taskings of chilor made dresses.

follow the simple fashions of tailor-made dresses.

Fall Furnishing.—Your ideas about the portière and the plush mantel cover are good. Have Madras muslin curtains for your upper windows; raw silk and plush are liked for warm draperies for windows and

J. R. V .- The ushers at day weddings are again wearing pearl-colored kid gloves with black stitching on the back. The coat is a black cloth Prince Albert frock, and the trousers are dark gray. Their cravats

have be white ottoman, black, or a dark gray. Their cravats may be white ottoman, black, or a dark color, but must be uniform, whatever color is chosen.

Lauba.—Have your plaid silk made up for the skirts, and use the velvet for a basque in the way lately illustrated in the Bazar. You can have a hood added to the Russian cloak. The Jersey jacket is a good pattern for a plain cloth sacone. tern for a plain cloth sacque.

TRENNA.—Use your black Astrakhan cloth for wide borders, cuffs, panels, and collar on a cloth suit that may be either dark green, black, olive, or seal brown, Isabet.-A fur-lined circular will be the most comfortable garment you can get for your money, but now that prices are reduced, you can find more dressy gar-ments for the same price, such as Russian cloaks bor-

dered with fur, an elegant pelisse, or a Persian cloth or camel's-hair cloak.

Lulu.—You will find your questions answered in the article on Card Etiquette in Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV. Luncheons were treated of in Bazar No. 33, Vol. XV.

We know of no book on the subject. E. B. S .- The only thing you can do with your velvet polonaise is to loop it bonffantly, and trim it with fur

An Old Subscriber.—Get black fox, black marten. or black hare fur to trim your velvet cloak; \$250 will buy a long seal-skin cloak. Place the finger-bowls on the doyleys, and bring them to the table when the

fruit is eaten.

B. B.—A dress of garnet velveteen, or a velvet basque with ottoman silk or satin skirts, would be nice for a young lady of seventeen. If she prefers a wool dress, get green or garnet cloth. Her bonnet should be velvet of the same color, or else a folded velvet turban.

Mrs. J. K .- Soutache is the wool or silk narrow braid used for braiding cloths, cashmeres, etc. We do not send samples or make purchases for our readers.

Maup L.—Plush needs no trimming. It should be

used for the cadet basque with a silk skirt that has the front breadth or the side panels of plush.

Described poplin will be useful. The dresses you conmerate are all very good, and if you can ever buy so many for \$70, it is at present, when prices are so low that you can buy enough embroidered cashmere for an entire suit for \$10. Get foulard instead of striped or checked summer silk. It is impossible to tell you now what should be the prices of summer goods, as these are not now to be found on the counters of the stores, and we can not tell you what colors to get, as you do not tell us your complexion, style, etc.

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Fig. 1.—Tulle and Satin Ball Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Satin and Brocade EVENING DRESS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 48-55.

Fig. 3.—GAUZE AND LACE
BALL DRESS.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 56-59.



Fig. 7.—GAUZE AND SATIN BALL DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—Tarlatan and Satin Ball Dress. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 60-64.

Fig. 9.—Dress for Girl from 3 to 4 Years old. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 65 and 66.

Fig. 10.—Tulle and Satin Evening Dress.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 67-70. Fig. 11.—Brocade and Satin Merveilleux Evening Dress. For description see Supplement,

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ASH-WEDNESDAY.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

How sweet and wild the rich waltz music blowing, Blowing clear strains across these airy dances! What flashes of strange lustre in these jewels, What flushes of strange lustre in these glances How heavy is the air with breath of flowers! See the wine bead the brim in dazzling showers Ah, what mad rapture rules these revelling hours, And bearing every joy upon their tides!

To what mad fall are all these currents flowing!

Dance, dance, ye Manads, dance!

Hark! Through the horns one mighty peal goes rolling!

So, on some hidden rock in dark mid-ocean The wailing buoy booms down to warn the sailor Of wreck and ruin with its storm-born motion. Nay, not an hour too soon the stroke falls now. Tear off the wreath, bind sackcloth on your brow. Throw ashes there—the altar waits your vow. Like a voice crying in the wilderness. Midnight, the great cathedral bell is tolling!
Toll, thou great death-knell, toll!

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT of LEAM DUNDAS," "Under which Lord?"
"My Love," RTG.

> CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) THE PAST AND PRESENT.

A DEAD silence fell again between them, and for several moments neither spoke. At last Ar-

mine said, in a low and altered voice:
"Your obedience is sublime, Miss Barrington; but-may I say so without impertinence?-you carry your principle too far. Your virtue goes over to the other side."

"Do you think so?" she answered, still turning over the leaves of the book. "I think that is impossible."

And that other ?-that other whose life you mar ?-whose heart you break ?" said Armine, in a tender, pleading way.

There must never be that other," said Monica, very gently, but firmly also. "He would be warned in time

And if love were stronger than prudence? and warnings were like waves beating against the sea-wall?" Armine asked.

She raised her eyes and looked him full and calmly in the face. This was a point whereon she felt strong, and could afford to look the whole

world in the face.
"In that case," she said, quietly, "there would be two martyrs to principle instead of one. But the principle of my devotion to my mother, and of my entire obedience to her, would be always paramount."

At this moment Mrs. Barrington entered the room, having finished her colloquy with the poor fellow whom her son was bent on ruining for punishment of some fancied insolence, and the young doctor could say no more. So much had the conversation taught him, that Monica would never cross her mother's will for love of living man, and that he who would win her must first gain the favor of sweet-natured and exclusive Mrs. Barrington—that model of gracious Christian practice and high-caste Brahminical principle.

'I am sorry to have detained you so long, Dr. St. Claire," she said, coming forward with that quickened step which means apology and redeeming by seconds the time that has been lost

in hours.

"It does not signify," he answered, with conventional politeness. "I am not busy to-day."

ventional politeness. "I am not busy to-day."

Had he spoken as he felt, he would have thanked her for her delay. Assuredly there was nothing in it to regret, save perhaps that result of sadder knowledge.
"And Grace?" the lady asked, still standing.

He went into the present aspect of the case superficially, giving just so much professional accuracy as he thought well, no more. As he added a few technical terms, judiciously thrown in, the dear woman was perfectly satisfied, flattered by this compliment to her supposed knowledge, and possessed of the belief that now she understood the whole science and mystery of double pneumonia, with its dangers, its difficulties, and its remedies. He took his leave so soon as he had made his report, as was expected of But when he said good-morning to Monica he did not shake hands with her as usual.

Deeply flushed as her face already was, the hard color in her cheeks burned with increased fire as she raised her dark gray eyes with a sudden half-shy and half-reproachful look to his. him, or was he foolish for thinking that it did? He could not now cross the room and go round to where she stood, merely to shake hands her as a sign of reconciliation, and to lift off that dumb reproach!

He would had he dared, but he dared not. What would Mrs. Barrington think? and Monica herself? and the chance that his interpretation

was a mistake? And yet it might be true!

It was a small matter for a man to worry about-an apparently trivial, worthless, insignificant, and utterly absurd little matter. Yet it threw him into a strange fever of uncertainty and contradictory self-reproach as he drove through the country lanes on his various errands of healing or despair. He was in a strange state of fever and uncertainty altogether to-day. Never before had he found it so difficult to harmonize his life and co-ordinate possibilities with desires; never before had the difference between a man's social credit and personal worth seemed to him so bewildering, and the world's award so

unequal and unjust. By birth, education, and inherited status he stood every inch Monica Barrington's equal; by his father's misfortunes and his own present circumstances he was immeasurably her inferior. Must, then, the lowered social standard of his present condition absolutely and forever destroy the higher measure of his or might that higher measure and his own individual worth exalt and ennoble the low-er social standard of his present condition? Might the son of the Marquis de Sainte-Claire claim as his equal the daughter of the Barringtons? or was the country doctor at Oakhurst worse than mad to aspire to an alliance with one of the eldest of the county families of Fellshire?

CHAPTER V. MAKING HIS WAY.

WITH unconscious hypocrisy Dr. St. Claire made that kind of love to Mrs. Barrington which young men are wont to make to elderly women when they wish to get something out of them-whether it be present patronage or a future legacy, an invitation to dinner, a loan of doubtful repayment, or leave to marry the daughter. He talked to her on her favorite subjects, followed her lead whether he agreed with her or no, and always let her have the last word. He asked her advice on private little matters of his own, where he said he felt at sea, and where the judgment of such a person as herself was invaluable. By the policy of instinct rather than by the forecasting of design, he threw into his manner a certain almost filial tone of half-caressing tendernessthat kind of tenderness which she had often missed and always regretted in Anthony. But he was profoundly respectful withal, having that rare gift, accorded to so few, the power of showing respect through familiarity, and of being caressing, tender, and intimate, but neither forward nor

He made his professional visits to the sick maid a pleasant domestic feature in the old lady's day, and brought with him a sense of moral sunshine which brightened for the time the colorless atmosphere of the Dower-house. And as all that he did was done with sincerity of feeling, if the end was somewhat different from what appeared, Mrs. Barrington had never cause to be startled, and was content with things as they were. Most of all was she content with this nice young

fellow who made himself so agreeable, and who was creeping slowly but surely into the sacred place of her affections. She sincerely liked him for what he was-a man who was not her social equal, but whose humanity was refreshing and delightful in its own way. His manners were quiet, his attitudes graceful, his words wellchosen, and the tones of his voice were harmonious and sympathetic. He had no strong views on any subject, and he was well-informed on all. He was without violent antipathies or inconvenient enthusiasms, and he had neither intellectual crazes nor overpowering passions. When he talked it was with judgment and moderation. His topics were never painful, and always free from doubtful issues. He never touched the bolder chords, the darker themes of life or human nature, and he was eminently safe and soothing. His conversation, with its mild optimism and level philosophy, refreshed Mrs. Barrington, where that of others exhausted her. For the old value this kind of moral quietude more than the vigorous young can understand. The fiery passions, the tumultuous emotions, the mental unrest, the very intellectual earnestness itself of youth fatigues them like bodily exertion, or the restless activities of children, while the mild, calm, equable temper, the superficial philosophy which looks only on the bright side of things, and leaves the dark alone, is in harmony with their condition, and suits them like the noonday "turn in the garden," the evening game at bézique, and the gossip columns of the newspaper, which make up the sum of their exertions and emotions.

Mrs. Barrington took it all as it came to her and that the young man should be so mad, so wicked, as to seek to please her for the sake of her daughter, was a contingency as far from her mind as that he should plan a robbery or commit a murder. Good women, who have lived all their lives in the country, are not prone to think evil of their neighbors. They know too little of the realities of life to have had their senses sharpened by experience at first hand; and the close-set borders of their own huis-clos have not been pierced by information from others. Things therefore, which to those who know the world are accepted as matters of course, are to them either absolutely unknown or anathema marana tha, the possibility of which is not to be received in decent society. Wherefore Mrs. Barrington were the result of his natural sweetness, which made him wish to please her for her own sake; and as she would as soon have suspected the foot man of cherishing a tender passion for her daughter as she would have suspected him, she received all his pleasant ways with gentle cordiality and a benevolent kind of condescension, to which her age, state, temper, and bearing gave a special

What Monica thought remained her own secret only. She made no confidences and betrayed no consciousness; and Theodosia, who often found herself at five-o'clock tea at the Dower-house saw nothing more than it was intended she should For certain reasons of her own, and always following up the bewildering lead which she had made for herself, she could not possibly suppose that her quiet sister-in-law had any attraction for one whom she was resolute to see only as the pitiable victim of a hopeless attachment to herself. She was always very kind to the young doctor. She meant to be provocative, but the dew of her coquetry fell on stony and ungrateful soil; and had Armine been able to read the secret writing

of Theodosia's heart toward him, he would have been as utterly astounded as would gentle Mrs. Barrington had she been able to read that little love poem printed on his and addressed to her It was a game of blindman's buff all daughter. round, and no one knew the exact place of the

One day the conversation turned on unequal marriages. Society round Oakhurst was much exercised at this time because of the choice which had been made by a certain young Mr. Meade, the heir to a fine estate and the future head of an influential family. He had fallen in love with and married an innkeeper's daughter—a good girl enough, pretty, well-mannered, well-educated, and of irreproachable conduct, but without the soft fringe of social velvet, without even a tag of inherited purple to glorify her fine and cleanly homespun. He himself was simply a boor-ar example of atavism and recurrence to the original type, as we find at times in old families where the sons have been suffered to run wild about the village, and to make their prime friends of rat-catchers and gamekeepers. He spoke with a strong provincial accent; haunted publichouses; liked a game at skittles in the back allev better than billiards in his father's house was familiar with bar-maids and awkward with ladies; read nothing save a sporting newspaper which he had to spell like a school-boy; could do little more than write his name; and he kept his betting-book by an arithmetic of his own composing. For all that he was born into the inheritance of the purple, and he was the son of a county family. Woman for man, Daisy Cross was immeasurably superior to Frank Meade in everything which makes the worth of a human being.

Mrs. Barrington was never bitter. This was not her way. Nevertheless, gentle as she was in manner, she was inflexible in matter, and she held her views with the firmness proper to those whose views represent to them principles, and whose principles are founded on what they be lieve to be divine command and law. She would have been false to her own idea of right had she slackened in faithful testimony and uncompro mising condemnation. And such a marriage as this of Frank Meade's, together with all the new order of thought-all the tendencies of modern society—was to her iniquitous, revolutionary, and to be fought against as Christian fought against

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEOD OF DARK,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. A DAY ASHORE.

Most "landward" people, to use the Scotch phrase, would imagine that on board ship ladies would be content with any rough-and-tumble costume that would serve all purposes from morning till night. But on a long voyage the very reverse is the case. Nowhere else do women dress with more elaborate nicety, and with such studied exhibition of variety as their tolerably capacious wardrobes permit. For one thing, they have no more engrossing occupation. They can spend hours in their cabin devising new combinations; and as many of them are going to live abroad, they have with them all their worldly gear from which to pick and choose. It is a break in the monotony of the day to have one dress at breakfast, another for forenoon games and lunch, another for the afternoon promenade, another for the meal of state in the evening. Then nowhere else are well-made costumes seen to such advantage; the deck is a wide stage, and there is the best of light for colors. Moreover, in a woman's eyes it is worth while to take trouble about dressing well on board ship; for it is no fleeting glance that rewards her pains. The mere change of a brooch at the neck is noticed.

But all the innocent little displays that had been made during the long voyage were as nothing on board this ship to the grand transformation that took place in view of the landing at Malta. took place in view of the landing at Malta. The great vessel was now lying silent and still, her screw no longer throbbing, and instead of the wide, monotonous circle of water around her, here were blue arms of the sea running into the graygreen island; and great yellow bastions along the shore: and over these again a pale white and pink town straggling along the low-lying hills. After breakfast the men-folk were left in undisturbed possession of the deck. They were not anxious about their costume-at least the middle-aged They smoked leaned over the rail, and watched the swarm of gayly painted boats that were waiting to take them ashore. And perhaps some of them were beginning to wish that the women would look alive: for already the huge barges filled with coal were drawing near, and soon the vessel would be enveloped in clouds of dust.

Then the women began to come up, one by one; but all transformed! They were scarcely recognizable by mere acquaintances. There was about them the look of a Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens; and it was strange enough on the deck of a ship. People who had been on sufficiently friendly terms now grew a little more reserved; these land costumes reminded them that on shore they might have less claim to a free-and-easy companionship. And Mr. Winterbourne grew anxious. Did Yolande know? The maid she had brought with her, and whose services she had agreed to share with Mrs. Graham, had been useless enough from the moment she put foot on board the ship; but surely she must

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

have learned what was going forward? Perhaps Yolande would appear in her ordinary pale pink She was far too content with morning dress? simplicity in costume. Again and again he had had to rebuke her.

"Why don't you have more dresses?" he had said to her on board this very ship. "Look at Mrs. Graham. Why don't you have as many dresses as Mrs. Graham? A married lady? What difference does that make? I like to see you prettily dressed. When I want you to save money, I will tell you. You can't get them at Well, of course not; but you might have got them on shore. And if it meant more trunks, what is the use of Jane?

He was a nervous and fidgety man, and he was beginning to be really concerned about Yolande's appearance, when he caught a glimpse of Yolande herself coming out on to the deck from the companionway. He was instantly satisfied. There was nothing striking about her dress, it is truethe skirt and sleeves were of dark blue velvet, the rest of dark blue linen, and she wore her white silver belt-but at all events it was different; and then the flat dark blue Scotch cap looked pretty enough on her ruddy golden hair, Indeed, he need not have been afraid that Yolande would have appeared insignificant anyhow or anywhere. Her tall stature; her slender and graceful figure; her air and carriage-all these rendered her quite sufficiently distinguished-looking, even when one was not near enough to know anything of the fascination of her eyes and the pretty pathetic mouth.

And yet he was so anxious that she should acquit herself well—he was so proud of her—that he went to her quickly and said:

"That is one of the prettiest of your dresses, Yolande—very pretty—and it suits your silver girdle very well; but the Scotch cap—well, that suits you too, you know-"

"It is Mrs. Graham's, papa. She asked me to wear it—in honor of Allt-nam-ba."
"Yes, yes," he said. "That is all very well

at Allt-nam-ba. It is very pretty-and Jane has done your hair very nicely this morning-" "I have not had a glimpse of Jane this morn-

ing," Yolande said, with a laugh. "Could I be so cruel? No. Mrs. Graham going ashore, and I to take Jane away ?-how could I?

"I don't like the arrangement," her father said, with a frown. "Why should you not have the help of your own maid? But about the cap, Yolande—look, these other ladies are dressed as if they were going to church. The cap would be very pretty at a garden party—at lawn tennis—

"Oh yes, I will put on a bonnet," said Yolande, stantly. "It is not to please Mrs. Graham, it instantly. is to please you, that I care for. One minute-But who was this who intercepted her? Not the lazy young fellow who used to lounge about the decks in a shooting coat, with a cigarette scarcely ever absent from his fingers or lips; but. a most elegant young gentleman in tall hat and frock-coat, who was dressed with the most remarkable precision, from his collar and stiff necktie to his snow-white gaiters and patent-leather

"Are you ready to go ashore, Miss Winterbourne?" said he, smoothing his gloves the while.

"My sister is just coming up."

"In one minute," she said; "I am going for a bonnet instead of my Scotch cap—"

"Oh no," he said, quickly; "please don't. Please wear the cap. You have no idea how well it becomes you. And it would be so kind of you to pay a compliment to the Highlands—I of you to pay a compliment to the Highlands-I think half the officers on board belong to the Seaforth Highlanders—and if we go to look at the club-

No, thank you," she said, passing him with a ndly smile. "I am not going en vivandière. friendly smile. "I am not going en vivandière. Perhaps I will borrow the cap some other time at Allt-nam-ba.

Mr. Winterbourne overheard this little conversation—in fact, the three of them were almost standing together; and whether it was that the general excitement throughout the vessel had also affected him, or whether it was that the mere sight of all these people in different costumes had made him suddenly conscious of what were their real relations, not their ship relations-it certainly startled him to hear the young Master of Lynn, apparently on the same familiar footing as himself, advise Yolande as to what became her. The next step was inevitable. He was easily alarmed. He recalled his friend Shortlands's remark-which he had rather resented at the time-that a P. and O. voyage would marry off anybody who wanted to get married. He thought of Yolande; and he was stricken dumb with a nameless fear. Was she going away from him? Was some one else about to super affection in a very literal sense all the world to each other. They had been constant companions. They knew few people; for he lived in a lonely, nomadic kind of way; and Yolande never seemed to care for any society but his own. And now was she going away from him?

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had just arranged to take her away into those wild solitudes in the Highlands, where the Leslies would be their only neighbors. It seemed more and more inevitable. But why not? Why should not this happen? He nerved himself to face the worst. Yolande must marry some day. He had declared to John Shortlands that he almost wished she would marry now. And how could she marry better? This young fellow was of good birth and education; well-mannered and modest; altogether unexceptionable, as far as one could judge. And Mr. Winterbourne had been judging, unconsciously to himself. He had observed in the smoking-room and elsewhere that young Leslie was inclined to be cautious about the expenditure of money-at cards or otherwise; but was not that rather a good trait? The family



Begun in Harrer's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

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were not wealthy; the present Lord Lynn had [been engaged all his life in slowly paying off the nortgages on the family estates; and no doubt this young fellow had been economically brought up. And then again—if Yolande were to marry at all—would it not be better that she should be transferred to that distant and safe solitude? Yolande as the mistress of Lynn Towers, far away there in the seclusion of the hills, living a happy and peaceful life, free from scath and terror; that was a fancy that pleased him. It seemed not so terrible now that Yolande should marry—at least—at least he would face the worst, and strive to look at the pleasanter aspects of it.

She would be far away—and safe.
These anxious, rapid, struggling thoughts had not occupied a couple of minutes. Yolande appeared, and he was almost afraid to regard her. Might there not be something of the future written in her face? Indeed, there was nothing there but a pleasant interest about the going on shore; and when she accepted a little nosegay that the Master of Lynn brought her, and pinned it on her dress, it was with a smile of thanks, but with to any unconcerned eyes-the very frankest

The Grahams now announced themselves as ready; and the party descended the gangway into the boat—young Leslie preceding them, so as to

hand Yolande into her place.
"Mr. Winterbourne," said he, when they were all seated under the awning, and sailing away through the lapping green water, "I hope you and your daughter will come and lunch with

"Oh yes, of course," said he: did they not make one party?

But what I mean is this," said the Master of Lynn: "I am giving those Graham people their lunch—the cormorants!—and Lynn Towers is a long way off; and I haven't often the chance of playing host; and so I want you and Miss Winter-

"Oh, thanks; very well," said Yolande's father, who had begun now to study this young man with the most observant but cautious scrutiny, and was in a strange kind of way anxious to be pleased with him.

"Why, I thought you were going to the club they were all speaking of," said Yolande, staring "Captain Douglas told me so."

"Captain Douglas thinks he knows everything," said young Leslie, good-naturedly; "whereas he

whose nothing except how to play sixpenny loo."
"But we will all go to the club, Miss Yolande,"
said Colonel Graham, "and you shall see the ballroom. Very fine. I don't know what the highart fellows nowadays would think of it. I used to think it uncommonly fine in by-gone times. Gad, I'm not so fond of dancing now.

You can dance as well as ever you did, Jim,

only you're so lazy," his wife said, sharply.
"You'll have to give them a torch-light dance, Archie," the Colonel continued, "the first stag Mr. Winterbourne kills. Miss Yolande would like to look at that. And you're pretty good yourself at the sword-dance. I once could do it,

"Jim, I won't have you talk as if you were an old man," his wife said, angrily. "I don't care about you; I care about myself. I won't have you talk like that. Everybody on board thinks

You're not so young as you once were, you

But Mrs. Graham was much too radiant a co quette to be put out by any impertinent speech like that. She was too sure of herself. She knew what her glass told her-and the half-concealed admiration of a whole shipful of people. She could afford to treat such speeches with contempt. And so they reached the shore.

They refused to have a carriage; preferring rather to climb away up the steep steps, and away up the steep little streets, until they reached those high and narrow thoroughfares (with their pink and yellow houses, and pretty balco nies, and green casements) that were so cool and pleasant to wander through. Sometimes the sun, though shut out, sent a reflected light down into these streets in so peculiar a fashion that the pink fronts of the houses looked quite transparent; and not unfrequently, at the far end of the thoroughfare, the vista was closed in by a narrow band of the deepest and intensest blue-the high horizon-line of the distant sea. They went up to St. John's Bastion to look at the wilderness of geraniums and lotus-trees. They went to St. John's Church. They went to the telegraph of-fice, where the Master of Lynn sent off this mes-

Archibald Leslie, — Hotel, Malta.
Ronald MacPherson, High Street, Inverness.
Consider Allinam-ba, if unlet, taken by Winterbourne, M.P. Slagpool, Seven hundred fifty.

They went to see the Governor's Garden, and, in short, all the sights of the place; but what charmed the women-folk most of all was, naturally, the great ball-room at the Union Club. As they stood in the big, empty, hollow - resounding place, Yolande said :

Oh yes, it is beautiful. It must be cool, with such a high roof. Papa, have they as fine a ballroom at the Reform Club?"

The Reform Club?" her father repeatedrather vexed that she should make such a blunder. "Of course not! Who ever heard of such a thing !"

"Why not?" she said. "Every one says this is a good club—and very English. Why not at the Reform Club? Is that why you have never taken me there?"

Well, it is-it is devilish English - looking,' said Colonel Graham to his wife, as they turned into the long and cool coffee-room, where there were rows of small tables all nicely furnished out. "I like it. It reminds me of old times. I

like to see the fellows in the old uniforms; it makes one's heart warm. Hanged if I don't have a glass of sherry and bitters, just to see if it tastes like the real thing—or a brandy and soda. It's devilish like home. I don't like be ing waited on by these Lascar-Portuguese-half-nigger fellows. My chap said to me yesterday at breakfast, when I asked for poached eggs, 'No go yet—when go bell me bring.' And another fellow, when I asked for my bath, said, Hot water no go—when go hot water, me tell. By Gad! there's old Munro—the fellow that nailed the Sepoys at Azimghur—he's got as fat as a

Indeed, the members of the club-mostly officers apparently—were now coming in to lunch; and soon Colonel Graham was fairly mobbed by old friends and acquaintances, insomuch that it was with difficulty he was drawn away to the banquet that young Leslie—taking advantage of the stay of the party in St. John's Church had had prepared for them at the hotel. It was a modest feast, but merry enough; and the table was liberally adorned with flowers, of which there is no lack in Malta. Colonel Graham was much excited with meeting those old friends, and had a great deal to say about them; his wife was glad to have a rest after so much walking. lande was naturally interested in the foreign look of the place and the people; and young Leslie, delighted to have the honor of being host, played

that part with much tact and modesty and skill.

To Mr. Winterbourne it was strange. Yolande seemed to half belong to those people already. Mrs. Graham appeared to claim her as a sister. On board ship these things were not so noticea-ble; for of course they met at meals; and the same groups that were formed at table had a tendency to draw together again on deck or in the saloon. But here was this small party cut off from all the rest of the passengers, and they were entirely on the footing of old friends, and the Master of Lynn's anxiety to please Yolande was most marked and distinct. On board ship it would scarcely have been noticed; here it was obvious to the most careless eye. And yet, when he turned to Yolande herself, who, as might have been imagined, ought to have been conscious that she was being singled out for a very special attention and courtesy, he could read no such consciousness in her face—nothing but a certain pleasant friendliness and indifference.

After luncheon they went away for a long drive to see more sights, and in the afternoon returned to the hotel, before going on board. Young Leslie was thinking of leaving instructions that the telegram from Inverness should be forwarded on to Cairo, when, fortunately, it arrived. It read curiously:

Ronald MacPherson, Estate and Colliery Agent, High Street, Inverness. The Honorable the Master of Lynn,

of the P. and O. Company's Steam-ship
The — Hotel, Malta.

Right.

"Now what on earth- Oh, I see!" exclaimed the recipient of this telegram, after staring at it in a bewildered fashion for a moment. "I see. Here is a most beautiful joke. MacPherson has wanted to be clever—has found out that telegraphing to Malta is pretty dear; thinks he will make the message as short as possible, but will take it out in the address. I am certain that is He has fancied the address was free, as in England; and he has sent his clerk to the office. Won't the clerk catch it when he goes back and says what he has paid! That is real Highland

shrewdness. Never mind; you have got the shooting, Mr. Winterbourne."
"I am glad of that," said Yolande's father, rather absently; for now, when he thought of the solitudes of Allt-nam-ba, it was not of stags, or grouse, or mountain hares, that he was thinking.

They got on board again, and almost immediately went below to prepare for dinner, for the decks were still dirty with the coal dust. And that night they were again at sea-far away in the silences; and a small group of them were up at the end of the saloon, practicing glees for the next grand concert. Mr. Winterbourne was on deck, walking up and down, alone; and perhaps trying to fancy how it would be with him when he was really left alone, and Yolande entirely away from him, with other cares and occupations. And he was striving to convince himself that that would be best; that he would himself feel happier if Yolande's future in life were secured; if he could see her the contented and proud mistress of Lynn Towers. Here, on board this ship, it might seem a hard thing that they should separate, even though the separation were only mitigated one; but if they were back in England again, he knew those terrible fears would again beset him, and that it would be the first wish of hat Volande should get married Lynu Towers he might see her sometimes. It was remote, and quiet, and safe; sometimes Yolande and he would walk together there.

Meanwhile, down below they had finished their practicing; and the Master of Lynn was idly turning over a book of glees.

"Polly," said he to his sister, "I like that one as well as any—I mean the words. Don't you think they apply very well to Miss Winterbourne?" His sister took the book and read Sheridan's

"Marked you her eye of heavenly blue?
Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye in liquid circles moving;
That cheek abashed at man's approving;
The one love's arrows durling round,
The other blushing at the wound."

Well, the music of this glee is charming, and the words are well enough; but when the Master of Lyun ventured the opinion that these were a good description of Yolande, he never made a worse shot in his life. Yolande "abashed at man's approving"? She let no such nonsense get into her head. She was a little too proud for that—or perhaps only careless and indifferent.

CHAPTER VIII. RECONNAISSANCES.

"I DON'T believe in any such simplicity. Men may; women don't. It seems to me more the simplicity of an accomplished flirt."

The speaker was Mrs. Graham, and she spoke with an air of resentment.
"You don't know her," said the Master of

Lynn, with involuntary admiration.

"I suppose you think you do," his sister said, with a "superior" smile. And then—perhaps she was tired of hearing so much in praise of Yolande, or perhaps she wished her brother to be cautious, or perhaps she was merely gratui-tously malicious—she said, "I'll tell you what it is: I should not be at all surprised to hear that she was engaged, and has been engaged for any length of time."

He was struck silent by this fierce suggestion; it bewildered him for a second or two. Then he exclaimed:

"Oh, that is absurd-perfectly absurd! I know she is not."

"It would be a joke," continued his sister, with a sardonic smile, "if that were the explanation of the wonderful friendliness that puzzles you so much. If she is engaged, of course she has no further care or embarrassment. Everything is settled. She is as frank with Dick as with Tom and Harry. Oh, Archie, that would be a joke! How Jim would laugh at you!"

"But it isn't true," he said, angrily, "and you know it isn't. It is quite absurd."
"I will find out for you if you like," his sister

said, calmly. And here the conversation ceased, for Colonel Graham at this moment came along to ask his brother-in-law for a light.

They were again away from the land, perhaps even forgetful that such a thing existed. seemed quite natural to get up morning after morning to find around them the same bright, brilliant monotony of white-crested blue seas and sun-lit decks and fair skies; and each day passed with the usual amusements; and then came the still moonlight night, with all its mysterious charm and loneliness. It was a delightful life, especially for the Grahams and Winterbournes, going nowhere in particular, but had come chiefly for the voyage itself. And it was a life the very small incidents of which excited interest, simply because people had plenty of time to consider them—and each other

There was no doubt that Yolande had become a pretty general favorite; for she found herself very much at home; and she put aside a good deal of that reserve which she assumed in travel-ling on land. These people could in no sense be considered strangers; they were all too kind to her. The ship's officers brought her the charts out of the chart-room, to show her how far the ssel had got on her course. The captain allowed her to go on the bridge, and gave her his own glass when a distant sail was to be seen. And the young soldiers, when they were not in the smoking-room, and when they were not picking up rope quoits for Mrs. Graham, had an eye on the many strayed birds fluttering about, and when they could they caught one and brought it to Miss Winterbourne, who was glad to take the wildeved fluttering wanderer down into the saloon and put its beak for a second or two into a glass of fresh-water. The swallows were the most casily caught; they were either more exhausted or more tame than the quails and thrushes and ringdoves. Once or twice Yolande herself caught one of these swallows, and the beautiful bronzeblue creature seemed not anxious to get away from her hand. Mrs. Graham said it was too lu-dicrous to see the major of a Highland regiment a man six feet two in height, with a portentously grave face—screw his eyeglass into its place, and set off to stalk a dead-tired thrush, pursuing it along the awning, and from boat to boat. But all the same these warriors seemed pleased enough when they could bring to Yolande one of these trembling captives, and when she took the poor thing carefully into her hands, and looked up, and said, "Oh, thank you." It ought to be mentioned that the short upper lip of the girl, though it had the pathetic droop at the corners which has been mentioned - and which an artist friend of the writer says ought to have been described as Cupid's bow being drawn slightly—lent itself very readily to a smile.

Mrs. Graham watched for a chance of speaking to Yolande, and soon found it. She went to the girl, who was standing by the rail on the hurricane-deck, and put her arm most affectionately round her, and said:

"My dear child, what are you staring into the ea for? Do you expect to

"I was wondering what made the water so blue," said she, raising herself somewhat. "It is not the sky. If you look at the water for a while, and turn to the sky, the sky is a pale washed-out purple. What a wonderful blue it is, too; it seems to me twenty times more intense than the blue of the water along the Riviera.

"You have been along the Riviera?" "Oh, two or three times," said Yolande. "We always go that way into Italy."

"You must have travelled a great deal, from what I hear."

"Yes," said Yolande, with a slight sigh, "I am afraid it is a great misfortune. It is papa's kindness to me; but I am sorry. It takes him away. At one time he said it was my education; but now we both laugh at that-for a pretense. Oh, I assure you we are such bad travellers-we never go to see anything that we ought to see. we go to Venice we go to the Lido and the sands, but to the churches?—no. In Egypt you will

oh, so very lazy that you can not imagine it; you will go and see the tombs and the inscriptions, and papa and I, we will take a walk and look at the river until you come back."

"What a strange life to have led!" said her friend, who had her own point in view. "And among all your wanderings did you never meet the one who is to be nearer and dearer?"

"Nearer and dearer?" said Yolande, looking puzzled. "Papa is nearer and dearer to me than any one or anything—naturally. That is why we are always satisfied to be together; that is what makes our travelling so consoling—no—so—so contented."

"But what I mean is-now forgive me, dear Yolande; you know I'm a very impertinent woman-I mean, in all your travels, have you never come across some one whom you would care to marry? Indeed, indeed, you must have met

many a one who would have been glad to carry you off—that I can tell you without flattery."

"Indeed, not any one," said Yolande, with a perfectly frank laugh. "That is not what I would ever think of. That is not what I wish." And then she added, with an air of sadness: "Perseal Laugh and the she what I wish, it is a nity." haps I am never to have what I wish-it is a pity, a misfortune."

"What is it, then, dear Yolande? In your father's position I don't see what there is in the world that he could not get for you. You see I am curious; I am very impertinent; but I should like to treat you as my own sister; I am not quite old enough to act as a mother to you, for all that Jim says."

"Oh, it is simple enough; it does not sound ficult," Yolande said. "Come, we will sit difficult," Yolande said. down, and I will tell you."

They sat down in two deck-chairs that happened to be handy, and Mrs. Graham took the girl's hand in hers, because she really liked her, although at times human nature broke down, and she thought her husband was carrying his praises of Yolande just a trifle too far.

"When I have met English ladies abroad," said Yolande, "and the one or two families I know in London, it was so nice to hear them talk of their home—perhaps in the country, where every one seemed to know them, and they had so many interests, so many affections. They were proud of that. It was a tie. They were not merely wanderers. Even your brother, dear Mrs. Graham, he has filled me with envy of him when he has told me of the district around Lynn Towers, and seeming to know every one, and always settled there, and capable to make friends for a lifetime, not for a few hours in a hotel. What place do I really know in the world; what place do they really know me? A little village in France that you never heard of. And I am English. I am not French. Ah, yes, that is what I have many a time wished—that my papa would have a house like others—in the country?—ves—or in the town?—yes—what does that matter to me? And I should make it pretty for him, and he would have a home—not a hotel; also I have thought of being a secretary to him, but perhaps that is too much beyond what is possible. Do you think I can imagine anything about marrying when this far more serious thing is what I wish? Do you think that any one can be nearer and dearer to me than the one who has given me all his affection, all his life, who thinks only of me, who has sacrificed already far too much for me? Who else has done that for me? And you would not have me ungrateful? Besides, also, it is selfish. I do not like the society of any one nearly so much; why should I change for a stranger? But it is not necessary to speak of that; it is a stupidity. But now I have told you what I wish for, if it were possible."

Mrs. Graham was convinced. There was no af-

fectation here. The Master of Lynn had no rival, at all events.

"Do you know, my dear child, you talk very sensibly," said she, patting her hand. "And I don't see why your papa should not give you two homes—one in the country and one in town—for I am sure every one says he is wealthy enough. But perhaps this is the reason. Of course you will marry—no, stay a minute—I tell you, you are sure to marry. Why, the idea! Well, then, in that case, it might be better for your papa not to have a household to break up; he could attend to his Parliamentary duties very well if he lived in the Westminster Palace Hotel, for example, and be free from care-"

Yolande's mouth went very far down this time. "Yes, that may be it," she said. "Perhaps that will happen. I know I have taken away too much of his time, and once, twice perhaps, we have had jokes about my being married; but this was the end, that when my papa tells me to marry, then I will marry. I must go somewhere. If I am too much of a burden-and sometimes I am very sad, and think that I am—then he must go and bring some one to me, and say, 'Marry him.' nd I will marry him_and hate h

"Gracious heavens, child, what are you saving! Of course, if ever you should marry, you will choose for yourself."

"It is not my affair," said Yolande, coldly. "If I am to go away, I will go away; but I shall hate the one that takes me away

"Yolande," said her friend, seriously, "you are making it rather hard for your father. Perhaps I have no right to interfere; but you have no mother to guide you; and really you talk such-

such absurdity-' "But how do I make it hard for my papa?" said Yolande, quickly looking up with an anxious glance. "Am I a constraint? Do you think there is something he would do? Am I in his

way—a burden to him?"
"No, no, no," said the other, good-humoredly.
"Why should you think any such thing? I was only referring to the madness of your own fancy. The idea that your father is to choose a nus-band for you—whom you will hate! Now suphave to do all the sight-seeing; you will find us, pose that you are a burden—I believe I informed

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"ONCE OR TWICE YOLANDE CAUGHT ONE OF THESE SWALLOWS, AND THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE SEEMED NOT ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY FROM HER HAND."

you that I was a very impertinent woman, and now I am an intermeddler as well-suppose that your father would like to take a more active part in public affairs, and that he knows you are op posed to the very notion of getting married. is in a very painful dilemma. He won't tell you that you are rather interfering with his Parliamentary work. And most assuredly he won't recommend you to marry any one, if you are going to marry with a deadly grudge against your husband.

Yolande thought over this for some minutes. "I suppose it is true," she said, rather sadly.
"He would not tell me. He has said I kept him away from the House of Commons; but then it was only amusement and joking. And I-I also -have many a time been fearing it was not right he should waste so much care on me, when no one else does that with their daughters. Why does he go to the House? Partly because it is his duty to work for the country—to see that it is well governed-partly to make fame, which is a noble ambition. And then I interfere. He thinks I am not quite well, when I am quite well. He thinks I am dull, when I am not dull-when I would rather read his speech in the newspapers than go anywhere. But always the same — I must go and be amused; and Parliament and everything is left behind. It was not so bad when I was at the Château; then I was learning; but even then he was always coming to see me and to take me away. And when I used to say, 'Pana, why don't you take me to England? I am English; I want to see my own country, not other countries,' it was always, 'You will see enough of England by and by.' But when I go to England, look! it is the same-always away again, except a week or two, perhaps, at Oatlands Park, or a day or two in London; and I have not once been to the House of Commons, where every one goes, and even my papa is vexed that I do not know they have not a ball-room at the Reform Club!"

"Well, dear Yolande, you have led a queer sort of life; but, after all, was not your father He could not have a household with a school-girl to look after it. But now I can see that all this will be changed, and you will have no more fears that you are a restraint. Of course you will marry, and you will be very happy, and your papa will have your home to go to at the holidays; and you will go up to town to hear him speak in the House, and he will have a fair chance in politics. So that is all arranged, and you are not to have any wild or fierce theo-

ries. There goes dressing-bell—come along!"

Day after day passed without change. The young Master of Lynn had been re-assured by his sister; and very diligently, and with a Jacob-like

modesty and patience, he strove to win Yolande's regard; but although she was always most friendly toward him, and pleased to chat with him, or walk the hurricane deck with him, she seemed to treat him precisely as she treated any of the others. If there was one whom she especially favored, it was Colonel Graham, whose curt, sardonic speeches amused her.

At last they arrived at Port Said, that curious, rectangular-streeted, shanty-built place, that looks like Cheyenne painted pink and white; and of course there was much wonder and interest in beholding land again, and green water, and the swarming boats with their Greeks and Maltese and negroes and Arabs, all in their various costumes. But it was with a far greater interest that they regarded the picture around them when the vessel had started again, and was slowly and silently stealing away into the wide and lonely desert land by means of this water highway. The Suez Canal had been rather a commonplace phrase to Yolande, mixed up with monetary affairs mostly, and suggestive of machinery. But all this was strange and new, and the vessel was going so slowly that the engines were scarcely heard; she seemed to glide into this dream-world of silver sky and far-reaching wastes of yellow It was so silent and so wide and so lonely. For the most part the horizon-line was a mirage, and they watched the continual undulation of the silver white waves, and even the strange reflections of what appeared to be islands; but here there was not even a palm to break the monotony of the desert-only the little tamarisk bushes dotting the sand. From a marsh a red-legged flamingo rose, slowly winging its way the south. Then a string of camels came along with forward-stretching heads and broad, slow-pacing feet, the Bedouins either perched on the backs of the animals or striding through the sand by their side, their faces looking black in contrast to their white wide-flowing garments. And so they glided through the silent gray silver world

The night saw another scene. They were anchored in a narrow part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep, and the moonlight was surpassingly vivid. On one of these banks it seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark blue vault where the stars were—the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silver clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes-some said it was a jackal-disappeared up and over the sand mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance

after dinner. The piano was brought on deck from the saloon. The women-folk had put on their prettiest costumes. There had been per haps (so it was said) a little begging and half-promising going on beforehand. The smokingroom was deserted. From the supports of the awnings a number of large lanterns had been slung, so that when the ladies began to appear, and when the first notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one but so strange with the moon-lit desert around.

The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande;

he had been watching for her appearance.
"I hope you will give me a dance, Miss Winterbourne," said he.

"Oh yes, with pleasure," said she, in the most friendly way.

"There are no programmes, of course," said "And one can't make engagements; but I think a very good rule in a thing like this is that one should dance with one's friends. For myself, I don't care to dance with strangers. interest me. I think when people form a party among themselves on board ship—well, I think they should keep to themselves."

"Oh, but that is very selfish, is it not?" Yolande said. "We are not supposed to be stran-

gers with any one after being on board ship so long together."

"Miss Winterbourne, may I have the pleasure of dancing this waltz with you?" said a tall, solemn man with an eyeglass; and the next minute the Master of Lynn beheld Yolande walking toward that cleared space with Major Mackinnon, of the Seaforth Highlanders; and as to what he thought of the Seaforth Highlanders, and what he hoped would happen to them, from their colonel down to their pipe-major, it is unnecessary to say anything here.

But Yolande did give him the next dance, which mollified him a little-not altogether, however, for it was only a square. The next was a Highland Schottische; and by ill luck he took it for granted that Yolande, having been brought up in France, would know nothing about it; so he went away and sought out his sister. performance was the feature of the evening. No one else thought of interfering. And it was very cleverly and prettily and artistically done; insomuch that a round of applause greeted them at the end, even from the young Highland officers, who considered that young Leslie might just as well have sought a partner elsewhere, instead of claiming his own sister. Immediately after, the

Master of Lynn returned to Yolande.

"Ah, that is very pretty," she said. "No wonder they approved you and clapped their hands. It is the most picturesque of all the dances, especially when there are only two, and you have

the whole deck for display. In a ball-room, perhaps no."

"You must learn it, Miss Winterbourne, before you come North," said he. "We always dance it in the North." "Oh, but I know it very well," said Yolande,

quietly. "You?" said he, in an injured way. "Why

didn't you tell me? Do you think I wanted to dance with my sister, and leave you here?'

But Mrs. Graham and you danced it so prettily-oh, so very well indeed-"

There was somebody else approaching them now—for the lady at the piano had that instant begun another waltz. This was Captain Douglas, also of the Seaforth Highlanders.

"Miss Winterbourne, if you are not engaged, will you give me this waltz?"

Yolande did not hesitate. Why should she?

She was not engaged.
"Oh yes, thanks," said she, with much friendliness, and she rose and took Captain Douglas's

But young Leslie could not bear this perfidy, as he judged it. He would have no more to do with the dance, or with her. Without a word to any one he went away to the smoking-room, and sat down there, savage and alone. He lit a cigar,

and smoked vehemently.
"Polly talks about men being bamboozled by women," he was thinking bitterly. "She knows nothing about it. It is women who know nothing about women; they hide themselves from each other. But she was right on one point. That girl is the most infernal flirt that ever stepped the earth."

And still, far away, he could hear the sound of the music, and also the stranger sound-like a whispering of silken wings-of feet on the deck. He was angry and indignant. Yolande could not be blind to his constant devotion to her, and yet she treated him exactly as if he were a stranger —going off with the first-comer. Simplicity! His sister was right—it was the simplicity of a first-class flirt.

And still the waltz went on; and he heard the winnowing sound of the dancers' feet; and his thoughts were bitter enough. He was only fiveand-twenty; at that age hopes and fears and disappointments are emphatic and near; probably it never occurred to him to turn from the vanities of the hour, and from the petty throbbing anxieties and commonplaces of every-day life, to think of the awful solitudes all around him there-the voiceless, world-old desert lying so dim and strange under the moonlight and the stars, its vast and mysterious heart quite pulseless and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



POLISH CONVIVIALITY.

THE Poles of the eighteenth century were great convivialists. They enjoyed a reputation among their European neighbors of being charming hosts. Joyous Amphitryons, who passed a considerable portion of their time at table, and knew how to order and cousume a good dinner as well as, if not better than, the rest of the epicurean community. During



ALSACIAN FANCY DRESS. For description see Supplement.



ROCOCO FANCY DRESS, For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 81-85.

ears to enforce the argument, "It is better worth while to dispense a whole crown in good than a farthing in sham." It was also the most useful habit of the poor who came to swell the concourse to carry a spoon stuck in their sash. The wine of Hungary was the ordinary beverage, the feasters commencing with ordinary-sized glasses, which, in-

creasing in girth, generally ended by being bowls which would well contain two quarts of liquid. Nobody was allowed to shirk his duty in the matter of imbibing; if he hesitated or tried to pass on the bowl without drinking, a page at his elbow would hold the vessel and almost force his attention. The consequences of these feasts now and again would prove fatal, but nothing deterred them from indulging in those products of a Polish cook's handicraft. The great feature of the Polish

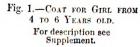


FANCY DRESS.—CIRCASSIAN GIRL. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 71-80.

the first half of the last century one can affirm, without unexaggera-that Podue tion, land delivered itself up to the celebration of perpetual "fest-ins," and it was not an absolute necessity to be possessed of an overplus of coin of the realm to participate feasts. Hospitality in every shape and form was purely the custom of the country, and became sneed force of habit with them, withough the "grands seign-eurs" were apt to indulge in it to excess. It the rule to set up a statue of the god Bac-chus in the feasting room, mounted on a silver cask, bound by golden hoops. He it was who, figuratively speaking, in-vited the clients, friends, and acquaintances, in the name of the host. The servants were strict-ly forbidden to spare anything in the manner of food and drink, the fol-

lowing motto being continually

dinned into their



TO 6 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3381: PRICE, 15 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

3 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 37-45.

6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 23-29. Fig. 5.—Dress for Girl prom 11 to 13 Years old,

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cuisine is the very frequent use of flour or oatmeal mixed with the meat. They also employ curdled ploy curdled milk, both sweet and sour, and excessive use of excessive use of spices, marmalade, and salted provisions, the Polish sour-krout, and the wild horse-radish. A Pole sneers at our homely necessary adjunct of the dinner table, the potato; he the potato; he clings tenacious-ly to his salted cucumbers, the concombres marinés, which a Polish table is never without, and which com-pletely usurp the place of the potato among the poor, forming in chief provision. Poland is a soupeating nation; although to our uninitiated eyes the different ma-terials of which they are concocted seem inhar-

monious.

The "Chotodriec," or soupe à la glace, is ubiquitous. Put one quart of one quart of salted cucumber juice and a small quantity of leav-en into a large saucepan, and boil well. Allow it to cool gently,

His



For description see Supplement.

Digitized by

and then mix in one quart of curdled milk. Boil one young beet root, cut up finely in strips, in a separate saucepan. When done, add it also to the soup, with some of the water wherein it was boiled, to color it a good red. Have ready four hard-boiled eggs, cut either in thin slices or small fillets, the latter being preferable, a good tablespoonful of finely chopped fennel and chives, some slices of fresh cucumber, and the flesh of a whole cray-fish or crab, whichever most preferred, cut up in fair-sized pieces. Add all these ingredients one after another to the soup, which must be served cold without bread, accompanied by small pieces of ice to make it colder still—in fact, to exemplify its title of soupe à la glace. Some palates have a complete and unconquerable objection to beet root; when this happens to be the case, substitute sorrel, dressed like a spinach purée, with a little butter, for the obnoxious beet root.

FRAUD! FRAUD! SHORT WEIGHT QUININE PILLS. [From the Medical News.]

Norhing is more important to the physician and his patients than accuracy in the prepara-tion of the medicines which he prescribes. The Medical News "has undertaken to examine the important article of quinine pills, as furnished by a number of leading houses. Every precaution has been observed to preserve the strictest impartiality, and to obtain the most perfect accuracy as to results. The analyst is one of our most distinguished experts, and the arrangements were such that he could have no knowledge of the source from which the specimens were obtained. The results are by no means pleasant to contemplate. * * * All the samples but two were found to be sensibly deficient in quantity, the deficiency ranging from 5 to 20 per cent. * * * We have here a wrong committed upon the public, against which it is the duty of the profession, as the guardians of the public health, to record its emphatic protest. * * * From the foregoing facts we learn: (1) That the quinine pills of five out of seven of our leading manufacturers have not in them the amount of quinine which they are represented to contain. (2) That there is a great variation in the price at which the pills can be purchased. (3) That the price bears no relation to the amount of quinine really contained in the pills."

(The Medical News is published in Philadelphia, and is the organ of Jefferson Medical College. Its standing is too high to require con-

firmatory remarks.)

Professor C. H. Wilkinson, Editor Medical
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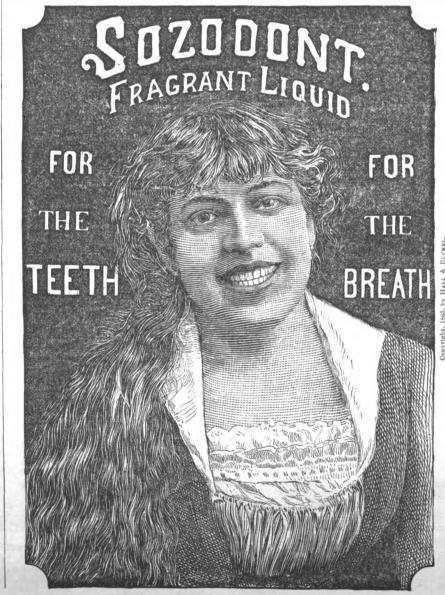
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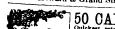
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A minister's son so misbehaved himself as to tire the patience of the "head" of the school. Finally the "Doctor" said to him, after a gross act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping." When the appointed time came the Doctor was on hand, drew his rattan, and haid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his case. "Take off your coat!" was the command. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouled the Doctor. Off went the vest, but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and then, to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a died codish defending the back of the enl-prit like a shield, while below there was, evidently stretching over other exposed portions of the body, a stout leather apron. "What does this mean?" said the Doctor.

"Why," said the togue, "you told me to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done the best I could."

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A little girl unconsciously and touchingly testified to the excessive dradgery of her mother's life when, on being asked, "1s your manna's hair gray?" she replied: "1 don't know. She's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

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"Well," remarked a young M.D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt for a good location, and wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument."

"Yes," said a by-stander, "and it won't be long after you do begin before the monument will be on the patients."

The celebrated Parisian mystifier, Romieu, received one day a manascript play from a young author, accompanied by the following note:

"Mossirus,—I send you the inclosed, which I beg you will be kind enough to read attentively. I accept beforehand any alterations or corrections you may think proper to suggest; but, at the same time, it may be as well to let you know that I am exceedingly ticklish as regards criticism."

A few days later Romieu returned the manuscript, together with the subjoined reply:

"Mossicus,—I have read your piece with great attention, and leave you the choice of weapons."

George Selwyn was one day travel-George Schwin was one day travel-ling by conch, when a persistent stran-ger kept annoying him by polite ques-tions. "How are you now, sir?" was the inquiry at brief intervals. At length Schwin, in order to reply at once for all, said, "Sir, I am very well, and I intend to remain so all the rest of the journey."

At the conclusion of a festival not very long ago an excellent teacher, desirous of administering a trifling moral lesson, inquired of the boys if they had enjoyed the repast. With the ingenuous modesty of youth they all responded, "Yes, sir."

"Then," asked the excellent teacher, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those straw berries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?"

Every small boy in that stained and sticky company shricked, "No, sir!"

"Cause," said little Thomas, with a cheer fulness of conscious virtue, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with em!"

A boy being asked what was the plural of "Penny," replied with great promptness, "Twopence."

"Arthur," said a good-natured parent to his son, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped a school last week."
"Ah, papa, but I knew it at the time," was the naive reply.

"Don't you find it hurts your lawn to let your children play on it?" asked a friend of a suburban the other day. "Yes," answered the gentleman addressed, "but it doesn't hurt the children."



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

TOMMY (criticising the mean of the coming feast). "Very good! Thay bong! And look here, Old Man! Mind you put plenty of Rum into the Baba-Dolly and Molly like it, you know—and so do I!"

Monnieur Cordonbleu (retained for the occasion). "Certainement, non ptit ami. But are you and des Demoiselles Going to dine viz de Compagnie?"

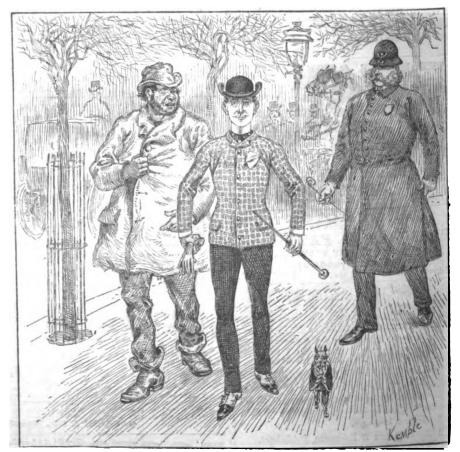
Tomme. "Oh nong! But just ain't we going to sit on the Stairs outside, that's all!"



A CHALLENGE.

SWELL (loq.). "You throw any more of those Snow-Balls at me, you young Scamp, and I'll band you over to a Policemax."

GAMIN. "Perliceman be blowed! PEEL OFF and come on if you're a Man."



A SACRIFICE.

"SEE HERE, BOSS, I KNOWS YOU'BE COLD, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE A SACRIFICE, JES FOR CHARITY'S SAKE. NOW I'LL SILL YOU THIS COAT FOR A MERE NOTHING. I DON'T NEED IT, BECAUSE I'M GOOD AND SIRONG; BUT YOU'BE YOUNG YET. IS IT A GO, BOSS? NAME THE PRICE."

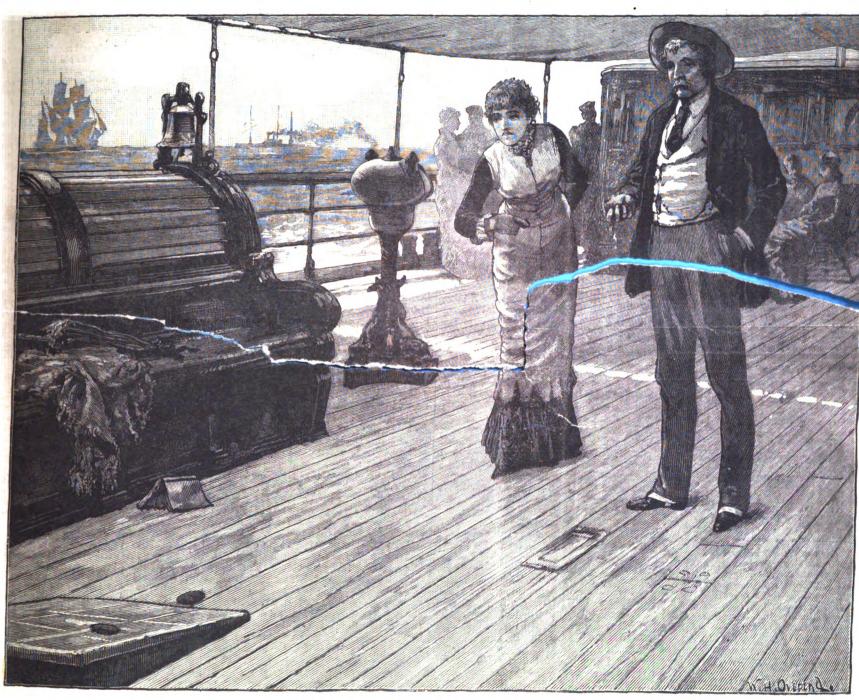
[Bargain's cut short at the eight of a Policemen.



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

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" She played 'Bull' with her father, and got sadly beaten."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.



CHAPTER IX. CLOUDS.

T morning, quite unconscious that she had dealt any deadly injury to any one, Yolande was seated all by herself on the hurricane-deck, idly and carelessly and happily drinking over the wastes of golden sand to a strip of intense dark blue that was soon to reveal itself as the waters of a lake. She was quite alone. The second officer had brought her one of the ship's glasses, and had then (greatly against his will) gone on the bridge again. The morning was fair and shining; the huge steamer was going placidly and

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

noiselessly through the still water; if Yolande was thinking of anything, it was probably that she had never seen her father so pleased and contented as on this long voyage; and perhaps she was won-dering whether, after all, it might not be quite as well that he should give up Parliament altogether, so that they two might wan-der away through the world, secure in each other's company. Nor was she aware that at this precise moment her future was

being accurately arranged for her in one of the cabins below.

"I confess I don't see where there can be the least objection," Mrs. Graham was saying to her husband (who was still lying in his berth, turning over the pages of a novel), as she fixed a smart mob-cap on her short and pretty curls. "I have looked at it every way. Papa may make a fuss about Mr. Winterbourne's politics, but there are substantial reasons why he should say as little as possible. Just think how he has worked at the improving of the Archie coming in to complete the thing! I know what I would do. I would drain and plant the Rushen slopes, and build a nice lodge there; and then I would take the sheep off Allt-nam-ba, and make it a small forest; and it would let for twice as much again. Oh, Jim, just fancy if Archie were to be able to buy back Corrievreak!"

Her husband flung the book aside, and put his hands under his

ead. His imagination was at work.
"If I were Archie," he said, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, "I would make Corrievreak the sanctuary; that's what I would do.
Then I would put a strip of sheep up the Glenbuie side to fence off
Sir John; do you see that, Polly? And then I would take the sheep off Allt-nam-ba, as you say, only I would add on Allt-nam-ba to Lynn. Do you see that? What made your grandfather part with Corrievreak I don't know. Fancy having the sanctuary within two miles of a steamboat pier; it's a standing temptation to all the poachers in the country! Now if you take in Allt-namba, and make Corrievreak the sanctuary, and if you'd hold your hand for a year or two in the letting, you'd soon have one of the best forests in Scotland. But letting is the mischief. Those fel-lows from the south shoot anything on four legs they can get at. Forty years ago the finest stags in Inverness-shire were found round and about Corrievreak; the Fort Augustus lads knew that, they used to say. Oh, I quite agree with you. I think it would be an uncommon good match. And then Archie would have a house in town, I suppose; and they might put us up for a week or two in the season. Tit for tat's fair play. He has the run of

Digitized by Goglette On page 118.]

A VALENTINE.

When azure skies confront the day,
And far and near the soft suns shine,
To live and breathe were simple joy—
Perchance one needs no Valentine.

But when the skies are full of storm, And lost in gloom the days decline, The lonely heart sinks sad and chill— The heart that has no Valentine.

And shrinking from th' embodied death Of space beyond the farthest sign, The spirit, frozen at its source, Dreams of no trivial Valentine.

Yet even then the sweet earth throbs With sunbursts down her ancient line; The snow-flake promises a flower, The snow-bird hints a Valentine.

Away with care! This fragrant hair Into true-lovers' knots I twine; These velvet lips bring summer now To me, my little Valentine!

A force of nature, as the moon
Makes wide eclipse and dim design,
All the great sphere of sorrow you
Shut out from me, my Valentine!

You are a trifle turned of four, And I am—all of ninety-nine; But dark and drear as death were life If you were not my Valentine!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS, HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

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mblished Files - o EEKLY,

In "A Visit to Muscat" LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY describes the experiences of our friend Tom Fairceather in that curious old city. Sherwood Rysk contributes an article on "Have and Hounds" that will delight the bons.

The art-work of this Number includes a beautiful front-page illustration on wood by W. M. Cary, and drawings by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd, A. B. Shelts, Soil Eytisge, and other well-known

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Our next Number will contain a magnificent double-page illustration of No. 10 of the popular "Types of Beauty," by P. R. Morris, A.R.A.; a charming Embroidered Cabinet and Harging, from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work; Ladiks' and Children's Spring Suits; and other artistic and humorous pictures; with a choice variety of useful and interesting reading matter.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

THE most prolific plant in the modern flora is, perhaps, the Typha latifolia, or swamp cat-tail. Long familiar to trade, its strong leaves making excellent chair seats and door mats, it was rediscovered by fashion some ten years ago, since which date it is estimated that seventy thousand specitwo varieties known embroidered and the painted thrive in the parlors of the United States alone. The sunflower-another out-door and plebeian growth-has undergone a household propagation hardly less remarkable. In those exceptional abodes which possess neither of these botanical treasures various nondescript productions, described as conventional flowers, vines, or water-plants, run riot in wool or pigment, over curtains, table scarfs, screens, tidies, sofa backs, plates, pitchers, vases, or tea cloths. If the kingdom of true ornament came by observation, one would say that it is surely at hand.

There is no doubt that this cultivation of decoration is as truly a craze as was the tulip mania. Every newspaper advertises liberal sets of designs to be exchanged for a limited number of postage stamps. Every fancy shop and haberdasher's stand displays patterns, materials, and finished pieces of "high art" needle-work. China, painted or to be painted by some ambitious neophyte, crowds worthier wares to the wall. That

serviceable furniture with which the elder generation has passed useful and happy years is sneered at as vulgar, and only to be tolerated by the Philistines.

What, then, is this art revival, as its devotees pronounce it, this brief extravagance, as the infidels declare, really worth as a means of beautifying the average home and elevating the popular taste? So far as the needle-work, the carving, the painting, or the furniture is the outgrowth of a genuine desire for household beauty, and of an intelligent adaptation of means to ends, so far, of course, it denotes a sound and permanent advance in culture. So far as it is a fashion, it has no more significance than any other superficial conformity. And it seems a pity that an excellent impulse and an endeavor full of promise should be hindered and brought, perhaps, into undeserved disrepute by the extravagances of the unthink-

When the use of tiles was revived, a few years ago, the thirst for tiles became abnormal, so to speak. Because they were pretty, and cheerful, and clean, and indestructible under proper handling, they had a great value in their proper place. But that place was not any angle in bedstead, bureau, or sideboard where one could possibly be bestowed, and where it was no better, because no more appropriate, than the hideous machine carving it superseded.

In like manner every kind of decoration has been misapplied under the new dispensation. The old spirit which wrought tufted tigers with glass eyes on hearth-rugs, to be walked over, singed, and shaken out of window, or which bestowed shaded cabbage-roses in raised work on sofa cushions and footstools, now works elaborate mantel lambrequins in materials which dust must ruin, or paints a sunset, with a fine study in perspective, at the bottom of a soup plate.

And if the work be often too fine for its

uses, it is oftener too coarse. Because the long, loose Oriental stitches, or the soft-hued, dull-surfaced Oriental fabrics, real or imitated, have been found to lend themselves readily to decorative effects, the most slovenly exception, the same way a splashy, admiration. In painting gains adhap-hazard kind of china-batrong." A mere miration as "bold" and "tessential to good mechanical niceness is not being might ac-

admiration. In pointing gains adhap-hazard kind of china-strong." A mere miration as "bold" and "tessential to good mechanical niceness is not tehine might acceptance effect, for a matthess of eye and complish that. But corresponding are indispensaband, refinement, and finis ble.

Much of the modern

also is merely tasteless in a new way. It is safe to say that very few of our newest arm-chairs, tables, sofas, and bric-à-brac in general will gladden the hearts of our artistic grandchildren. And if they do not banish most of our painfully embroidered portières, our laborious table scarfs, and ambitious screens to the garret, it will be because the intervening generation, with more good taste than piety, has anticipated that sentence.

Close observation, a sense of form, color, and proportion, a feeling for the fitness of things, and a genuine love of the work and desire for the beautiful—upon these must any lasting decorative art be founded. Mrs. Brown's wish to have her parlor outshine Mrs. Smith's, Miss Miranda Brown's anxiety to "do" the sweetest thing in curtains, or Miss Smith's praiseworthy purpose to "harmonize" the inherited ugliness of the family drawing-room with embroidered patches of olive or old gold, is but a barren stock.

The Decorative Art Society sends out beautiful work, because the careful fingers that produce it are guided by ideas. All over the country these thoughtful and conscientious needle-women, painters, or carvers are found, and every one of them constitutes a Home Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel of Good Taste. But before any considerable harvest can spring up from the seed they sow, the weeds and thorns must be burned off the old ground, and in the purgation cat-tails and sunflowers innumerable will disappear.

HOME CARPENTRY.

THE woman who indulges in carpenterwork seldom does much harm. She contents herself with trying to drive nails into the wall, and with experiments with mucilage. She drives her nails with great caution, and when she has loosened an inch or two of plaster she becomes alarmed, and resolves to let her husband assume the responsibility of inflicting further injury on the wall. She has a profound faith in the value of mucilage as a substitute for glue, and hopefully attempts to mend china and furniture with it; but mucilage is as harmless as it is inefficient, and it is only on the rare occasions when it is used to mend the wheels of the clock that it does any permanent injury to anything. It is doubtless

the timidity of woman which restrains her mending instincts. She dreads the saw and the chisel as treacherous tools that inevitably inflict wounds on the user, and she dislikes hot glue owing to its proneness to burn unwary fingers. Moreover, she can never grasp the difference between a nail and a screw, and regards the latter as an absurd variety of nail which can not be driven with a hammer unless the wielder of the hammer has the muscles of a man. Thus, for one reason or another, carpenterwork as practiced by woman is harmless and inexpensive, and she knows nothing of the remorse to which the man who owns an amateur tool chest and is not wholly hardened is a prey.

Nothing more surely devastating than a man with a fondness for amateur carpentry is ever found in a respectable household. The reckless inebriate who throws all the furniture out of the window does perhaps an equal amount of injury, but he can not be said to be a feature of respectable households. There is an old proverb that is often repeated on the 1st of May to the effect that three movings are equal to one fire in point of destructiveness. It might be expanded by the addition of the great truth that one amateur carpenter is equal to two movings, and even then the destructiveness of home carpentry would be underrated. The husband of whom the infatuated wife is fond of remarking, "He is so handy with his tools that he can do almost anything," destroys an average amount of seventy-five dollars' worth of furniture annually, as estimated by our most intelligent furniture dealers; and so well is this understood among the latter class that some enterprising furniture dealers sell amateur tool chests at half their cost to their regular customers, feeling sure that their business will thereby be immensely benefited.

The amateur carpenter always has perfect confidence in himself, and instead of learning humility from his many failures, he grows bolder and more reckless. He may be too busy or too tired to accede to the ordinary requests of his wife, but when she asks him if he won't just mend the rocking-chair or put up a shelf in the kitchen, he will even lay aside his after-dinner cigar in his zeal to wield the hammer and saw. He varely finishes what he undertakes to do. If there is what ladies call "a squeak" somewhere in the rocking-chair, he begins the work of banishing the squeak by pulling the chair apart, and when, after an hour or two hard soil, involving great destruction of veneering and hopeless laceration of the joints of the chair, he succeeds in disconnecting the rockers, he announces that he is too tired to do anything more, and must put off the work of reconstruction until the next day. In some cases he does resume work. and succeeds in putting the chair together again after a fashion, but it is then so scarred and maimed that he acknowledges that it will have to go to the cabinet-maker's to be "done over," and in his pride at having removed the squeak he never seems to perceive that the last state of that chair

is decidedly worse than the first. The partial or permanent ruin of the object which the amateur carpenter undertakes to mend is by no means the full extent of the damage which he inflicts upon the furniture. If he uses the saw, he invariably places the article to be sawed on a chair, and contrives to inflict a deep cut on the chair by the zealous and incautious use of his weapon. If he wishes to nail one piece of wood to another, he places them both on the floor, and drives his nails through the carpet and deep into the planks beneath. When he uses the glue-pot, he either lays the wet brush down upon the damask table cover, or he upsets the glue upon the carpet. One of his most characteristic feats is that of shortening one leg of a table. Being told that the leg is too long, he saws it off so as to make it of the same length as the other lore. Inveriably he finds that he has made it too short, and he then tries to shorten the other legs. There is yet to be found a single instance of a successful shortening of table legs by a man with an amateur tool chest, although several exasperated and persevering men have sawed an entire set of four legs into small pieces in the vain hope of bringing them into uniformity.

It is probable that more far-reaching injury is done by the amateur carpenter who makes articles of furniture than by the man who simply repairs them. The book-cases and single bedsteads made by the head of the family who is handy with his saw can not be thrown out-of-doors, but must remain to vex the souls of the intelligent members of the family, and fill the minds of visitors with amazement. What is imperatively needed is a strict prohibitory law forbidding the sale of carpenters' tools to any man who can not prove that he is a professional carpenter. Until this is done there will always be men who will buy tools, and enter upon a career of destruction of household furniture which must cause any angel with a taste for housekeeping to weep bitter though useless tears.

FASHIONABLE WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

It is a fact written on the rosy cheeks of all gay American women that the Ice King is no longer feared. Not only are all the people who can learn to stand in slippery places skating, but this new fashion of holding carnival in Montreal (as well as at the adverse points New Orleans and Rome), recalling our old ideas of St. Petersburg, Catharine of Russia, and Peter the Great, has brought in several new ideas to the fortunate few who own houses near New York, where they spend the winter in a sort of suburban pursuit of pleasure even in this inclement season.

Toboggan parties would have sounded very outlandish a few years ago, but now the invitation to Orange Mountain, to Westchester, to the upper Hudson, is rarely unaccompanied by this magic word. Snow-shoe steeple-chasing, curling, and hockey matches are also attempted at some of the more ambitious toboggan parties, but it is generally considered enough to invite your friends to come well done up in flannels, and to give them a sledge ride down-hill (an artificial hill must be constructed if one is not at hand) on that well-known three-cornered toboggan, which is just dangerous enough to be delightful to those who like to run risks.

Ladies must be warmly and snugly dressed for these toboggan parties. The old Ulster, the fur gloves, the Balmoral stockings, and the fur-lined boots, the warm little woollen "Tam o' Shanter" cap, all fastened on securely, are the necessary requisites. These winter sports and enjoyments forbid any "frills," but female dress has long been reduced to masculine simplicity. After the tologgan is over, the party is asked in to supper, and a hot and grateful cup of bouillon, some ovsters, and a dish of terrapin, with punch and champagne, refresh the inner man, and always a cup of Russian tea should be offered.

There has always been a fatal fascination about "sliding down-hill." It is the "facilis descensus Averni" of the Latin poet; it has been paraphrased and played upon in many languages—it is easier to descend than to climb. But the game as at present played has its dangers. If the man who holds the helm of the toboggan is not especially clever and strong, he may steer into some other craft and upset both, hence broken limbs and bruised temples. One young lady was killed last winter while tobogganing. But these accidents are infrequent, and "fortune favors the brave" in this as in all enterprises.

accidents are infrequent, and "fortune favors the brave" in this as in all enterprises.

Snow-sloe steeple-chasing is rather confined to strong men. Yet ladies have made long journeys on snow-shoes, and have still an ambition to join in the sport of learning to walk on these very broad paddles.

The ice-boat has become a belonging also of the luxurious denizens on the upper Hudson. To take a journey on this fairy-like craft is to reach the highest rate of speed, the minimum of resistance, the maximum of excitement. It is more like flying than any other amusement. If a lady participates in it, she must be done up like a Greenlander, an Esquimau, in tight, warm garments, and bestow herself on a very small bit of plank, when away goes her little craft. The boat has a sail, and when this is loosened the iron keel cuts the ice with a grating sound, and off at a speed of seventy miles an hour the adventurous voyager flies over the solid ice of the Hudson.

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These yachts come to grief occasionally and capsize, when the inmates are in a perilous situation, miles from home on a sea of ice. On one occasion last winter a young couple nearly froze to death in this dilemma. There should be always a fleet of ice-yachts, and men with fast horses and sleighs along the banks to pick up the spilled people. No doubt it is a very grand sensation to take these rides. Like all flights into the unknown, they have a perilous fascination. But one must be sure of lung and heart, and light of limb. They are not an amusement for the lame or the lazy.

Many people like to go out to see Niagara in winter. It is worth while to see what Jack Frost can do when he puts his mind to it. The ice work at Niagara, now made familiar to us by photograph, is indeed very wonderful, and no one knows what it is until he has seen it. It is a most perfect piece of iridescence. It gives the oculist a new theme; it confounds the scientists; it is a blaze of glorious rainbow.

it is a blaze of glorious rainbow.

We have never yet, in New York, enjoyed an ice carnival, such as the gay Florentines enjoyed on one of those rare occasions when the Arno froze over, and such as old Londoners delighted in when they could roast an ox whole on the Thames. Ice and winter are such sombre facts to us, they are so severely dreadful to the poor, that we do not feel cheerfully disposed toward the appalling and paralyzing breath of January and February. Our nearest approach to a winter fête is the sleighing in the Park, which is indeed carnivalesque. The beautiful little sleighs, the magnificent large ones, the gay colors, the tasselled horses, the robes lined with gay colors, are all very pretty and brilliant.

Unfortunately for any concerted action on the subject, our snow does not last. It is not to be depended upon, as at Montreal and St. Petersburg. We can not have trotting on the ice, nor skating races and games on the limited surfaces of the frozen ponds at the Park. It may be said in one sense that we do not make enough of winter. We may in the future have toboggan hills built; it would be a good way to get rid of our superfluous snow—to cart it out of the side streets to some neighborhood of Jerome Park, and there have a Russian Carnival, a sort of Winter Palace, where all these sports should be consistently cultivated. A grand snow-shoe tramp would be

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vastly more picturesque than a "go-as-you-please" in that somewhat degraded home of circuses and sport at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twensport at the country sixth Street. Indeed, the hum of "games on the river rinks" has a very musical sound, and the river rinks has a very musical sound, and we might thus utilize our tramps, and also give our boys and girls a very great addition to their healthful winter sports and amusements.

A fancy-dress masquerade carnival on the ice, or as an accompaniment to the attractions of a skating rink, has been attempted and carried out with success near our great cities several times. It would seem to be a very good thing to try in the suburbs of some inland city like Albany, New Haven, or Portland, and would call loudly on the ingenuity of the young people. That very pretty scene in the opera of L'Etoile du Nord, "les pas des patineurs," is suggestive of the beauty of cos-tume which the Austrians adopt in winter for their winter sports. Skating to music can only be done now in a rink, which has to be a cold and shed-like place. Why not try an ice-boat band, which shall be dragged about by skaters to the convenient point on the lake, which, illustrated by the electric light would become minated by the electric light, would become a ball-room. Then the "patineurs," dressed after the fashion of several nations, should with their costumes produce the peculiarities of all Northern nations—Swedish, Danish, Russian, and Polish. The novels of Miss Bremer (now too little read) are full of "sledging parties," of the visits in the winter to the distant country houses around Stockholm, the way in which those gay Northerners cheated the season of short day and long night of its gloom. The novels of Tourguéneff are full of descriptions which might be utilized for a winter carnival.

In the neighborhood of such inland lakes as Otsego and Seneca the cwetters on the borders take long drives on the ice, which has but one danger-it is the possible presence of an ice-hole. This is a serious danger, but the careful driver can be warned and fore-armed.

The oid-fashioned game of snowballing is the most primitive form of winter amusement, and needs no description here Probably it is dear to every one as a memory, although the cheek still glows at the remembrance of some insulting snow-ball thrown at us in maturer years by some gamin of irregular morals. To go out, however, with a group of children, form the soft snow into almost feather balls to pelt them and be pelted with the white and innocuous mass (which is the best rouge in the world, for it paints the cheek delightfully), is a game which no one need be ashamed to enjoy.

The first snow used to be esteemed as a cosmetic, and old nurses told us, "If you wash your hands in the first snow-water, they will not chap all winter." Perhaps the early attack on the cold made the skin impervious for a while, but re would not recommend it as an ideal cosmetic. Chapped hands and lips are a characteristic of Northern nations, and call for camphor-ice; but the temporary inconvenience is not to be thought of in comparison with the life-giving and most invigorating pleasure of the sport.

are thought to share with Russia the not too flattering credit of being the richest field for the "sprouting of abnormal beliefs in the direction of psychology and spiritualism," etc. Mes merism, clairvovance, and communism are said to have a large following in both countries. A fa-natical adherence to strange behefs, a morbid introspection, is charged to be a feature of cold Northern nations, where the Winter King reigns for six months of the year. Imagination loves to work in the dark, and an out-of-door life in winter, one in which sport can figure largely, is very desirable. To avoid this "Scandinavian melwhich is so often referred to by the poets, Ferdinand Freiligrath and other Northern writers, becomes almost a national need, and we admire the zeal of our Canadian neighbors who have built their splendid ice palace, and have lighted it with electricity, so much like a Northern Light, and have brought all the world to their door to see their hardy sons give a concert on snow-shoes, steeple-chase and torch-light procession, grand bonspiel by the curling clubs, skating races and games on the River Rink. It does much to lift off an inherited "Scandinavian

melancholy" to even read of it. But if we share with Russia her introspection and her fanatical, dangerous, unbalanced sensibilities and dreams, we might take a commonplace lesson from her in one of the most advanced signs of her luxury and civilization. Russian tea goes a long way to redeem for her the errors of communism and the degradation of centuries of serfdom. There is no such delicate soft restorer of the vital forces, no cup which will so well enable us to laugh at cold, nothing which is so admirable a refreshment at a toboggan party, as a cup of Russian tea. They have reduced it to a science. The samovar, their famous tea-kettle, is at every railway station, and these delicious cups of tea brought in smoking hot at every spot of rest between St. Petersburg and Moscow, might well be established by us at the skating rinks and the "houses of call" along our winter journeys.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHECKED SILKS.

SMALL checks will be fashionable for spring and summer silk dresses. These are not merely a single color alternating with white checks, but are several of the new colors combined in one pattern, and in many cases there are no white checks; in all, however, there is a prevailing color that decides for the wearer the color of the material to be used in combination with or as trimming for the dress. What have been called gingham checks" are best liked in these silks, throwing together the contrasting colors seen in Scotch ginghams, such as pale blue with dark brown, brighter blue with terra-cotta, dark green

with strawberry red and some pale blue, pink with gray and green, buff with dark red and olive, etc. These are smooth glossy silks that repel dust and wear well: they cost about \$1 25 a yard. The choice lies between two fabrics for combining with these checks, viz., cashmere and velvet. If the dress is meant to be a simple toilette for mornings at home, for driving, or for shopping, dark cashmere is used for parts of the skirt and for the Directoire revers, collar, cuffs, and perhaps vest of the costume; but if the greater part of the dress is of the silk, velvet is chosen for a collar, vest, plastron, and some narrow gathered frills or puffs on the skirt.

A pretty Parisian dress of gray-blue and very dark leaf brown checked silk is combined with leaf brown cashmere. The front and side breadths of the foundation skirt are covered from the top almost to the foot with the dark cashmere laid in single box pleats two inches wide, with spaces between half their width; this has a two-inch hem turned upward at the bottom, and above this is a band or border of the checked silk six inches wide. All around the foot of the dress are two narrow box-pleatings—one of silk and one of cashmere—lined with crinoline to stiffen and puff out the pleats in what is called organ pipe pleatings. The back breadths are covered by two very large and wide double box-pleated flounces, each flounce forming a single box pleat like a Watteau fold, made short in the middle, and deeply pointed on each side; the two materials are combined in these pleats, the silk outside and the cashmere as a facing disclosed in the layers of the folds. A short apron drapery of the silk is across the top of the front and side breadths. The basque is sharply pointed in front, very short on the hips, and has a broad box pleat in the back, shaped like the Watteau folds on the skirt; this basque is silk, with Directoire revers of the cashmere, a military collar of the same, and also narrow cuffs of cashmere turned back on the silk. The small flat buttons are wooden moulds covered with cashmere. When heavy velvet is used for the accessories of these checked silks, dark garnet or copper red is a favorite color with the checks that combine brown, capucine, and yed. A turned-over collar and oval plastron of velvet, with pipings on the edges of the basque, and a fan bow of velvet in the back, is very handsome of dark red, sapphire blue, or green, according to the leading hue of the silk. The checked silks of a single color with white are considered youthf I-looking, and are made up with nuns' veiling or cashmere; thus dark green and white checked silk with very dark green veiling makes a youthful and pretty toilette for cool summer days. All the strawberry and terra-cotta red shades, with the gray-blue and dull green tints now in vogue, are found in these silks. A pretty trimming for the front of basques of checked silk is bands or straps of velvet put on horizontally to meet in the centre or lap, and ornamented with small buckles of faceted bronze or steel or jet.

NEW BLACK SILK SUITS.

Gros grain, plain ottoman repped silk, and brocaded ottoman silks are the materials most used at present by fashionable modistes for the black silk dresses that are to serve for the intermediate spring season, and for late in the summer. For plain gros grain an appropriate trimming is passementerie cords with a tassel at each end, tied in knots or bows, and set about on panels and pleats up each side of the skirt, and also on the back of the basque just below the waist line in the seams that join the middle back forms to the side forms. The skirts of these dresses are very flat in front, with usually some wide pleats like large panels their entire length, and the fancy of the moment is for arranging two great flounces across the back, covering it from belt to foot; these flounces may be merely gathered and hemmed, and are formed of three straight breadths of the silk, made with the upper flounce lapping so deeply over the lower that it hides the top of the latter; the more elaborate flounces, however, are arranged in the double-pointed box pleat or Watteau fold already described, and these are liked best for figured silks, such as the brocaded flowers on a repped ottoman ground. For such a brocaded skirt there is a single close pleating of plain ottoman silk six inches deep around the foot, while the front of the dress has a single great box pleat covering the front breadth and some curved dra-peries on the sides. The brocaded basque is deeply pointed on the sides, and is still further lengthened by a pleated flounce of plain ottoman silk that is sewed on underneath the points. For dresses trimmed with cords and tassels there are also curled cords of passementerie sewed on the edges of the basque, collar, and cuffs to give a pretty finish. Satin cord passementeries in the Gothic point and geometrical patterns are sewed on in vest shape up the fronts of ottoman silk basques, and there are also disks of large size made of these satin cords to be used in the same way. The plain panels that remain in favor, notwithstanding they have been used a long time, may be merely covered with these disks, or else they may be simply bordered on each side and at the foot with a row of passe-menterie made of satin cords laid in blocks, wheels, or in Greek squares. Another fashion is that of putting an elaborate fringe of double rows of chenille or of the strung jet just across the foot of a plain ottoman front breadth, and having two scarfs draped on each side, while to show in the spaces between these scarfs are side breadths made of brocaded ottoman silk. For very elaborate black silk suits the fronts are covered with flounces of heavy corded Spanish lace that is all silk, and there may be either red or white satin placed under these lace flounces. Such a dress is liked for a visiting toilette and for a carriage dress, but is never worn in the

street unless it is entirely covered by a long cloak

of fur or of brocade.

CASHWERES, SHEPHERDS' CHECKS, ETC.

Fine French cashmeres are very largely imported for the first light-weight wool dresses that are required in the spring, and are found useful all summer in the sea side and mountain resorts, and as travelling dresses for short excursions to the city. Dull dark red shades, tan, strawberry, dead-leaf brown, with corn-flower blue and cypress green, are the dark colors most shown in these, while for house dresses are Nile green, buff, pale blue, and shrimp pink. For the dark useful cashmere dresses, stitching and pleating of the same, with a few passementerie cords and tassels, will be the trimmings, while the dresses will be made in tailor fashions, with polonaises that are as plain as pelisses, or else pointed basques with plainly draped over-skirts. If any material is plainly draped over-skirts. If any material is combined with these, it will be thickly corded ottoman silk folded in sash draperies across the back of the pelisse to make it more bouffant. The light cashmere dresses may have relief of velvet of a similar or darker shade, but they will more usually be trimmed with white silk embroid eries that are done in net. Long loose side pleats of the cashmere form the front and sides of such a dress, beginning at the belt, and reaching nearly to the foot, where they are edged with this embroidery, which falls, in its turn, over a knifepleating of ottoman silk. Such a dress of Nile green cashmere has a pleated vest of the ottoman silk, strapped across with cypress green velvet, and finished around the neck with a shellpleated frill of the embroidered net; a bunch of pink roses with long stems but no foliage is worn on the corsage of this dress. The nuns' veilings on which stars or daisies are wrought are made up in the styles described for cashmeres. Fine wool goods woven in well-marked diagonals are shown in the well-known black and white checks called shepherds' checks, and these also come in the stylish colors, such as strawberry red, dull blue, bright corn-flower blue, old green, brown,

Special designs of cotton satteens have birds on the wing, new patterns of lilac borders, and crushed roses arranged as side panels or as flounces for the front breadths, while smaller designs are strewn over a ground of some favorite color: these cost from 75 to 80 cents a yard.

The Chinese crapes that were used in plain colors and in black for elegant toilettes last summer are again imported, and these also have printed designs of flowers and birds for part of the dress. Very light shades of salmon, pale blue, green, and rose are chosen for these dresses while the black China crapes make the most elegant of all black toilettes for a summer ward-

NECKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, ETC.

Large square neckerchiefs folded in three-cornered shawl shape have almost taken the place of made up collarettes or fichus with house toi-lettes. The materials for these are silk muslins, crinkled Japanese silk, and black or white nets of very fine meshes. Those of silk muslin may be plain white, pale blue, or shrimp pink, with a single large rose and leaves of velvet applied like embroidery ornamenting one corner of the square, and an edging of white silk lace, either the Aurillac blonde or the new silk Oriental lace. Other silk muslin squares have fleurs-de-lis in natural purple and gold hues printed all over the cream white ground, or on a ground of rose-color. The silk Oriental laces are to be used for dress trimmings on light satins, foulards, and Surahs, and there are also what are called satin laces, as satin cords outline each figure of the designs, which resemble those of Spanish lace. Fine squares of black silk net have an appliqué rose and foliage cut from Spanish laces as an ornament in each corner, and these have a full frill of Spanish hand-run lace for trimming. Pale pink Chinese silk with spots or large balls of dark strawberry red printed upon it is very effective for necker-chiefs to brighten up dark costumes. Ladies who find black without white becoming next the throat wear black China crape squares with a full frill of Spanish guipure lace. There are also scarfs two yards long made of black Brussels net three-eighths of a yard wide with a hem all around done in brier stitches, a large rose of Spanish lace applied in each end, and a frill of guipure lace across the ends. Black laces wrought with gold threads and ornamented with disks of black velvet are also new for trimming black neckerchiefs. It is said Valenciennes lace is being used for the lingerie in preparation for next season.

Linen collars are standing bands like those worn by gentlemen. They are made to meet and lap, or else there is a slight space between the fronts, and the corners may be square or curved. A line of fine embroidery is around the edge, or else there is a small medallion wrought around the button-hole. Still others have a narrow edge turned down all around, and this has a delicate vine of needle-work upon it.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; James McCreery & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

An hour is devoted to the Seniors of Amherst College every Monday, by President SEELYE, in replying to queries on literary, political, and

miscellaneous subjects.

—Cigarette-smoking is thought to be hurtful by Dr. Mulhall, of the St. Louis Medical College, because the smoker inhales the smoke.

—Later in the season Miss Anna Dickinson, who is now recuperating at Honesdale, Pennsylvania intends to give desmette readings.

vania, intends to give dramatic readings.

—Professor Marsh, of New Haven, Connecticut, entertained RED CLOUD on his recent visit, and gave him a reception.

The wife of GAMBETTA'S successor, CLEMEN-

CEAU, is a New-Englander, and a very charming woman, who married him for love. They have three beautiful children; the face of the eldest sketch his head.

girl has all the regularity of a Greek statue, the second girl has the animated French countenance, and the boy is the image of his father,

nance, and the boy is the image of his father, with an air of American freedom.

—Mr. Sam Ward, the brother of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, passed Christmas with Lord and Lady Rosebery.

—The oldest living ex-Senator of the United States is ex-Governor Alexander Mouton, of Louisiana, who is still seen occasionally in the streets of New Orleans.

—John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," while sitting beneath the entrance lamp on the steps of a nobleman's mansion in London, where, his theatrical ventures having failed, he

on the steps of a nobleman's maniston in London, where, his theatrical ventures having failed, he found himself without a shilling to pay for a bed.

—"It is impossible," said Dr. George M. Beardo on his death-bed, "to record the thoughts of a dying man. I should like to do so, as it would be interesting to read the struggles I am going through."

going through.

going through."

—Miss Sarah Colman, whose parties in Washington are remarkable for their beautiful arrangement of flowers, pays the largest tax of any woman in the city. She is still more remarkable for her charities.

—Four Republican Governors of Pennsylvania—Curtin, Geary, Hartranft, and Hoyt—served collectively twenty-two years.

—Four of five children of the great scout Kit Carson are living in Las Vegas, New Mexico, in need, and it is thought a pension will be granted them, as their father was lieutenant-colonel in the army at his death. in the army at his death.

The Congregationalists of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, have been given a bell worth a thousand dollars for their new church by Mrs. Leg. CLAFLIN, the mother of ex-Governor CLAFLIN.

—ALFRED and EDWIN LISTER, Scotchmen, of every mother than the control of the contr

—Alfred and Edwin Lister, Scotchmen, or sixty-five and sixty-eight years respectively, manufacturers of fertilizers in Newark, lately distributed sixteen thousand dollars among their five hundred employés, having made up their minds a year ago to divide a certain percentage of their carnings yearly among their hands provata.

of their earnings yearly among rata.

—In the Franklin Collection made by Mr. Henry Stevens, some of the papers of which were found in a London tailor's shop, one really cut into a pattern of a child's sleeve, the worth of one single manuscript is estimated by Mr. George Bancroft at five thousand dollars.

—The house in Washington lately bought by Mr. Bell. of the telephone, for about a hundred

The house in Washington lately bought by Mr. Bell, of the telephone, for about a hundred thousand dolars, was built by Lieutenaut Brodhelm, who married a niece of N. P. Willis. It has in it a miniature theatre, with orchestral accommodations and chairs for the audience.

—In Professor Felix Adler's charity, on Forty-fifth Street and Brondway, New York, the poor children play at sculpturing, drawing patterns for wall-paper, singing, and carpentering, besides learning mathematics and geology—a Kindergarten which is a royal road to learning.

—Mrs. Watterson, the mother of Henry Watterson the journalist, is a sister of Mrs. Stanley Matthews. Although past seventy,

STANLEY MATTHEWS. Although past seventy, she is full of life and vigor.

The only son of Mrs. Johnson, formerly Harrier Lane, is dying abroad.

At Hawarden the other day Mr. Gladstone felled a tree in wet weather, and was rewarded by lumbago.

by lumbago.

—The granddaughter of Charles Dickens, Miss Mary Dickens, is to make her début on the stage as Anne Carew, in Taylon's A Sheep in

Wolf's Clothing.

The Hellenic government has given permission to Dr. Schliemann to make excavations

where the grave of PERICLES is supposed to be.

—Prince ALBERT VICTOR, who bids fair to be
King of England before his father is, matricu-Almg of England before his lather is, matriculates at Christ-church, Oxford, as his father did. A part of his collegiate exercises, however, will take place at Cambridge.

—The Empress Eugénie has taken under her charge the young daughter of Doctor Convisant, who attended Napoleon III. during the latter vents of his life.

latter years of his life.

-According to Commander Mouchez, who observed the transit of Venus on the island of St. Paul, the cats and rats there have ceased hostilities, and joined forces against the birds.

—M. Désiré Charnay has demonstrated that

the number of consecutive rings on the section of a tree's stem does not furnish proof positive of

During the thirty years of the late Dr. Close's ministry at Cheltenham, England, he received over fifteen hundred pairs of worked

received over fifteen hundred pairs of worked slippers from admiring friends.

If it had not been for the reckless levity of Lord LYNDHURST, who wished only to legalize the marriage of some friends of his—the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort—the act allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister would have been passed nearly fifty years ago.

The "offertory" a week or two since at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, perhaps the most exclusive sanctuary in the kingdom, amounted to seventy dollars—about what would be collected in the chapel of any "Sailors' Snug Harbor."

Ten thousand marks were given to the poor on the day of his silver wedding by the Crown

on the day of his silver wedding by the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany.

—Mr. Conway says that our Revolutionary

—Mr. Conway says that our Revolutionary ancestors are almost as much conventionalized as Blue-beard and Jack the Giant-Killer. Washington is our beatified saintly dragon-slayer, Franklin our penny-wise philosopher, and Paine our scoffing Satan.

—The royal photographer of Great Britain, Henry Van der Wyde, was at one time the assistant of the late Professor Henry Draper, and also served with bravery in the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers during the war. He belongs in Rondout, New York.

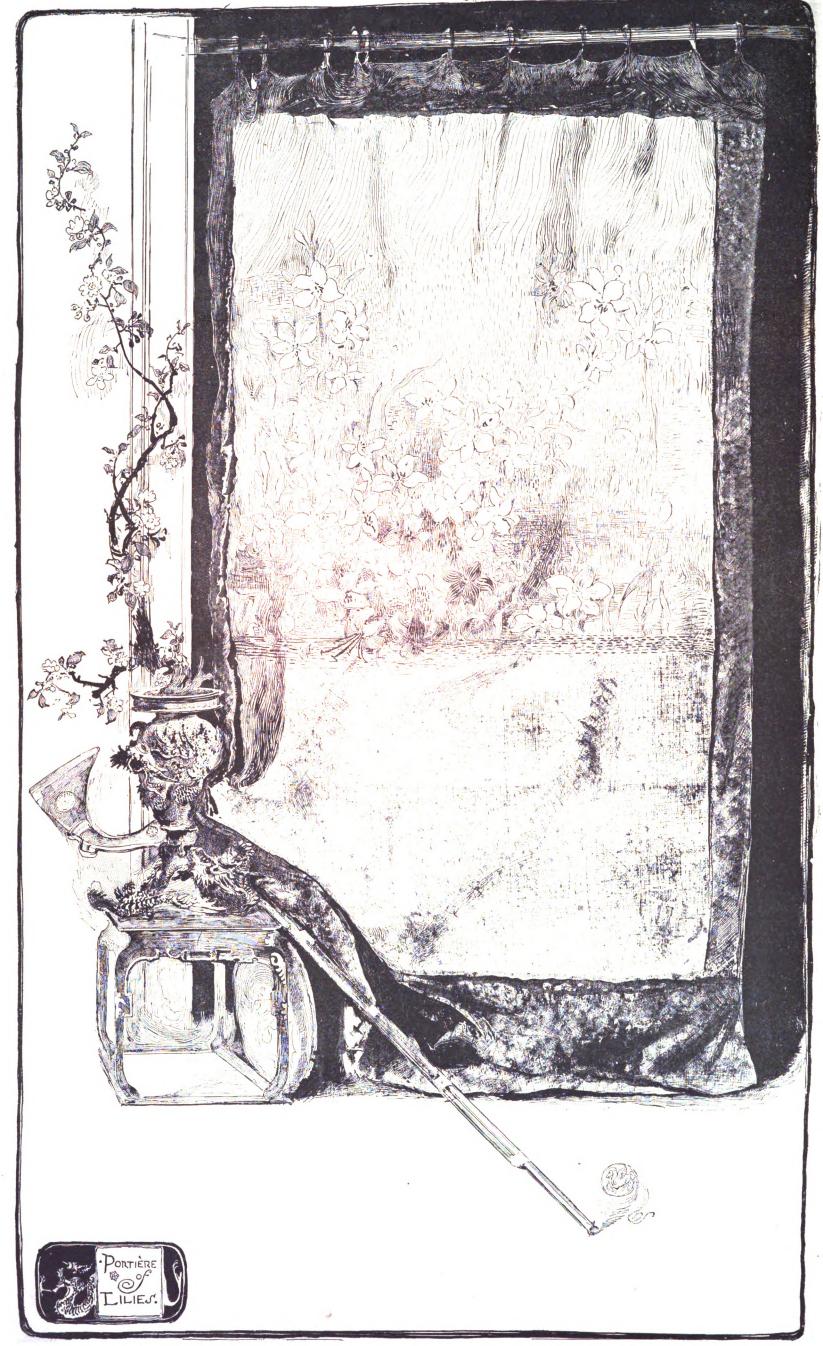
—Edmond About once said of Doré that "it had been both his good and his evil fortune to

had been both his good and his evil fortune to have succeeded too soon." He was a man of many gifts; he was a fine athlete; his beautiful many gitts; he was a fine athlete; his beautiful tenor voice was applauded by Rossin, and he thought of going upon the operatic stage in his youth; he played the violin like an artist. His private life was spotless. He has been seen to finish a design on wood while the publisher's messenger waited.

—Gambetta's funeral procession was more than two hours in passing the month of the Rue Castiglione; the funeral lasted all day, and was finished by torch-light; the air was heavy with

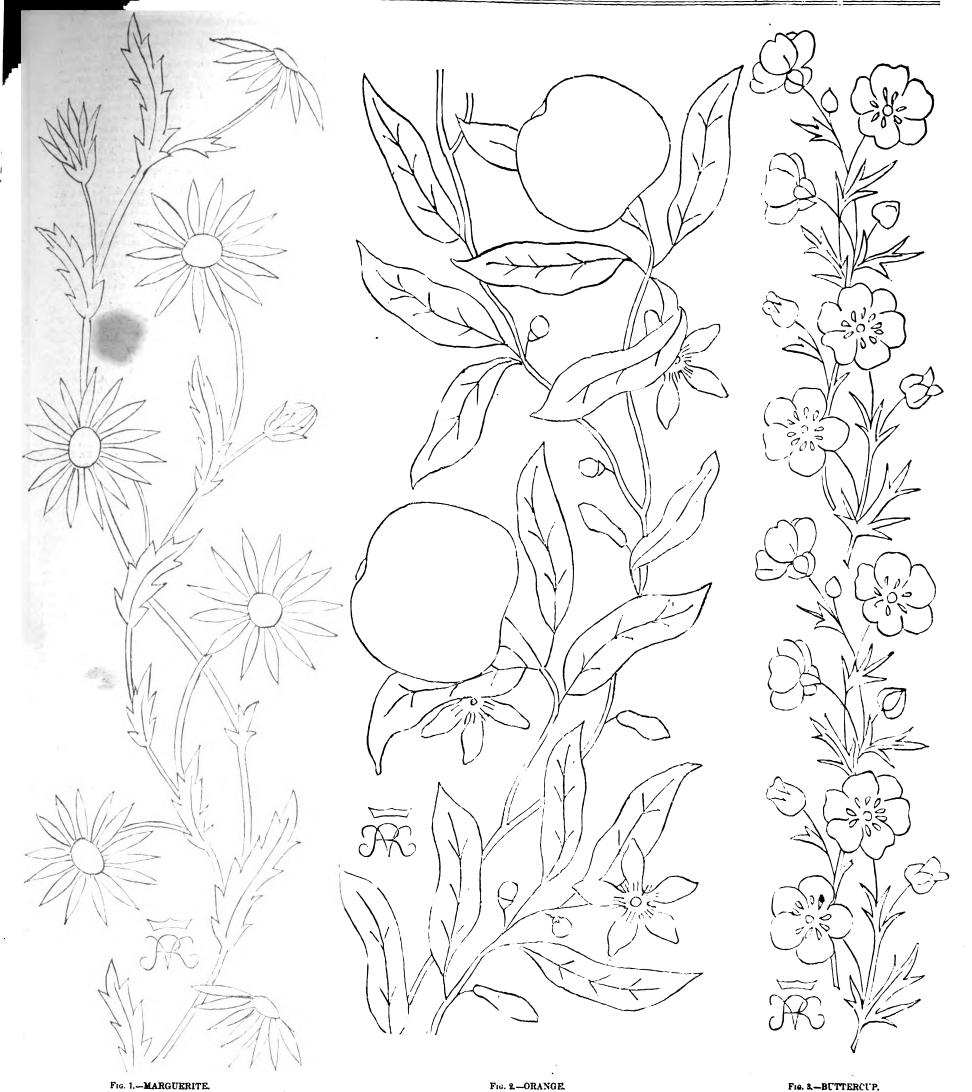
finished by torch-light; the air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, of which there were wagon-loads, and porters bearing hundreds of bouquets. After his death, MEISSONIER, LEPAGE, BONNAT, and others hastened to his bedside to

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LILY PORTIÈRE.—Designed by Miss Caroline Townsend.—Drawn by A. Brennan.—From the New York Decorative Art Society.—[See Page 117.]

1883.



CONVENTIONAL BORDERS.—WORKING PATTERNS.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

Three Conventional Borders.

THESE borders, from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, working patterns of which are given in our illustrations, are useful for many decorative purposes. They may all, except the orange design, be worked either in outline or solid, in created as in all, except the design, be worked either in outline or solid, in created as in all. in crewels or in silk, according to the time and expense one is willing to bestow on them, or the use for which they are designed. The marguerite has of course white petals, and yellow French boot course with petals, and yellow is always. knot centres, with green leaves. The orange design is always worked solid, the flowers in white silk, with yellow stamens, the leaves in greens, and the orange itself in dull orange crewels, in close Kensington crewel stitch. The buttercups are in natural coloring.

Lily Portière.

See illustration on page 116.

THIS exquisite portière, which attracted great attention at the special autumn exhibition of the New York Decorative Art Society, has a ground of silk tapestry, running from pink and gold below to white and gold at the top. Covering the background in the middle of the curtain is a mass of weaving, leading through

pink and pale purple into the gold and white at the upper part of the curtain. The design is not at all formal, and consists of lilies which range from deep flame-color, lying against the warm pink below, up through yellows into white, which stand against the white and gold at the top. The idea of the curtain seems to lie mainly in its color, and to be a general opposition of the pinks of the background and the orange and yellow of the flowers, all finally leading into the white of the top of the curtain.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

WE are tending more and more toward English manners and W customs each year; the return from the country is delayed longer and longer, while on the other hand people continually stay later in Paris, so that it is almost summer before the greater part of the fashionable leave town, since few go before the Grand Prix races take place; in short, our season is at the same epoch as that of London. This naturally has its influence on fashion. Stuffs indispensable for elegant dress, such as velvet, rich brocade, and wool that falls in soft folds, which were formerly thought

suitable only for winter, are now worn up to June; so that the information that we gather concerning spring fashions includes all the winter fabrics. We still find a host of silk and wool goods, sometimes with fine, bright-colored stripes an inch apart; sometimes ombré, chiné, and in multicolored cameo effects. This does not signify that plain stuffs are out of style; fashion is far from excluding them; and for travelling and morning street suits there are blue, prune, palissandre, dark amaranth, and maroon wools. These are made of one shade, with self trimmings, or with simple style of dress is the combination of two fabrics; for instance, a plain skirt, with a scarf or demi-tunic, draped as a pouf, of striped or plaid material. The corsage, or jacket that takes its place, is always of plain stuff. The cuirass corsage, with basques sometimes short, sometimes straight, and sometimes cut in turrets, is the favority style at this moment; it is indispensable that this the favorite style at this moment; it is indispensable that this should be well-fitting and artistically moulded to the figure. It may be quite plain, braided with soutache, or trimmed with velvet, etc. The sleeves are often a little bouffant at the top; for

dressy toilettes this is absolutely necessary.

Velvet basques continue to enjoy high favor. They are velocoming, and convenient to wear with all dark colors and stuffs.

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Moreover, velvet is very much worn in all ways. For instance, a charming costume is composed of a plain black velvet skirt, flat in front, and with a little fullness at the sides, forming two or three small box pleats. Draped over-skirt, with a moderate-sized pouf, and jacket of black satin or cashmere, trimmed with chenille ball fringe. The addition of a small velvet elbow cape converts this into a street suit for the first warm spring

Soutache still holds an important place among trimmings through its richness of design, delicacy of workmanship, and variety of material, including fine and costly raised work that can never be common. Those who do not fancy it have embroideries, applications, etc., with which to trim vests, scarf ends, basques, revers, etc., and also the bottom of skirts.

We have just seen a magnificent ball dress at Worth's designed for the spring fêtes. This is of old rose satin and ottoman velvet. The rose satin skirt is trimmed half-way up with alternate flounces of pleated tulle and lace, tufts of beaded fringe being interspersed among the tulle flounces. The front is trimmed with a nurse's apron, covered with puffed tulle, and fastened at the side with a large cockade bow. Garlands of roses with leaves are set across the apron and along the top of the flounces. An oval train of ottoman velvet extends from the upper part of the sides of the apron; this is draped at the sides, and spreads out in fan shape, and is bordered with a band of rose velvet with satin ruches. The low corsage of rose satin is crossed in scarf shape in front, and trimmed with a garland of roses. The back terminates in butterfly wings, falling on the train.

These corsages, slightly crossed in the front and back, high on the shoulders, and as low be hind as in front, are much worn by young girls for evening toilettes. A belt encircles the round waist, and is fastened by a buckle or a rosette. With these is worn a round skirt, trimmed with a profusion of narrow flounces edged with narrow satin ribbon, a satin band forming a scarf in front, and a slight pouf behind—a charmingly stylish and youthful dress.

With low corsages, cut pointed or square, young girls usually wear a bouquet set rather high toward the shoulder, and fastened with a knot of narrow ribbons of the color of the dress, which gives a kind of Louis XV. air to the costume. It is the reign of ribbons, moreover, cockades and cockscombs of all colors, according to no other rule than fancy, knots, rosettes, etc.; one sees nothing but ribbons. It must be admitted that they are exceedingly pretty ornaments, and well calculated to brighten the toilette.

Gloves are still very long, and commonly with out buttons, and fashion sanctions the use of gants de Suède of medium color with light dresses. It is only for very full-dress toilettes that white kid gloves with innumerable buttons are exacted. As to shoes, they, with the stockings, must match the dress in color.

The rage for chenille bonnets, of which we lately spoke, will continue. Charming capotes are made of thick beaded chenille, which are very effective. Pompons are still in vogue, and seem to have gained a permanent foot-hold; they are a very convenient ornament, and an extremely elegant one when used with taste and skill.

Capes coming just above the waist, and greatly varying in shape, will be much in vogue for spring wear-cardinal capes, and others with soufflets on the shoulders, in order to increase the width of the bottom; many will be made of plush some of velvet, and others of wool, wadded and lined, to match either the waist or skirt.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

Inverstroy when there isn't a bit of rabbit-shoot-

ing left to him at Lynn."
"Well, but there's just this, you know, Jim, his wife said, with an odd kind of smile. know very little about what kind of girl she is, and Archie knows less than we do.'

Oh, she's well enough," said the stout soldier, carelessly. That was a subsidiary point. What his mind clearly grasped was the importance of having Corrievreak made the sanctuary of the deer forest.

"She is well enough, no doubt," his wife said: and as she had finished her toilette she now stood and regarded him, with a demure kind of hesitation in her face, as if she were afraid to confess her thoughts. "She is well enough. She has her thoughts. "She is well enough. She has good manners. She is distinguished-looking, for a girl of her age; and you know all the money in Slagpool wouldn't induce papa to receive a dowdy daughter-in-law. And she doesn't fiirt well, it's just possible she knows that that indifference of hers is attractive to young men; it puts them on their mettle, and touches their van-ity. But after all, Jim, we know very little about the girl. We don't know what sort of a wife she would make. She has come through nothing; less than most girls; for she might as well have been in a convent as in that Chateau. And of course she can't expect life always to be as pleasant for her; and-and-she has come through no crisis to show what kind of stuff she is made of; and we might all be mistaken-

"Oh, I see what you're driving at," her husband said, with just a touch of contempt. "Don't be alarmed; I dare say Archie isn't anxious to marry a tragedy queen. I don't see why Miss Winterbourne should be put to any fiery trial, or should have to go through mortal agonies, any more than the majority of young women in exceptionally easy circumstances. And if she should, I have no doubt she will show commonsense, and men prefer common-sense to hysterics—a long way. I think she has common-sense; and I don't see why she and Archie

shouldn't marry, and have a pleasant enough time of it; and I suppose they will quarrel until one or other gets tired of quarrelling, and refuses; and if they only have a tidy little house about Bruton Street or Conduit Street and a good cook, it will be very convenient for us. Now I wish to goodness you'd clear out, and let me get

The dismissal was summary, but pretty Mrs. Graham was a good-natured woman, and with much equanimity she left the cabin, made her way along the saloon, and up the companionway to the outer air. About the first person she ran against was her brother, and black thunder was on his face.

Where is Miss Winterbourne?" she said, inadvertently, and without reflecting that the ques-

tion was odd.
"On the hurricane-deck," said he. "I dare say you will find half the officers of the ship round her"

There was something in his tone which caused his sister, with considerable sharpness, to ask him what he meant; and then out came the story of his wrongs. Now Mrs. Graham had not been too well pleased when her husband and everybody else sang the praises of Yolande to her; but no sooner was the girl attacked in this way than she instantly, and with a good deal of warmth, flew to her defense. What right had he to suppose that Miss Winterbourne ought to have singled him out as different from the others? Why should she not dance with whomsoever she pleased? If the ship's officers showed her some little ordinary courtesies, why should she not be civil in return? What right of possession had he in her? What was he to her in any way whatever?

"You said yourself she was a flirt," her brother retorted.

she said. "I? I said nothing of the kind! I said that the preposterous innocence that you discovered in her was more like the innocence of a confirmed flirt. But that only shows me that you know nothing at all about her. To imagine that she should have kept all her dances

for you—"
"I imagined nothing of the sort," he answered, with equal vehemence. "But I imagined that as we were travelling together as friends, even a small amount of friendliness might have been shown. But it is no matter."

"You are quite right, it is no matter," she interrupted. "I have no doubt Miss Winterbourne will find plenty to understand her character a little better than you seem to do. You seem to think that you should have everything—that everything should be made smooth and pleasant for you. I suppose, when you marry, you will expect your wife to go through life with her ball-room dress on. It isn't her womanly nature that you will be thinking of, but whether she dresses well enough to make other women envious."

All this was somewhat incoherent; but there was a confused recollection in her brain of what she had been saying to her husband, and also perhaps a vague impression that these words were exculpating herself from certain possible charges.

"You don't consider whether a woman is fit to stand the test of suffering and trouble; do you think she is always going to be a pretty doll to sit at the head of your dinner table? You think you know what Yolande's nature is; but you know nothing about it. You know that she has pretty eyes, perhaps; and you get savage when she looks at any one else."

She turned quickly away: Yolande had at that moment appeared at the top of the steps. And when she came down to the deck Mrs. Graham caught her with both hands, and kissed her, and still held her hands and regarded her most af-

"Dear Yolande, how well you are looking!" she exclaimed (meaning that her brother should hear, but he had walked away). "Dissipation does not harm you a bit. But indeed a dance on the deck of a ship is not like a dance in town—"

Yolande glanced around; there was no one by. "Dear Mrs. Graham," said she, "I have a secret to ask you. Do you think your brother

"Why, yes, of course," said the other, with some hesitation and a little surprise. "Of course he would be delighted."

She could see that Yolande, at least, knew nothing of the fires of rage or jealousy she had kin-

"I will tell you what it is, then. I wish my "I will tell you what it is, them papa to think that I can manage—oh, everything! when we go to the house in the Highlands. wish that he may have no trouble or delay; that Always he has said, 'Oh, you are a child; why do you want a house? Why should you have vexation?' But, dear Mrs. Graham. I do not mind the But, dear Mrs. Graham, I do not mind the rouble at all; and I am filled with joy when I think of the time I am to go to the shops in Inverness; and papa will see that I can remember everything that is wanted; and he will have no bother at all; and he will see that I can look after a house, and then he will not be so afraid to take one in London or the country, and to have a proper home, as every one else has. And this is what I would ask of your brother, if he will be so very kind. He will be at Inverness before any of us, I suppose ?"

"No doubt; but why should you look so far ahead, Yolande, and trouble yourself?

"It is no trouble; it is a delight. You were peaking of the carriage we should want, and the horses, to drive between Allt-nam-ba and the steamboat pier. Now all the other things that I have made a list of—"
"Already?"

"When you were so good as to tell me them, I put them down on a sheet of paper—it is safer; but the carriage: do you think I might ask your brother to hire that for us for the three months? Then when papa goes to Inverness there will be no bother or waiting; everything in readiness; the carriage and horses engaged; the dogs sent on before; the cook at the lodge, with luncheon ready, or dinner, if it is late; all the bedroom things nicely aired; all right—everything right. Do you think I might ask Mr. Leslie? Do you think he would be so kind?"

Oh, I am sure he would be delighted," said Mrs. Graham (with some little misgiving about Archie's existing mood). "I fancy he has promised to get your papa a couple of ponies for the game panniers; and he might as well get you a dog-cart at the same time. I should say a four-wheeled dog-cart and one stout serviceable horse would be best for you; with perhaps a spring-cart and an additional pony-to trot in with the game to the steamer. But Archie will It sounds so strange to talk about such tell you. things—here. Jim and I had a chat about the Highlands this very morning,"

"I will speak to your brother after breakfast, then."

But after breakfast, as it turned out, the Master of Lynn was nowhere to be found. Yolande wondered that he did not as usual come up to the hurricane-deck to play "Bull," or have a promenade with her; but thought he was perhaps writing letters in the saloon, to be posted that night at Suez. She did not like to ask: she only waited. She played "Bull" with her father, and got sadly beaten. She had a smart promenade with Colonel Graham, who told her some jungle stories; but she was thinking of the Highlands all the time. She began to be impatient, and set to work to devise letters, couched in such business phraseology as she knew, requesting a firm of livery-stable keepers to state their terms for the hire of a dog-cart and horse for three months, the wages of the groom included.

There was no need to hurry. There had been some block in the canal, and the huge bulk of the ship was now lying idly in the midst of the Greater Bitter Lake. All around them was the wide plain of dazzling blue-green water, and beyond that the ruddy brown strip of the desert quivered in the furnace-like heat; while overhead shone the pale clear sky, cloudless and breath-less. Yolande, as usual, wore neither hat nor bonnet; but she was less reckless in venturing from under shelter of the awnings. And some of the old Anglo-Indians were hoping that the punkahwallahs would be set to work at dinner-time.

The Master of Lynn had not shown up at breakfast; but he made his appearance at lunch, and he greeted Yolande with a cold "good-morning" and a still colder bow. Yolande, in trnth, did not notice any change in his manner at first, but byand-by she could not fail to perceive that he addressed the whole of his conversation to Colonel Graham, and that he had not a single word for her, though he was sitting right opposite to her. Well, she thought, perhaps this question as to whether they were to get through to Suez that evening was really very important. It did not much matter to her. She was more interested in Inverness than in Suez; and among the most prized of her possessions was a long list of things necessary for a shooting lodge, apart from the supplies which she was to send from the Army Navy Stores. She felt she was no longer a school-girl, nor even a useless and idle wanderer. Her father should see what she could do. Was he aware that she knew that ordinary blacking was useless for shooting boots, and that she had got "dubbing" down in her list?

"Archie," said Mrs. Graham to her brother the first time she got hold of him after lunch, "you need not be rude to Miss Winterbourne."

"I hope I have not been," said he, somewhat stiffly.

"You treated her as if she were an absolute stranger at lunch. Not that I suppose she cares. But for your own sake you might show better manners

"I think you mistake the situation," said he, with apparent indifference. "Do as you're done by' is a very good motto. It is for her to say whether we are to be friends, acquaintances, or strangers; and if she chooses to treat you on the least-favored-nation scale, I suppose you've got to accept that. It is for her to choose. It is a

free country."
"I think you are behaving abominably. I suppose you are jealous of those young officers; men who are not in the army always are; they know women like a man who can fight.'

Fight! Smoke cigarettes and play sixpenny Nap, you mean. That's about all the fighting they've ever done."

"Do you say that about Jim?" said the young wife, with a flash of indignation in

"I wasn't aware that Graham was a candidate

for Miss Winterbourne's favors," said he.
"Well, now," she said, "you are making a fool
of yourself, all to no purpose. If you are jealous of them, won't you be rid of the whole lot of them to-night, supposing we get to Suez? And we shall be all by ourselves after that; and I am sure I expected we should make such a pleasant and friendly party.'

"But I am quite willing," said he. "If I meet Miss Winterbourne on terms of her own choosing, surely that is only leaving her the liberty she is entitled to. There is no quarrel, Polly. Don't be aghast. If Miss Winterbourne wishes to be friendly, good and well; if not, good and better. No bones will be broken.'

"I tell you this at least," said his sister, as a parting warning or entreaty, "that she is perfectly unconscious of having given you any offense. She has been anxious to speak to you all day, to ask you for a favor. She wants you to hire a dog-cart and a spring-cart for them when you go to Inverness. If she thought there was anything the matter, would she ask a favor of you?'

"There is nothing the matter," he rejoined, with perfect equanimity. "And I am quite willing to hire any number of dog-carts for herwhen she asks me."

But, oddly enough, whether it was that Yolande had detected something unusual in his manner, or whether that item in her list of preparations had for the moment escaped her memory, or whether it was that the ship had again start ed, and everybody was eagerly looking forward to reaching Suez that night, nothing further was then said of the request that Yolande had intended to make. Indeed, she had but little opportunity of speaking to him that afternoon, for most of her time was taken up in finally getting ready for quitting the big steamer, and in helping Mrs. Graham to do likewise. When they did reach Suez it was just dinner-time, and that meal was rather hurried over; for there were many goodbyes to be said, and people could be got at more easily on deck.

The clear, hot evening was sinking into the sudden darkness of the Egyptian night when the Grahams and Winterbournes got into the railway carriage that was to take them along to the hotel; and a whole crowd of passengers had come ashore to bid them a last good-by, amongst them notably the young Highland officers.

"Lucky beggars!" said Colonel Graham, rath-ruefully. "Don't you wish you were going out, Polly? Wouldn't you like to be going out again ?"

"Not I. Think of dear Baby, Jim!"
"By Jove!" said he, "if Colin Mackenzie were here with his pipes to play 'The Barren Rocks of Aden,' I believe I'd go. I believe nothing could keep me."

And so they bade good-by to those boys; and Mrs. Graham and Yolande found themselves overladen with fruit and flowers when the train start-They were tired after so much excitement. and very soon went to bed after reaching the

Next morning they set out for Cairo; the Master quite courteous, in a reserved kind of way; his sister inwardly chafing; Yolande perhaps a trifle puzzled. Colonel Graham and Mr. Winterbourne, on the other hand, knowing nothing of these subtle matters, were wholly engrossed by the sights without. For though at first there was nothing but the vast monotony of the desert-a blazing stretch of sun-brown, with perhaps now and again a string of camels looking quite black on the far horizon-line-that in time gave way to the wide and fertile plains of the Nile Valley. Slowly enough the train made its way through these teeming plains, with all their strange features of Eastern life-the mud-built villages among the palms; herds of buffaloes coming down to wallow in the river; oxen trampling out the corn in the open; camels slowly pacing along in Indian file or here and there tethered to a tree: strange birds flying over the interminable breadths of golden grain. And of course, when they reached Cairo, that wonderful city was still more be-wildering to European eyes—the picturesque forms and brilliant costumes; the gayly caparisoned donkeys, ridden by veiled women, whose black eyes gleamed as they passed; the barelegged runner with his long wand clearing the way for his master on horseback: the swarthy Arabs leading their slow-moving camels; and side by side with the mosques and minarets and Moorish houses, the French-looking cafés and shops, to say nothing of the French-looking public gardens, with the European servant-maids and children listening to tinkling music from the latest Parisian comic opera.

Then they got them to a large hotel, fronting these public gardens, the spacious hall and corridors of which were gratefully cool, while outside there was such a mass of verdure-flowering shrubs and palms, wide-leaved bananas, and here and there a giant eucalyptus—as was exceedingly pleasant to eyes long accustomed to only the blue of the sea and the yellow-white of the deck. Moreover, they were in ample time for the table d'hôte; and every one, after the dust and heat, was glad to have a thorough change of raiment.

When the guests assembled in the long and lofty dining-saloon (there were not many, for most of the spring tourists had already left, while many of the European residents in Cairo had gone away, anticipating political troubles), it was clear that Mrs. Graham and her younger companion had taken the opportunity of donning a shore toilette. Mrs. Graham's costume was certainly striking: it was a deep crimson, of some richly brocaded stuff; and she had some red flowers in her black hair. Yolande's was simpler: the gown a muslin of white or nearly white; and the only color she wore was a bit of light salmon-colored silk that came round her neck, and was fastened in a bow in front. She had nothing in her hair, but the light falling on it from above was sufficient, and even glorious, adornment. For jewelry she had two small earrings, each composed of minute points of turquoise; perhaps these only served to show more clearly the exquisite purity of her complexion, where the soft oval of the cheek met the

"By heavens," the Master of Lynn said to himself, the moment he had seen her come in at the wide door, "that girl is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen!"

He was startled into renewed admiration of her. He could not keep his eyes away from her; he found himself listening with a quick sympathy and approval when she spoke; and as her face was all lit up with excitement and gladness because of the strange things she had seen, he followed her varying expressions, and found him-self being helplessly drawn under a witchery which he could not, and did not strive much, to withstand. She spoke mostly-and she was pleasantly excited and talkative this evening-to her father and to Mrs. Graham: but sometimes, perhaps inadvertently, she glanced his way as she spoke, and then he eagerly agreed with what she was saying, before he knew what it was. She, at least, had no covert quarrel with him or with any



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one else. Delight shone in her eyes. When she laughed it was like music. Even her father thought that she was looking unusually bright and happy; and so that made him very contented too; but his satisfaction took the form of humorous grumbling; and he declared that he didn't know what she was made of—that she should be making merry after the long day's heat and dust, that had nearly killed every one else.

After dinner they all flocked into the readingroom, anxious to have a look at the English papers—all except the Master of Lynn, who left the hotel, and was absent for a little time. When he returned he went into the reading-room, and (with a certain timidity) went up to Yolande.
"Miss Winterbourne," said he, not very loud-

ly, "wouldn't it be pleasanter for you to sit outside and see the people passing? It is very interesting; and they are playing music in the gardens. It is much cooler out-of-doors."

"Oh yes," said Yolande, without the least hesitation; and instantly she rose and walked out, just as she was, on to the terrace, he modestly attending her. He brought her a chair; and she sat down by the railings to watch the picturesque

sat down by the rannings to watch the picturesque crowd. She spoke to him just in her usual way. "Miss Winterbourne," said he at length, "I have got you a little case of attar of roses; will you take it? When you get home, if you put it in your wardrobe, it will last a long time; and it is guest to remin! you of Caire."

is sure to reinin l you of Cairo."

"When I me?" she repeated, rather sadly. "I ha dome. I do not understand it. and why my papa should not have I do not unac a home, as other people have.

Well, then, will you take it to Allt-nam-ba?"
I he. "That will be your home for a while." At the mere mention of the place her face

brightened up.
"Oh yes," she said, in the most friendly way,
"that will indeed be a home for us for a while. Oh, thank you; it is very kind of you. I shall prize it very much."
"And Polly was saying you wanted me to take

some commissions for you to Inverness," said he, abasing himself to the uttermost. "I should be

awfully glad; I should be delighted—"
"Oh, will you?" she said; and she rewarded him with an upward glance of gratitude that drove Cairo, and Inverness, and dog-carts, and every-thing else clean out of his head. "And you are not anxious to read the newspapers?"
"No—not at all."

"Then will you sit down and tell me a little more about Alit nam-ba? Ah, you do not know how I look forward to it. If it is only for three months, still it is a home, as you say, all to our selves; and my papa and I have never been to-gether like that before. I am so glad to think of it; and I am frightened too, in case I do anything wrong. But your sister has been very kind to me. And there is another thing, if I make mistakes at the beginning-well, I believe my

papa does not know how to be angry with me."
"Well, I should think not—I should think not indeed!" said he, as if it were quite an impossible thing for anybody to be angry with Yolande.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE NIGHT.

He had at last discovered an easy way of gain-She was so anxious to prove to her father that she was a capable house-mistress that she was profoundly grateful for any hint that might help; and she spared neither time nor trouble in acquiring the most minute informa-tion. Then all this had to be done in a more or less secret fashion. She wished the arrangements at the shooting lodge to be something of a surprise. Her father, on getting up to Invernessshire, was to find everything in perfect order; then he would see whether or not she was fit to manage a house. She had even decided (after serious consultation with the Master of Lynn) that when the gillies went up the hill with the shooting party, she would give them their lunch rather than the meaner alternative of a shilling apiece; and when the Master suggested that oatcake and cheese were quite sufficient for that, she said no-that as her father, she knew, would not have either whiskey or beer about the place, she would make it up to the men in giving them a good meal.

This decision was arrived at, of all places in the world, in the gimerack wooden building that Ismail had put up at the foot of the Great Pyramid for the reception of his guests. The Grahams and Winterbournes had, as a matter of course, driven out to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx; but when there was a talk of their climbing to the top of the Great Pyramid, Yolande flat-ly refused to be hauled about by the Arabs; so that Mrs. Graham (who had her little ambitions) and her husband and Mr. Winterbourne started by themselves, leaving the Master of Lynn who eagerly accepted the duty, to keep Yolande com-And so these two were now sitting well content in this big, bare, cool apartment, the chief ornament of which was a series of pictures on the wall-landscapes, in fact, so large and wild and vehement in color that one momentarily expected to hear a sharp whistle, followed by carpenters rushing in to run them off the stage.

'I suppose, Miss Winterbourne," said he (it was an odd kind of conversation to take place at the foot of the Great Pyramid), "your father would like to kill a few red deer while he is at Alltnam-ba?"

Oh yes, I know he is looking forward to that." "Do you think," said he, with a peculiar smile, "that it would be very wicked and monstrous if I were to sacrifice my father's interests to your father's interests? I should think not myself. There are two fathers in the case; what one loses the other gains."

"I do not understand you," Yolande said.
"Well, this is the point. What deer may be

found in the Allt-nam-ba gullies will most likely go in from our forest. Sometimes they cross from Sir John's; but I fancy our forest contributes most of them; they like to nibble a little at the bushes for a change, and indeed in very wild weather they are sometimes driven down from the forest to get shelter among the trees. Oh, don't you know?" he broke in, noticing some expression of her eyes. "There are no trees in a deer forest-none at all-except perhaps a few stunted birches down in the corries. Well, you see, as the deer go in from our forest into your gullies, it is our interest that they should be driven out again, and it is your interest that they should And I don't think they will stay if there is not a glass of whiskey about the place. That was the hint I meant to give you, Miss Winterbourne." "But I don't understand yet," said Yolande. "Whiskey?"

"All your father's chances at the deer will depend on the good-will of the shepherds. The fact is, we put some sheep on Alltmam-ba, mostly as a fence to the forest; there is no pasturage to speak of; but of course the coming and going of the shepherds and the dogs drive the deer back. Now supposing—just listen to me be-traying my father's interests and my own!—supposing there is an occasional glass of whiskey about, and that the shepherds are on very friendly terms with you; then not only are they the first to know when a good stag has come about, but they might keep themselves and their dogs down in the bothy until your father had gone out

with his rifle. Now do you see?"
"Oh yes! oh yes!" said Yolande, eagerly.
"It is very kind of you. But what am I to do? My father would not have whiskey in the house —oh, never, never—not for all the deer in the country. Yet it is sad-it is provoking! I should be so proud if he were to get some beautiful fine horns to be hung up in the hall when we take a house some day. It is very, very provok-

ing."

"There is another way," said he quietly, "as the cookery book says. You need not have the cookery book says. You need not have whiskey in the house. You might order a gallon or two in Inverness, and give it in charge to Duncan, the keeper. He would have it in his bothy, and would know what to do with it."

Out came her note-book in a second. Two gallons of whiskey addressed to Mr. Duncan Macdonuld, gamekeeper, Allt-nam-ba, with note ex-At the same moment the dragoman entered the room to prepare lunch, and a glance out of the window showed them the other members of the party at the foot of that great blazing mass of ruddy yellow that rose away into the pale

blue Egyptian sky.
"Mind you don't say I have had anything to do with it," said he (and he was quite pleased that this little secret existed between them). * My father would think I was mad in giving you these hints. But yet I don't think it is good policy to be so niggardly. If your father kills three or four stags this year, the forest will be none the worse, and Allt-nam-ba will let all the more easily another season. And I hope it is not the last time we shall have you as neighbors."

She did not answer the implied question; for now the other members of the party entered the room, breathless and hot and fatigued, but glad to be able to shut back at last the clamoring horde of Arabs who were still heard protesting and vociferating without.

That same evening they left Cairo by the night

train for Asyoot, where the dahabeevah of the Governor of Merhadj was awaiting them; and for their greater convenience they took their din-ner with them. That scrambled meal in the railway carriage was something of an amusement, and in the midst of it all the young Master of Lynn would insist on Yolande's having a little She refused at first, merely as her ordinary habit was; but when he learned that she had never tasted wine at all, of any kind whatever, he begged of her still more urgently to have the smallest possible quantity.

"It will make you sleep, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "and you know how distressing a wakeful night journey is.'

"Oh no!" she said, with a smile, "not at all. There is to be moonlight, and why should not one My papa wished me not to drink lie awake? wine, and so I have not; and I have never thought about it. The ladies at the Château scarcely took

any; they said it was not any better than water."
"But fancy you never having tasted it at all!" he said, and then he turned to her father. Winterbourne, will you give Miss Yolande permission to take a very little wine-to taste it?"

The reply of her father was singular: "I would sooner see her drink Prussic acid then the end would be at once," said he.

Now this answer was so abrupt, and apparently so unnecessarily harsh, that the Master of Lynn, not knowing what blunder he had made, immediately strove to change the subject, and the most agreeable thing he could think of to mention to Yolande's father was the slaving of stags

"While you were going up the Great Pyramid this morning, Mr. Winterbourne," said he, "we were talking about what you were likely to do at Allt-nam-ba, and I was telling your daughter I

hoped you would get a stag or two."
"Yes?—oh yes," said Mr. Winterbourne, apparently recalling himself from some reverie by an effort of will. "A stag? I hope so. Oh yes, I hope so. We will keep a sharp lookout."

"Miss Winterbourne," said the younger man, with a significant glance at her which seemed to remind her that they had a secret in common, was surprised to hear that there were no trees in a deer forest. But her ignorance was very excusable. How could she know? It wasn't half as bad as the talk of those fellows in Parliament and the newspapers who howl because the deer forests are not given over to sheep, or to cattle, or turned into small crofts. Goodness gracious! I wonder if any one of them ever saw a deer for-

est? Miss Winterbourne, that will be something for you to see—the solitude and desolation of the forest—mile after mile of the same moorland and hill without a sound, or the sight of a living thing---'

"But is not that their complaint—that so much land is taken away, and not for people to live on?" said Yolande, who had stumbled on this subject somewhere in following her father's Parlia-

mentary career.
"Yes," said he, ironically. "I wonder what they'd find there to live on. They'd find granite bowlders, and withered moss, and a hard grass that sheep won't touch, and that cattle won't touch, and that even mountain hares would starve The deer is the only living animal that can make anything of it, and even he is fond of get-ting into the gullies to have a nibble at the birchtrees. I wish those Radical fellows knew something of what they were talking about before making all that fuss about the Game Laws. The Game Laws won't hurt you if you choose to keep from thieving."

"But you are a Liberal, are you not?" said Yolande with wide-open eyes. Of course she concluded that any one claiming the friendship of her father and herself must needs be a Liber-Travelling in the same party too: whv-

Well, it was fortunate for the Master that he found himself absolved from replying; for Mr. Winterbourne broke in, with a sardonic kind of smile on his face.

That is a very good remark of yours, Mr. Leslie," said he; "a very good remark indeed. I have something of the same belief myself, though I shock some of my friends by saying so. I am for having pretty stringent laws all round, and the best defense for them is this-that you need not break them unless you choose. It may be morally wrong to hang a man for stealing a sheep; but all you have got to do is not to steal the sheep. Well, if I pay seven hundred and fifty pounds for a shooting, and you come on my land and steal my birds, I don't care what may happen to you. The laws may be a little severe; but your best plan would have been to earn your living in a deeent way, instead of becoming an idle, sneaking, lying, and thieving poacher-

Oh, certainly, certainly," said the younger man, with great warmth.

That is my belief, at all events," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the same curious sort of smile; "and it answers two ends: it enables me to approve my gamekeeper for the time being, when otherwise I might think he was just a little too zealous; and also it serves to make some friends of mine in the House very wild; and you know there is nothing so deplorable as lethargy.'

But you are a Liberal, Mr. Leslic, are you not?" repeated Yolande.

And here again he was saved-by the ready wit of his sister.

"My dearest Yolande, what are you talking about?" she said. "What these two have been saying would make a Liberal or a Radical jump out of his five senses-or is it seven? Is it seven. Jim ?

"I don't know," her husband said, lazily. "Five are quite enough for a Radical."
"I know I used to have a great sympathy with

poachers," continued pretty Mrs. Graham. always seemed to me romantic-I mean when you read about the poacher in poems-his love of t, you know

"His love of sport!" her husband growled, contemptuously. "A miserable sneaking fellow loafing about the public-house all day, and then stealing out at night with his ferrets and his nets

to snare rabbits for the market. A love of sport''
"Oh, but I can remember," said she, stoutly,
when I was a girl, there were other stories than that. That is the English poncher. I can remember when it was quite well known that the Badenoch young fellows were coming into the forest for a deer, and it was winked at by everybody when they did not come more than twice or thrice in the year. And that was not for the market. Anybody could have a bit of venison who wanted; and I have heard that there was a fine odor of cooking in the shepherds' bothies just about that time."

"That has nothing to do with the Game Laws," her husband said, curtly. "I doubt whether deer are protected by the Game Laws at all. I think it is only a question of trespass. But I quite agree with Mr. Winterbourne: if laws are too se-

vere, your best plan is not to break them."
"Well, I was cured of my sympathy on one occasion," said Mrs. Graham, cheerfully (having warded off danger from her brother). "Do you warded off danger from her brother). "Do you remember, Jim? You and I were driving down Glenstroy, and we came on some gypsies. They had a tent by the road-side; and you know, dear Yolande, I wasn't an old married woman in those days, and grown suspicious; and I thought it would be nice to stop and speak to the poor people, and give them some money to get proper food when they reached a village. Do you know what Jim said?—' Money for food? Most likely they are plucking a brace of my uncle's black game.' Well, they were not. We got down from the trap, and went into the little tent; and they weren't plucking a brace of black game, but they were cooking two hen pheasants on a spit as com-fortable as might be. I suppose a gypsy wouldn't do much good as a deer-stalker, though?"

And while they thus sat and chatted about the far northern wilds (Yolande was deeply interested, and the Master of Lynn perceived that; and he had himself an abundance of experience about deer) the sunset went, and presently, and almost suddenly, they found themselves in the intense blackness of the tropical night. When from time to time they looked out of the window they could see nothing at all of the world around, though Jupiter and Venus were shining clear and high in the western heavens, and Orion's jewels were paling as they sank; and away in the south, near the horizon, the solitary Sirius gleamed. But

as the night went on (and they were still talking of Scotland) a pale light-a sort of faint yellow smoke-appeared in the southeast, and then a sharp, keen glint of gold revealed the edge of the moon. The light grew and spread up into the sky, and now the world around them was no longer an indistinguishable mass of black; its various features became distinct as the soft radiance be-came fuller and fuller; and by-and-by they could make out the walls of the sleeping villages, with their strange shadows, and the tall palms that threw reflections down on the smooth and ghostly water. Can anything be more solemn than moonlight on a grove of palms—the weird darkness of them, the silence, the consciousness that all around lies the white, still desert? Yolande's fancies were no longer far away; this silent, moon-lit

world out there was a strange thing.

Then, one by one, the occupants of the railway carriage dropped off to sleep; and Yolande slept too, turning her face into the window corner somewhat, and letting her hands sink placidly into her lap. He did not sleep; how could he? He had some vague idea that he ought to be guardian over her; and then—as he timidly regarded the perfect lines of her forehead and chiu and throat, and the delicacy of the small car, and the sweep of the soft lashes—he wondered that this beautiful creature should have been so long in the world and he wasting the years in ignorance; and then (for with youth there is little diffidence; it is always, "I have chosen; you are mine; you can not be any other than mine") he thought of her as the mistress of Lynn Towers. In black velvet would she not look handsome, seated at the head of the dinner table; or in a tall-backed chair by the fire-place, with the red glow from the birch logs and the peat making glimmerings on her hair? He thought of her driving down the Glen; on the steamboat quay; on board the steamboat; in the streets of Inverness; and he knew that nowhere could she have any rival.

And then it occurred to him that what air was made by the motion of the train must be blowing in upon her face, and that the sand-blinds of the windows were not sufficient protection, and he thought he could rig up something that would more effectually shield her. So, in the silence and the semi-darkness, he stealthily got hold of light shawl of his sister's, and set to work to fasten one end to the top of the carriage door and the other to the netting for the hand-bags, in order to form some kind of screen. This manœuvre took some time, for he was anxious not to waken any one, and as he was standing up, he had to balance himself carefully, for the railway carriage jolted considerably. But at last he got it fixed, and he was just moving the lower corner of the screen, so that it should not be too close to her head, when, by some wild and fearful accident, the back of his hand happened to touch her hair. It was the lightest of touches, but it was like an electric shock; he paused, breathless; he was quite unnerved; he did not know whether to retreat or wait; it was as if something had stung him and benumbed his senses. And light as the touch was, it awoke her. Her eyes opened, and there was a sudden fear and bewilderment in them when she saw him standing over her; but the next second she perceived what he had been doing for her, and kindness

and thanks were instantly his reward.
"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said, with smiling eyes. And he was glad to get back into his own corner, and to think over this that had happened, and to wonder at the sudden fear that l paralyzed him. At all events, he had not offended her. •

The dawn arose in the east, the cold clear blue giving way to a mystic gray; but still the moon shone palely on the palms and on the water and the silent plains. And still she slept; and he was wondering whether she was dreaming of the far north, and of the place that she longed to make a home of, if only for the briefest space. And what if this new day that was spreading up and up, and fighting the pallid moonlight, and bringing with it color and life to brighten the awakening world-what if this new day were to bring with it a new courage, and he were to hint to her, or even to tell her plainly, that this pathetic hope of hers was of easy accomplishment, and that, after their stay at Allt-nam-ba, if it grieved her to think of leaving the place that she had first thought to make a home of, there was another home there that would be proud and glad to welcome her, not for two months or for three months, but for the length of her life? Why should not Mr. Winterbourne be free to follow out his political career? He had gathered from Yolande that she considered herself a most unfortunate drag and incumbrance on her father: was not this a happy solution of all possible difficulties? In black velvet, more especially, Yolande would look so handsome in the dining-room at Lynn Towers.

THE COUNTESS OF NASSAU.

See illustration on double page

THIS exquisite portrait of a richly attired Flemish beauty affords a fine study of costume of that epoch when the gorgeous appared of the wealthy Netherlanders was proverbial. throughout Europe. Of the lady herself history records nothing save that she was the wife of the distinguished brother of William the Silent, the great Prince of Orange, the story of whose patriotism and sacrifices Motley has so graphically related in *The Dutch Republic*. The artist, Paul Moreelse, was a pupil of the distinguished portrait painter Michiel Jansen Micrevelt, of Delft, who is said to have left more than five thousand portraits of the personages of his time. Moreelse was born at Utrecht in 1571, and died there in 1638. Many of his works are in the Museums at Rotterdam, the Hague, and Berlin.

Digitized by



ERNESTINE, WIFE OF JOHN, COUNT OF NASSAU.—From the Picture by Paul Morbelse, in the Museum at the Hague.—[See Pa GE 119.]

BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDRIJON'S MONRY," "VIOTOR AND VANQUISHED,"
"DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETG.

cious and uncomfortable, even in spite of trying to imitate Denns. mary has avoided the Belvidere for these three days, spending them in the constant pursuit of a phantom hope we never reach. She goes into the cottages for miles around, and will sit and listen by the hour to any one who will talk to her, on the chance of hearing what might be a clew to the discovery on which her heart is set. On the plea of buying milk she will take me into the farm kitchens and talk, if not to the master For three days I have not written in my diary. I have been like mary, so restless and unsettled; but I fear it was also because I have been suspinor of treing to imitate Denis. Mary ucus and talk, if not to the master or mistress, to the servants. She will sit on the river-bank beside a man who is fishing, or elds and talk to the laborers. Anywhere, with any one, she will ance word which may throw a ray of light, however feeble, it has fellen word:

keep with her, and try to be true to her, haunted by ne of this girl hurrying from the Belvidere—surely

bearing in her heart some clew to the terrible secret for which she seeks puzzled beyond all words by

even if it be life-long. With Mr. Gunn Mary has tried to discuss the mystery of that murder, but

Sometimes she is, in her moods to me, feverishly impatient, sometimes unutterably weary; but often she shakes off memory, as it were, for my sake, and that mood I like least of all.

Though Denis staid all through last Monday at the Rocklands Hotel, he did not come to us again. He had bidden Mary farewell, as I felt sure, and would not intrude upon her after that. Never since he left her on Sunday night had we mentioned his name until this evening, when I could no longer bear her unnatural reticence about him, and so talked of him, as if I knew of no reason at all why his name should not be uttered between us just as

escape from the sound of my own exerted voice as from the sight of Mary's ing little green bench hidden among the lilac bushes above the river. There I tried to think out my thoughts with clearness, but it proved impossible. I tried to think out my thoughts with clearness, but it proved impossible. I ''did have read of others doing this, but I never succeeded myself, and could not to-day, try as I would. Indeed, the more I tried to make them fixed and to-day, try as I would. Indeed, the more I tried to make them fixed and to the more I tried to follow a certain thread, the more they staid diotic. My with a snail upon the path before me; the more I tried to concentrate them upon the solving of the problem worrying me, the more they fluttered up as with the shivering leaves or fell to the bubbles on the water at my feet. So when at last I heard a step behind me I am afraid I was relieved to feel my see interest awakened even in a passer-by, for I knew I could not myself be seen and a discovered that the street of the street and step the street awakened even in a passer-by, for I knew I could not myself be seen and a discovered the street awakened even in a passer by the sequential this very at the street awakened even in a passer by the sequential the street awakened even in a passer by the sequential this very at the sequential that the street awakened even in a passer by the sequential this very at the sequential that the settling down upon his memory between us, and so it answered i and perhaps another day it will be easier to me. I will hope so, it was rather hard to-day all through that wearisome walk across After that, and the enforced cheerfulness of our late tea, it was and barely what my heart dictated; and though my listener never once by her silence, I think I succeeded, in a certain way, in preventing any cle across the heath.

y there are two sorts of men—those who make us talk, and those who is listen; Mr. Gunn is certainly one of the last, and just then it suited be made to listen. He sat down, in a sort of satisfied way, just as if come prepared to find his andience there awaiting him, and told me day's tasks. He told me how he had been to a little isolated farm on ge of the moor, having heard that a poor woman living there had lost shand a few days before; and how, instead of finding her plunged in the had found her surrounded by guests of a sociable, not to say conturn; how she had taken him to see her husband in his coffin, wearing linary Sunday dress, great-coat and hat, and carrying his walkinglinary Sunday dress, great-coat and hat, and carrying his walkinglinary Sunday dress, then, pa'son?"

The told me how Miss Brock had been narrating to him this man's in the times when revivals were the order of the day here, and revived were moved, as Angerona said, to become at once Joined lists. He was the only one converted that night, she said, for the gwas so very dead they did call on Brother Josiah Trewawa, who was in the West, to engage in prayer; and Brother Josiah was so greatly ed in spirit he only got up and looked at his watch, saying, very to and sally:

which to remind the Almighty that its a quarter to nine o'clock, which to have a revival here to-night its time to see about it." ink I laughed at this reminiscence of Miss Brock's, but I was having my thoughts turned from their cruel, bad suspicion, d in lazy gratitude. Presently Mr. Gunn's voice grew different, ezzy merriment, and was stirred wholly by that under-current



of earnestness which in reality never seems absent from it, and he talked to me of his past life, until-well, until, in some curious way, it seemed to me that I must have known him in that past life he spoke of. One thing he told me I recall with a ridiculous and nameless pleasure to-night. It was of his entering on his first living. He was very young, but looked far younger even than he was, and the men of his new parish-turbulent, opiniated mill hands-rebelled against the idea of accepting from their bishop such a boyish teacher, determining they would go to his first service, and show him unmistakably afterward what such a lad was to expect from them. He heard of this, but was not dismayed. On the Sunday morning the church was crowded with rough fellows, ready to have no mercy in their thoughts upon the young preacher who dared attempt such a task as guiding them. But strong in the knowledge how little he himself was the real teacher, he rose, and looking down upon the hard and discontented faces, read his text:

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

He was the lad, and had carried the loaves and fishes—only that. It was not he who could bless what he brought, and make it satisfy the multitude. It was not he who was to give it them from his hands. He was only there in the crowd with the bread, waiting; for the Master, knowing they were faint, would bless it and feed them. This he told me very simply; yet I am sure I know how he could say it more than simply; and though he told me nothing of the hard faces relaxing—as I could fancy—he did tell me that never after that was his boyish face a sub-ject of complaint. "Nor," he said, "did I leave that parish without sincere regret." I think I read in the seriousness of those few words that he had won hearts there, and that it was good to him to remember them; but I grew stupidly si-lent after this story, and he will never again think it worth while to tell me any incident of his past. Fortunately, Mary came up to us presently, and then between those two there was a little bright and sensible talk, she redeeming our women's character in his eyes after my stupidity. We were all surprised at last when we found how late it was, and Mr. Gunn apologized for detaining us, laughing as we separated, and quoting something that sounded like, "And so, as old Pepys says, to bed"; but I don't at all know whether that was it.

Friday, August 5.

Surely I know now that in the coming of that dreadful storm lay a reason for the depression there has been upon us these last two days. I saw Mary struggle against it, in her brave, reticent way, but I gave in at once, in an infirm manner peculiarly my own. All yesterday I staid indoors, with such a heavy headache that positively to move was pain, and it gave me an unhealthy fancy that Mary was falling ill. I seemed to see it in her face all the while she sympathized so tenderly with me, and in every movement while she waited on me, in that easy, quiet way of hers which is so pretty. The fancy grew, until I could have shricked aloud in my fear; and at last, powerless to keep back my tears, I begged her to go out for a little. Seeing me really in earnest, she consented and went; smiling in upon me through the open window as she passed, with a frank, bright, unsuspicious smile which made me loathe myself; and coming back far fairer and prettier herself than the sweet hedgeroses that she brought me. And yet—and yet my doubting eyes unkindly shunned the lovely face, for they always seem to see there now the unuttered sorrow Denis saw three years ago. I was glad to go early to my room - following Mary's advice-though I knew I could not win the rest she prescribed for me, while this merciless suspicion warred with my love for her, and while the love will not grow less.

My headache was not gone this morning, but I rose and tried to forget it. I see now how natural it was while that great storm was gathering in the air. We went out together and had one of our slow, far wanderings, staying for quite an hour with an old man who was mending a gate on the road-side, while Mary sought, by gradual, gentle questioning, to find out whether he had ny suspicion about that murder in the Belvidere When, in answer to one of her remarks, he said, in his sententious Devon way, "Found out all? Not they, 'less they can tell ee the woman that's in it," I thought the burning red of my face would have killed our friendship forever; but Mary never saw it. She was looking far away, gravely pondering, and when we started on again she only said, "Barry, if you don't mind, we will go back past the Belvidere.'

I did mind, but still I had been, in a way, expecting this for days, and so made up my mind to it, glad at the same time that we had not the key, and so could not enter, even if Mary should take that desire.

"Perhaps there may be a little breeze up on the height," I said, as a feeble source of consolation, when we turned from the hot road. "Did you ever know the air so still and oppressive before?"

"No," said Mary. "It is little wonder that your head aches, Barry. The atmosphere presses upon us like a tangible burden."

But as we ascended we saw the whole face of the sky change and darken. It had been one wide expanse of burning blue, but now from the south rose dense folds of cloud and wrapped the entire firmament. I would not have believed such a rapid change possible. Presently out from the inky clouds flashed a wild dart of fire, and from the hills far off a deafening peal rolled past us, seeming to rend the ground on which we stood. Then the rain poured straight and suddenly down upon us, while we ran up to the tower, that we might stand against its wall, and so be sheltered, partially at any rate. It was,

indeed, only a very partial shelter, but we stood close against the locked door, and close to each other; I, frightened a little, but ashamed of my fear, while Mary stood with wide, sad eyes watching the storm. At first she spoke to me now and then; but was silent presently, only breathing quickly when the blue lightning stroke came flying more vividly over the woods below us and swallowed us in a more fierce and awful light, or the thunder-claps seemed more mightily to shake the tower against which we stood. We shake the tower against which we stood. could not see the river, as the tower was between us and it, but we heard its angry waters beaten by the great hailstones which now so ruthlessly beat against us, and swept down the heath and bracken on the bank.

It seemed to me that we had stood cowering there for hours, when I saw—scarcely believing that I saw aright—Denis Vesey come running up the slope, carrying something under his loose, long mackintosh. I felt the start Mary gave when I pointed him out to her, but I don't think I wondered over it.

"Come quickly, please," he called to us, not joining us, but pausing a dozen yards away, and unfolding the cloaks he had brought for us, so obliging us to leave our questionable security and join him

"Had you not brought the key? I am very glad. Now we will go quickly back," he said to Mary, as he put her long blue water-proof about her.

"Wrap up Barbara," Mary said; but he only smiled at me, and taking her hat from her, put on the blue hood, with its deep collar, making her independent of the rain—he had evidently sought instruction from Silla, and did her credit. Then he wished to help me, but I had already buttoned on my cloak and turned the cape up over my hat; so we were ready. But just as we turned to go there was one appalling flash, a shock as if the ground were opening beneath our feet, a rumble and crash utterly indescribable, and when I uncovered my frightened eyes I knew the lightning had struck the Belvidere, broken every pane of glass, and, forcing its way out under the locked door, had shattered into fragments the stone step on which we had so long been standing. In the moment of panic Mary had turned to Denis, taking his wet hand tightly between both her own, and in her gratitude, when she saw the death we had escaped, she held it still, standing motionless, looking up from the shattered build ing to the dark sky. I think now that she did not know she had held him, either in the shock or in the relief, but I thought then how strange it was, and how impossible that, by any words of hers, she could ever undo that one free and spontaneous betraval of utter trust in him.

It never struck me, until Denis had entered the Lady-house with us, and I looked at him as he stood without his hat, that he had come back to us for some most earnest purpose. I saw it in his tender, sympathetic manner, and in his grave and anxious secutiny of Mary.

"I will only disturb you a few minutes, Miss Keveene," he said. He had gone up to the window where Mary stood looking out upon the rainplashed flowers and murky sky. "I came back—I reverently thank my God that I came just when I did—because I have something to tell you. I had only gone to Westercombe, and was staying there, when I read in the London papers something which brought me on to you."

Not by a word did Mary question him when he paused; but to me—sitting back in the shadow watching her—her eyes, lifted with such sudden trouble to his, questioned him without the utterance of a word.

ance of a word.

"Yes," he said, answering the glance, "it is about your lover." Denis spoke in what seemed to me an abrupt and cruel way, but perhaps his own distress made it sound so to me, who know so little of men's suffering.

so little of men's suffering.
"Of—whom?" she whispered, growing white
to the very lips, in her startled surprise, of course,
at this so suddenly betrayed knowledge of his

at this so suddenly betrayed knowledge of his.

"Of your lover," he repeated, but far less steadily. "You did not tell me—why should you trust me so far?—but I saw. Forgive me for having startled you; but, indeed, I thought it—best. Perhaps I only thought it best for myself, for I am a—selfish fool. Forgive me."

"Will you tell me," said Mary, gently, "what you came to tell, and of whom you speak?"

"Of Evlyn Discombe," Denis said, his strong fingers grasping the back of a chair near him, as if the mental tension could be eased so. "From his convict cell he has sent a confession that the slaughter of George Haslam was planned deliberately, carried out warily, well considered, and of set purpose—a premeditated, willful murder—and he gives himself up as the nurderer."

and he gives himself up as the murderer."

"He—can not!" cried Mary, as if from a breaking heart—and yet I never went to her, to take her restless hands in mine, or kiss and give her comfort.

"Will you tell me," asked Denis, in a tone I had never heard from him before—a tone I could not understand, though somehow it made me feel as if his heart were breaking too—"why you think he could not have done this thing?"

"I know," she said, her fingers tightly locked, "that he who—who could win such love as—he has could not be—a murderer."

"I think you are right," said Denis, with an awful stiffness on his face, as he strove to hide all feeling save his kind compassion for her. "I think you are right, though I do not understand how it can be. I think he is not guilty, or—a woman could not love him so."

"You believe that?" she asked, looking up at him with a momentary radiance in the sorrowful dark eyes.

"Yes, I can believe that," he said; and I know I was a hundred miles from guessing what this kind effort cost him. "If you love him, I can believe in him. If you feel his innocence, I can —believe in it."

"It is death he seeks. He confesses falsely that he may—die, and his misery be over," said Mary. "He could not endure that prolonged punishment. You said—you told us once—Barbara and me—when we—when you showed us—some convicts and spoke of them, that the protracted suffering—and humiliation—were unendurable to—to men of education and refinement. This herding—you called it—with hardened vilains. And I said they all deserved it. All! How I have prayed to be forgiven my ignorant and presumptuous judgment! Oh! his innocence shall be proved. It only wants the proof."

"So hard to win," put in Denis, gently.

"But you believe him innocent?" she cried, looking piteously up into his face. "He could no more have committed that—deliberate—murder than—I could."

der than—I could."
"Hush! hush!" cried Denis, his voice shaken

by actual pain, while I stepped back, almost as if her gentle hand had struck me.

"But you believe it now? And so does Bar.

"But you believe it now? And so does Barbara"—with a wan smile for me.

"Yes," he said, and the word was like a reviving touch for me. "And you, Barbara?" "Yes, I believe—what Mary does," I answered,

stupidly.

"That is well," Denis said, almost in his old manly, cheery way. "I have more faith in a woman's instinct than in any amount of the reasoning which you leave to us men. That was a shrewd, observant fellow who said,

'Reasoning at every step he treads, Man oft mistakes his way,'

wasn't he? Miss Keveene"—with a change of tone—"you will let me work with you now?"

tone—"you will let me work wan you non.

"No," said Mary, with that strange flush which seemed only to brighten her eyes and deepen the red of her lips; "I need no help. I may—see him now. I can see him now with—no iron barrier, and no jailer—between us. Why do you start, Mr. Vesey? I understand better now. I have learned much since—that morning when you told us of—the convicts. And you told me—other things—that morning. I—remember," offering him her hand in farewell, with a feverish brilliance in her mournful eyes—"but I will forget it—for your sake. You will be so sorry now that you ever—said—you cared for me!"

"Sorry!" he echoed, with a moment's rapturous longing on his face; then he laid his hand on his unsteady lips and stilled the passionate words he had been going to say.

A few minutes afterward he had left us, and Mary turned to me.

"Barbara," she said, with a hysteric little laugh, "I read last night of an execution in Stafford. I gave the paper to Silla for Miss Brock. Will you ask her for it?"

"Nonsense!" said I, sturdily, though my heart beat with a babyish fear as I looked into Mary's haggard eyes. "What do we want with newspapers two or three days old? It is stupid enough wasting our time reading them once over, and when they are fresh—as fresh, at least, as we can have them here. For pity's sake don't make us read them twice. Let Miss Brock light her fire with them, and let me go and see whether she has forgotten our tea." For I felt I must escape for a few moments, or I should be of no use to her ever again. And so I went and hastened tea, and saw that paper burned; and then, by strenuous exertions, we passed through the evening hours

almost as on other days.

Saturday, August 6.

Hour after hour last night I lay awake, listening to Mary's step as she walked restlessly to and fro in her room, next to mine. When the step ceased it was broad summer davlight, and I felt very doubtful of her having gone to rest. I suppose I must have fallen asleep after that, but it was not a usual sleep, and I awoke unrefreshed, with a vague anxiety upon me. I rose at once, for anything was easier than to lie still under this intangible oppression. It was so early when I went down-stairs that I did not like to disturb Miss Brock or her maid, and so went straight into the garden, and to that prim little seat hidden among the lilacs, thirstily drinking the fresh, strong morning air. I recalled all Mr. Gunn had told me there the day before yesterday, but even then I could not succeed in banishing other thoughts, and as soon as ever I fancied Mary might be down-stairs I returned to the house. No one was in our room save Miss Brock, laying the breakfast, and I was glad even to hear her voice, while I hesitated about going upstairs to disturb Mary or question Silla. She told me how seriously the storm of yesterday had damaged the standing crops; then enlarged feelingly on her own alarm when "the whist crack o' thunder shook her"; immediately afterward calling my attention to a little glass dish of honey which she had brought in. She wished all her lodgers to have their dowry, she said, and that was ours, if we pleased. She was sure Miss Keveene would relish it after her walk.

I hope I thanked her, but I only recollect inquiring if Miss Keveene were really out.

"Lor, yes, miss," Angerona said. "She did go an hour ago, straight to the Belvidere, for I myself gave her the key. 'Tis a pity she's not in now, but I won't spoil the rashers by being puncshal."

Taking my hat, I started off to follow Mary, but I met one little hinderance. At the open door of Mr. Gunn's parlor his elder son stood looking out with a watchful anxiety. "Nap's ett John's honey," he observed to me, without introduction or further comment.

"Oh, but I dare say," replied I, at hazard, swayed both by haste and incapacity, "the honey was meant for you little ones."

"No," he asserted, with plous conscientiousness; "we'd ett ours, and this was John's, and John's out, and Nap's ett it."

"Oh, Nap!" said I, most unwillingly drawn in to reprove so glaring a misdemeanor, "how could you?" "I smelled it," exclaimed Nap, with touching brevity, lifting a serene glance to me from his big black eyes.

big black eyes.

"But it's gone," urged Trot, with sweet persistence, "and Nap goned it."

In terror lest I should have to examine into this state of affairs—for I felt an excruciating certainty that the honey in question had not been visible since Nap smelled it—and shrinking from the indignity of remaining inactive in presence of Trot's saintly sense of justice, I ignominiously and hastily beat a retreat.

The morning was such a contrast to yesterday!

A fresh, strong wind shook the reluctant trees, and hurried the clouds along to where, on the far horizon, the sky was one broad sweep of gloom; while now and then across its dusky folds sailed a frightened, wandering bird. I had not expected to overtake Mary, but to my surprise when I came up the height, just within sight of the door of the Belvidere, I saw her walking slow. ly up and down before it. And it was during those few minutes before I reached her that I quite decided in my mind to tell her all I knew. There should be, I told myself resolutely, no longer this vague mist of suspicion and mystery be I would tell her not only of the photograph, but also of Denis's remembrance of meeting her, three years ago, below this very tower, on the evening the murder was committed. I would tell all, and if she must hate me for what I said, even that would be better than this hatred of myself which was growing upon me in my secreey. I think now that what so suddenly moved me to this determination was the consciousness -brought forcibly before me, as I saw the utter hopelessness of Mary's restless movements and troubled aspect—of some great mystery puzzling and paining her too; but I did not stop then to wonder what had urged me to the decision. I only made it, firm beyond all unmaking, in that moment. All through my walk I had intended first to ask her, as casually as I might, why she had come out so early, and without me-or something which should sound unconcerned and natural, and take all seriousness from the fact of my having followed her-but when I found her that intention went out of my head. I only knew that I must now lift, by my own painful words, this cloud of suspicion and secrecy between us.

But she did not wait for me to speak. She seized my hand in a tight, feverish clasp, standing half turned from me, and looking down among the trees.

"It is coming back to me, Barbara," she said.
"It was a dream that brought it back, and helped me last night. Or I saw—the dead."

ed me last night. Or I saw—the dead."

"Mary dear," I whispered, touching her lips with mine, though she was turned away—for that brave little gasp in her quiet voice was terrible to me—"I have a story to tell you, and it may rest you to hear it. Let us walk home, that I may tell you there."

"No! no!" she said; "I must go in here. I

"No! no!" she said; "I must go in here. I can bear it now you are come. Yours is an innocent, happy story, and can wait. Oh, my dear, that I should feel so stricken in your sight!"

"I am almost inclined," I said, looking away from the great, melancholy, passionate eyes, and slipping her arm in mine while I took the key from her, "to take you home to breakfast first. But perhaps as we are here we may as well go in and have a few minutes' talk. One thing, though, Mary, please to remember for my sake. You know I have told you how I disbelieve and despise and abhor dreams, so I shall be hard upon them. Don't forget, dear."

"It was no dream, I think," said Mary, pushing her hair from her forehead with the hand I did not hold. "I do not think I slept at all."

"Oh yes, you did. Even during our worst nights we sleep a little now and then, though we may not be aware of it." I said, in my matter-of-fact way, as we mounted the few shallow steps. "Why, Mary, are you so tired, dear? I never heard you pant before in mounting any height or any number of steps. I hate this place. I shall not tell you what I meant to tell you until we are back in our own snug room, and have had a good breakfast, winding up with our 'dowry' of Angerona's honey."

No one knows how long I might have gone on in this feebly would-be-cheerful strain but that Mary herself stopped me, drawing her hand from my arm, and closing the book-lined door of the little room upon us.

"Barbara," she said, standing back and gazing

"Barbara," she said, standing back and gazing vaguely at the shelves, "look on the upper one. Are the books there volumes of State Trials?"

"Yes," said I; and I don't think I failed utterly in speaking in my usual voice.

"There is a fourth volume?" she said, presently, leaning against the little shattered window opposite the shelves, and speaking in a strange, clear whisper.

"Yes."
"Will you—open it?"

"Certainly," I said; "but won't it be rather dry reading before breakfast? You must not forget, Mary dear, that I am not at all a reading person, and I really feel the want of breakfast"—but this time my little ruse was unavailing.

"Will you," said Mary, with evidently no appreciation of my difficulty over that speech, "open it—at—page ninety-two?"

"Hadn't I better pass it over to you?" I asked, as I sought the right volume, while my heart was beating as I never felt it beat before.
"Page ninety two" repeated Mary facing me.

"Page ninety-two," repeated Mary, facing me, with a sort of desolate look in her eyes. "Will you find it, Barbara? I can not."

you find it, Barbara? I can not."
"I have found it," said I, presently, trembling in the most unaccountable manner, "and there is a sheet of paper here; so thin that the book does not even open at the page; and it is covered with close writing."

"Yes," said Mary, and the hand she held out to me trembled worse than mine. But just as I was going to lay the paper in it she started back,



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locking her fingers together, and lifting them so for a moment to her pale lips. "No! No, I can not." she breathed, passionately, yet in a very whisper. "I can not. I dare—not read it. Barbara, hold it. But—do not read it to me until I have—told you—the sorrow of my life. Wait, Barbara," Mary said. "Do not read what may be written there until you hear the—sorrow of my life." row of my life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

WHAT flowre is like my Ladye? Along the meadowe-banke I rove, And searche the flowres o'er As ne'er I searched before. There is noe flowre, I weene, In alle the meadowes greene Soe faire and sweete That it is meete To serve as symbole fore the one I love.

What flowre is like my Ladye? Not daisy: 'mid the grasses talle
'Tis but a countrie lass
Laughing withe alle whoe pass,
Whoe scorne or pluck att wille; Pure, innocente, but stille.

Mine is well-borne,

And hath a thorne,

Not rude, but shewing shee is not fore alle.

What flowre is like my Ladye? The violets have perfume sweete; Modeste, and yet they looke Dainty in shady nooke. Children they are, att beste
Thoughtlesse, tho' fore the reste
Their eyes of blue
Like hers are true;

But fore my love they are not symbole meete.

What flowre is like my Ladye? The clematis is but a vine:
In purple robed a queene,
Withe leaves of shining greene,
Shee holdes high courte above The heades of men whoe love. Soe does not mine: Shee is noe vine,

To proudly stretch or rounde rude stickes

What flowre is like my Ladye? It muste be a flowerete most rare, Not founde by every lane, But onely after paine. Noe lover muste have knowne This flowre soe rarely growne.

Ah me! I knowe
There does not blowe
A flowre like my Ladye, halfe soe faire!

Spring Costumes.—Figs. 1-4. See illustrations on page 125.

Fig. 1.—PRINTED FOULARD ROBE. This pretty dress for the house or street has a dark straw-berry red ground, with branches of paler roses printed upon it and birds flying from flower to flower. The printed tablier is put plain across the front, with two knife-pleatings below it, and a soft puff above that extends to the belt; the back drapery is also disposed in soft undefined puffs that fall on three wider bordered flounces at the foot. The round waist is fitted smoothly, and cut down in a low point in the neck, bordered by a puff; a belt is made of the bordering. Half-long sleeves, trimmed with a ruffle of the material and of white silk embroidery on net. Red gold bracelets.
Fig. 2.—Nuns' Veiling Robe. This graceful

robe for afternoon wear is of sheer wool nuns' veiling with pale blue ground, on which are printed cream white flowers with olive green foliage. One selvedge has borders of vines to be used as flounces, and small sprays are repeated on the rest of the fabric. It is made with a Pompadour rest of the fabric. It is made with a rompauour basque, sharply pointed in front, short on the hips, and box-pleated in the back. The square neck is edged with Oriental lace, and silk muslin is folded inside. The half-long elbow sleeves have a deeper frill of lace and a bow of cream white sain ribbon. A black velvet ribbon is white satin ribbon. A black velvet ribbon is around the neck, with an Etruscan gold pendant; ball ear-rings of similar gold, with bracelets and a comb to match. A single mermet rose in the hair.

Fig. 3.—PRINTED INDIA PONGEE ROBE. This stylish design shows one of the new India pongees that are printed in robe patterns in the French factories. The ground is pale écru strewn with marron brown sprays; the tabliers represent brown birds on the wing. The high basque is sharply pointed in front, and is made bouffant by having the back drapery looped upon it. The standing military collar is quite plain, and the sleeves have a pointed cuff, piped with plain brown pongee. White muslin pleating trims the neck and sleeves. The short round skirt has two knife-pleatings in front and a deeper pleating behind. The bordered part is placed quite plain across the front breadths, and above this are two tabliers curving open in the middle of the front, making four great curves below the basque. The back drapery is very bouffant. Large round hat of écru Manila, with brown velvet facing inside the brim, a large bow of velvet ribbon on the crown, and five half-long ostrich feathers, shaded from ecru to marron brown.

Fig. 4.—Cotton Satteen Dress. This pretty dress of cotton satteen is pale blue with dull red poppies, daisies, and wheat printed upon it. The pointed basque is bordered on the edge, the sleeves, and down the front. Two printed tabliers are placed quite plain across the front and side gores. At the top a curtain over-skirt is drawn back to show the tabliers, and is laid in puffed folds on the sides; a bow of rose-colored satin ribbon holds each side in place. A wide

box-pleated flounce in the new stiffly laid pleats falls on two knife-pleatings at the foot. Embroid-ered net is in the neck, sleeves, and forms a ja-bot. The white Milan straw hat is nearly covered by corn-flower blue velvet. A panache of pink ostrich tips is the trimming. Pale tan-colored kid gloves. Bouquet of pink roses.

THE FOUR SISTERS AND A REACH OF THE FRASER RIVER.

THE recent journey westward undertaken by the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, took him to a part of the British dominions in America which only wants development to be a great and flourishing province. The approaching completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad will bring into close communication with the older settlements what is now but an outlying region, most easily reached from San Francisco. But the growth of Winnipeg, in the inhospitable district east of the Rocky Mountain chain shows that the stream of colonization is tending thither, as it always does tend to genial climes.

It is expected that the whole line of railroad from Montreal to the Pacific will be open in 1887. The Viceregal party on the late visit were compelled to traverse the United States, and then proceed in the ship of war Comus to the Western Province. The capital of British Columbia is named Victoria. From the house of the Govern-or, the Hon. C. From the house of the Govern-or, the Hon. C. F. Cornwall, a plain, unpretending building, surrounded with gardens and terraces, there is a charming view to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and the great sierras of Washing-ton Territory, with the huge mass of Mount Baker soaring over them. As the object of the Viceregal journey was to personally examine the country, no long stay was made at the capital, and the party proceeded to New Westminster, on the Fra ser River, a stream celebrated for its salmon and canning establishments. Here a torch-light procession was organized in honor of the Princess Louise, in which both Indians and whites took part. The navigation of the Fraser River is by no means easy; the stream is in places very rapid, and filled with shingle and bars. Yale is the name of the town at the head of the lowest stretch of navigation of Fraser River; it was famous for its gold, considerable quantities of which are still taken out from the banks of the river. The scenery from New Westminster to Yale is diversified and striking. Mount Hope is a mountain of magnificent form, contrasting its square and massive walls, which the snow never leaves, with the forest-crowned ranges which surround Another fine group of mountains is the four peaks which are named the Four Sisters. As een in our illustration, they tower up high above their fellows. The reach of the Fraser River in the foreground shows a dangerous channel, full of snags. The village of Kamloops, at the junction of the North and South Thompson rivers, is probably destined to be the central town for the valleys of British Columbia. After ascertaining what progress the railroad had made, the Vicerov and the Princess returned to San Francisco, visited Southern California, and came eastward to Charleston, where the Princess, whose health suffers in the Canadian winters, took ship for the

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

HOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WRIGH LORD?" "My Love," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) MAKING HIS WAY.

"I THINK it infinitely shocking," she said. "The Meades are an old family, settled in the county for the last three hundred years, and it is simply impious for the eldest son to make such a marriage. How can he hold his proper place in society with an innkeeper's daughter for his What kind of influence can be have? And think of the example! It is appalling to see the way in which the world is going. We are rushing headlong to the destruction of everything that is good and noble."

'It is certainly a great pity," said St. Claire; "still, Mrs. Frank Meade is in herself quite un exceptionable. I hear her very well spoken of everywhere, and I remember to have seen her once when I was called in consultation to a case in her father's house."

"Her father's house—the 'Marshal Blücher'!" laughed Theodosia, shrilly, tossing her small vivacious head.
"Still, dear Theo, an inn is a house, is it not?"

put in Monica, with a soft smile.

"But we do not speak of an innkeeper's

daughter living in her father's house like a lady," repeated Theo

'No ?" said Dr. St. Claire, quite tranquilly. "I will amend the record, if I am wrong. In any case she struck me as very well-bred, and she is certainly pretty.

"Were you Frank Meade's rival?" asked Theodosia, audaciously. "You speak as warmly as if you had had pretensions in the same direction yourself."

Ry nature Armine St. Claire was a womanworshipper, and constitutionally disinclined to cross swords with the sex. He could bear a great deal of impertinence from a pretty woman and feel no resentment; but this thrust touched him to the quick. The blood rushed into his face, and his eyes grew dark and angry. His lip curled with sudden contempt, and his voice trembled in spite of himself.

"No," he said, with infinite pride, infinite dis-

* Begun in HARPER'S BARAR No. 2, Vol. XVI.

dain, such as they had never seen in him before, nor supposed him capable of feeling. "Because or supposed him capable of feeling. "Because I say that Miss Cross is a nice girl for her station, and pretty and well-educated, that does not make me Mr. Frank Meade's rival. The favors of an innkeeper's daughter are scarcely in my line, Mrs. Barrington."

"I did not mean to offend you," laughed Theo dosia, delighted with her power of rousing and exciting. "But I must say it looked like it."

"You have no right to say so," said Armine, warmly.

She shrugged her nest round shoulders, and again tossed her head. But she looked into his face with a smile and an expression in her eyes which he was not quick-witted enough to read. She thought he had laid an emphasis on the word you, and that he meant to reproach her for her cruelty in willfully mistranslating him. He meant nothing of the kind. But he had the benefit of

"Still, being a nice girl for an innkeeper's daughter does not make her fit to be the wife of a country gentleman," said Mrs. Barrington, a little astonished by this sudden outburst of in-

dignation from the young doctor to her son's wife.
"No," said Dr. St. Claire; "not if put in an abstract form. But Mr. Meade is not equal to his position, and his wife is superior to hers; so they meet.

"And if he is not equal to his position, all the more reason that he should have married some one who could have raised him and kept him out of low company," returned Mrs. Barrington. "We have not only the individual to think ofwe have the family and the social position. All these unequal marriages are bad," she went on, rather warmly. "People should keep in their own sphere. No good can come of this confusion of classes."

But I think Dr. St. Claire is right-sometimes we might make an exception, where the person is very nice indeed, very superior," said Theodosia, looking full into Armine's face.

She knew that she was very naughty to give this young Lovelace such a broad hint; but no harm could come of it. Anthony was not going to die, and however much in love with her he might be, she did not suppose the handsome young doctor would presume to ask her to run off with him. It was all nothing-just a little excitement in this dull, monotonous life of Oakhurst, where she had none of the fun of danger and none of the pleasure of pain.

St. Claire turned his eyes in answer on her. This time they flashed, not with anger, but with gratitude that looked like love. She was half frightened by that look, and wished she had been a little less incautious, a little more sparing. But the mischief was done now-and how handsome he looked when he was roused!

"It is sometimes a little difficult to define social station," he said, that wonderful light still burning in his eyes. "Money makes one test, birth another; but birth without money—where would you place that?"

"Always as a gentleman, of course," said dear Mrs. Barrington, in colloquial syntax.

The blood rushed again into his face. How sensitive he was to-day!

"You think so," he said, quickly, with a rapid glance at Monica. "So do I."

"Of course supposing a good education, refinement of feeling, and nice manners—else not," said Mrs. Barrington, receding from her first position, and modifying the breadth of her verdict, as she remembered the watchmaker who might have been the Dauphin, and that Welsh black-smith who claimed as his ancestor the bluff King Hal, whose portraits he so marvellously resembled, as well as other undoubted descendants of by-gone fallen greatness. "And then again," she added, doubt deepening with reflection, "birth without money or position is difficult to imagine. For why is it poor? There must have been some fault somewhere; and a long line of ancestry ending in dishonor is more shameful than natural

"There may be misfortune," he said. "Mis-

"No, certainly not," responded Theodosia, briskly. "Misfortune is interesting."

Mrs. Barrington shook her head.

"I do not believe much in unmerited misfor-tunes," she said. "Conduct is fate; and for mis-fortune we ought for the most part to read fault."

"Always? without exception?" Armine asked, in an earnest kind of way, somewhat as if he

were holding his breath. "Mamma! how hard you are!" said Theodosia, still in her character of the sweet seductive temptress-the high-born lady receiving from her inferior the homage she would not refuse and

the love she could not return. "There is no rule without an exception," said Mrs. Barrington, gently. "Of course there may have been afflictions which have reduced a fine estate and made the family beggars, but it is a difficult state of things to imagine without fault

and with prudence.' "And you, Miss Barrington?" asked Dr. St. Claire, abruptly turning to Monica, who all this time had been sitting with downcast eyes as if studying to the minutest line a wood-work pattern which Armine had brought her. "Do you think that misfortune necessarily presupposes fault, and is worthy of only blame?

"I think with mother. In general, but not always, conduct is fate," she answered, rather slowly, looking at her mother, not at Armine.

It was a safe answer. There could not have

been one safer, less explicit, or more generalized. "And in those exceptional cases where a man of good birth and education has been made poor by no fault of his own-forced into a lower social position than was his by inheritance-in those cases you would allow that he was still a gentleman, emphatically and thoroughly, and the

"Certainly," said Monica, and as she said this she looked into his face.

"But even if he has not been to blame himself, his people must have been in fault," said Mrs. Barrington, still more and more cautious as the talk seemed to slip somewhat from her guidance. "We must always take this into consideration: it is in the blood, and that is as bad as if in the individual."

"The father may have been unfortunate without blame," said Armine.

Mrs. Barrington smiled with a sigh.

Mrs. Barrington similed with a sight.

"Of course that is possible," she said.
in any case we have to bear our burdens. When
the fathers cat sour grapes the children's teeth
are set on edge. It is by the Divine decree, and we can not escape it. Every action bears its consequences; every seed has its fruit."

"Then you would exile from your society such

a one?" he asked.

He had never pushed an argument so far before. In general he was careful to allow the dear lady, whose favor he had set himself to win as the first step toward that greater gain of the daughter's—the lady with whom he was feeling his way so patiently—in general he was careful to allow her all the honors of victory without the fatigue of the struggle. She might state her opinion in the broadest and loosest way imaginable, and he never pushed her to logical conclusions, or to those closer definitions which women so mortally dislike. She might lay down the law as hard and fast as so many paving-stones, and he never objected to upheaval here, to crooked-ness there. But to-day he was quite different from his usual self. He felt the talk to be so vital to his future that he must run the risk of wearying and annoying in order to clear the ground.
"He could expect nothing else than to be ex-

cluded if he had sunk into another sphere," said Mrs. Barrington.

"Never to be rehabilitated, so that he should take his rightful place?—make an alliance, say, among his former equals?"

Theodosia lowered her eyes and bit her lips.
"What a horribly imprudent young fellow he!" she thought. "I shall have to snub him if is!" she thought. he is so rash as this."

Monica too lowered her eyes, but she grew . pale, not crimson like her sister-in-law.

"That would depend on the condition to which he had been brought," said Mrs. Barrington, whose sight was dim, and who saw nothing of these changeful cheeks. "I confess I could not quite reconcile myself to the idea of a man who had been a shop-keeper, say, even though he had been born a gentleman. And as for marriage, as I said about Frank Meade's, I think this ought to be essentially between equals in all It does not do for a woman to be able to look down on her husband in any particular. On the contrary, she ought to look up to him as her natural superior as well as her social equal. If there is to be any inequality, let it be on the side of his superiority, not hers. But the social line of each should be equal."

"And you, Miss Barrington?" St. Claire asked of Monica again, rashly tempting fate.

She looked at her mother, a sad, set but artificial smile about her mouth.

'You always hear my views from my mother. We think alike in all things," she said; but her voice was neither clear nor steady as she spoke,

and her face was of almost death-like pallor.
"Forgive me. I have forgotten time in talk," Porgive me. I have forgotten time in taik, said St. Claire, rising abruptly. "I am afraid I must have wearied you, Mrs. Barrington; but the conversation interested me. I apologize."

His voice too, like Monica's, was neither clear nor steady, his face matched hers in its deadly

whiteness, and his lips quivered as he spoke.

"Oh no, I am not wearied," said Mrs. Barrington, kindly, holding out her hand. "Time does slip away so very quickly in conversation! And I do not think we have agreed in our views to-day quite so well as usual," she added, with a smile, ignorant of the hidden meaning of this sad little colloquy.
"I am sure it has been very interesting—and

you talk so well, Dr. St. Clare," said Theodosia, hardily, as she shook hands with him in her

"Thank you," he said, simply, and pressed her hand as he spoke. Praise spoken before Monica and her mother was very sweet to him. Monica said nothing. She merely raised her

eyes to his, to all appearance with undisturbed serenity. But perhaps a close observer would have seen behind their usual dreamy melancholy something that was more real than dreams, some-

thing that was more active than melancholy.
"Good-by," she said, in a cold voice; and
Theodosia thought to herself: "What an icicle that Monica is! She is as wooden as if carved out of an old bit of park paling. I should like to shake her

So that what between wrong vision and no vision at all, the truth of things connected with Armine St. Claire was in a very disturbed and cloudy condition.

When he had gone, Mrs. Barrington said, with an accent of surprise rather than of dis-

pleasure:
"What a strange mood Dr. St. Claire was in to-day! I have never seen him so odd and uncomfortable."

'No," said Monica.

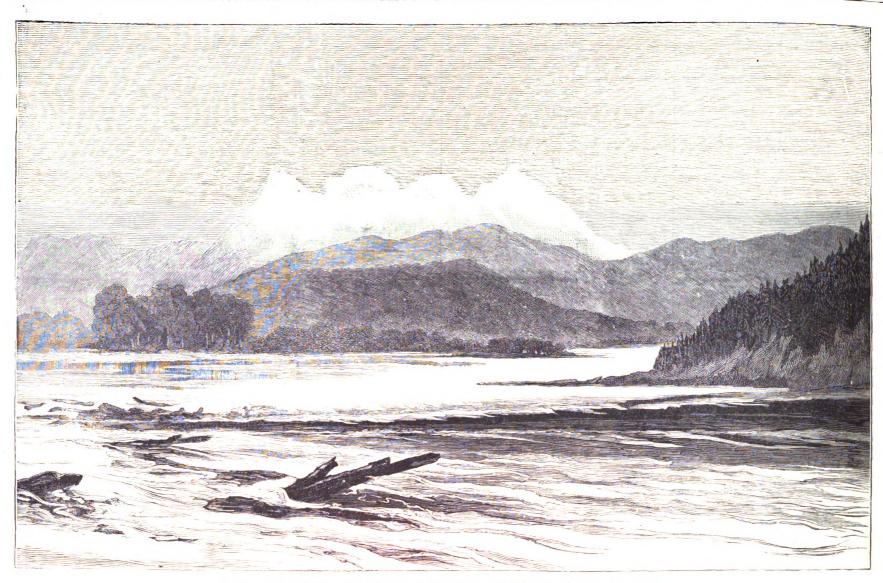
"Why? What fault do you find with him, mamma?" said Theodosia.

"He was so argumentative, my dear; so unlike his usual self. He is generally so respectful and pleasant, but to-day he was all pins and needles, and so extraordinarily pertinacious! I could not make him out at all.

"I thought him very pleasant," said Theodo-a, in italics. "I like to hear him argue; he sia, in italies. speaks so well,"

equal of those among whom he was born?" [TO BE CONTINUED.] Digitized by

THE THE WARD FOLLOWING THE STREET STREET, ST. 1909



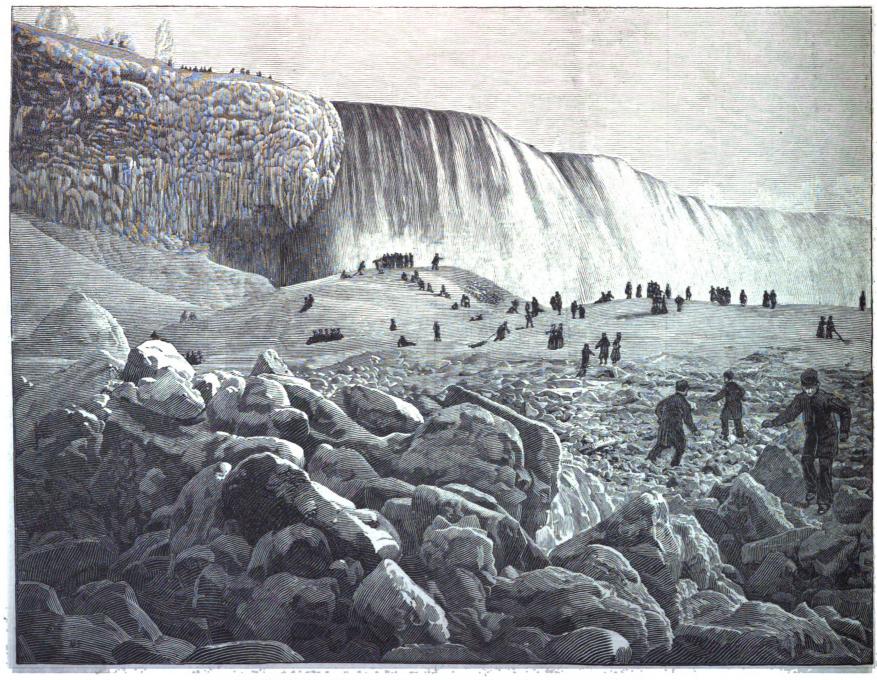
THE FOUR SISTERS AND A REACH OF THE FRASER RIVER.—[See Page 123.]

COASTING UNDER NIAGARA.

THIS striking illustration graphically depicts the singular and picturesque effects of Niagara in winter, which in some sort even surpass its summer glory. Huge masses of ice accumulate from the freezing of the river, forming a veritable ice bridge and

ice mountain, down which thousands of people coast daily, at perilous risk of their lives it must be said. Dangerous as is this fascinating amusement, it is extremely popular. While the ice lasts it is black with people, twenty car-loads coming in from Buffalo in a single day, with a like proportion from other places. New York city, indeed, contributes her quota, for, as will be seen

from an article in another column, Niagara parties are one of the fashionable amusements of the winter. Sometimes the river rises suddenly—forty feet in a night—and breaks up the ice in the wildest and most fantastic shapes. The illustration is made from an excellent photograph, taken with considerable difficulty, and is therefore a faithful representation of this remarkable winter scene.



COASTING UNDER NIAGARA.—Photographed by George Barker, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

E ATL MOLLATE

Fig. 1.—Printed Foulard Robe.—Cot Pattern, No. 3383;
Round Waist, Over-Skiit, and Skiit, 20 Cents each.

Fig. 2.—Nuns' Veiling Robe.—Cut Pattern, No. 5384: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

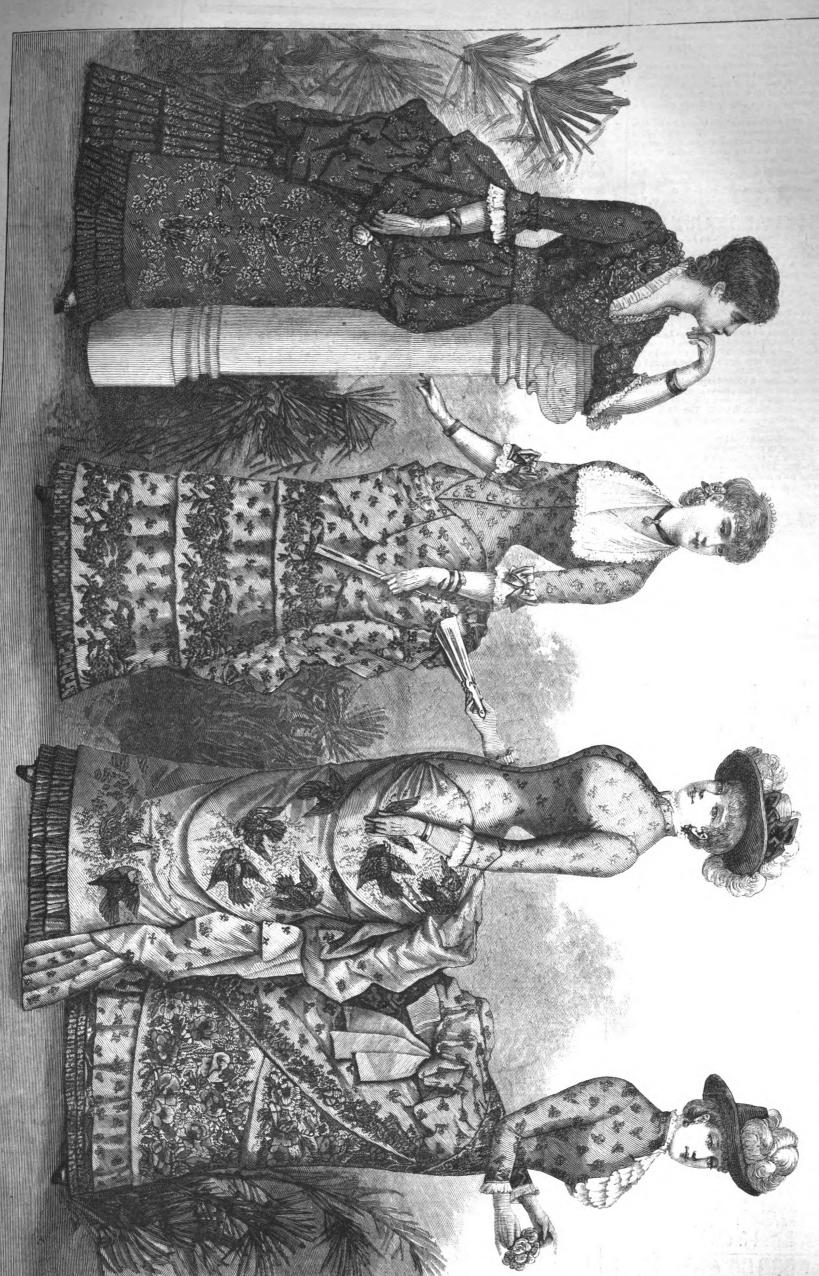
Fig. 8.—Printed India Pongee Robe.—Cut Pattern, No. 200 Cents each.

20 Cents each.

8386: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Figs. 1-4.—SPRING COSTUMES.—[See Page 128.]

Fig. 4.—Cotton Satteen Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 8386: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Grack.-Black fox fur is considered the most effective trimming for green cloth, though the natural bea-

Ive trimming for green cloth, though the natural beaver of light brown shade and seal-skin are both used.

Sally Snyde.—An article on fashionable dances in Bazar No. 19, Vol. XIV., describes the German, and one in No. 3, Vol. XV., gives some additional figures for it. You can order the papers from this office.

Violet North.—The châtelaine pockets are used to hold the handkerchief, purse, etc. They can be hooked to the akirt belt by means of the attachment shown in

to the skirt belt by means of the attachment shown in the illustration, and are found especially useful where the arrangement of the drapery will not admit of a skirt pocket.

K. P. K .- Fine pillow-case linen is used for the doyleys, and sometimes India pongee. The embroidery is outline-work in flower and fruit designs, Kate Greena-way figures, etc. We have given numerous illustra-tions. The silk is etching or English washing silk, a fine quality prepared specially for outline-work in fast

BALTIMORE SUBSCRIBER .- Directions for transferring embroidery designs were given in Bazar No. 48, Vol.

DAISY RUSTIC.—A gentleman's knitted Cardigan jacket was illustrated and described in Bazar No. 18, Vol. IX; two hoods are in No. 46, Vol. XIV., and a

child's jacket in No. 48, Vol. XIV.

A. S.—An article on card etiquette was published in Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV.
F. D. M. B.—The directions were not given in the

Ruby.-We have published no such work, and can

not tell you where to find one. MINNIE.-Your lavender dress with its crystal lace

sleeves is still in good style. M. C. M.—Plain velvet remains always in fashlon, and either black or garnet may be worn by a woman of forty. Have a pelisse with a skirt trimmed with a ruche, or a basque with panels, fan-pleating, and full back brackless. back breadths on the skirt.

back breadths on the skirt.

PLYMOUTH.—Have a velvet basque with side panels of velvet on the skirt and a ruche around the foot.

MAGGIR.—Make a plain black silk dress after illustrations in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV. You will find many illustrations of masquerade costumes in back numbers of the Bazar.

H. A. S .- Fur-lined circulars are still desirable, as H. A. S.—Fur-lined circulars are sull desirable, as there is no more useful and warm wrap for winter. You can buy an excellent one for the amount you suggest—\$70. The plain gray squirrel fur is preferred by many with ribbed silk and a black fox collar. Other furs, such as mink, ermine, black marten, and salls are now used for lininger.

sable, are now used for linings.

Desireors.—A princesse dress with pleating below the waist in the back is the best design for a child's cloth dresses.

Sadie. - Velvet is not used when wearing fresh mourning, even though it is not meant to be the deepest mourning. Ribbed silk with breast feathers will be best for your bonnet, as you are not to wear crape. Felt is suitable also. Have cloth, cashmere, and dull

ottoman silk dresses rather than velvet.

Knowledge.—Of course you raise your hat to the lady to whom your friend bows, when with him, else she would think you very rude. That is the acknowledged ellipatts of the selfer of the she would think you very rude. That is the acledged etiquette of the polite world everywhere.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK

Mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[Adv.]

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(Milwaukee.) "Regal." * BULE (Powder sold loose)..... RUMFORD'S, when not fresh.....

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

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"E. G. Love, Ph.D."

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FACETIÆ.

ALEXANDER DUMAS was among the most decorated of authors. He was often twitted for the number of patents of chivalry which were lying on his secretaire, and for the crosses, stars, and colored ribbons artistically arranged on the chimney-piece of his study.

"Why, my dear Dumas," exclaimed one of his friends, who deplored in secret the emptiness of his own buttonhole, "of what do all these bambles remind you?"

"Oh, of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes!" retorted the author of Monte Christo, putting his interlocutor to confusion.

A countryman, with his bride, stopped at a hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?"
"Bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter.
The countryman took it is his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife and then at the waiter, and finally dived his hand into his pocket and inquired, "How much is it?"

A gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was extravagantly charged for everything by the persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some time after, complaining to Beau Nash, "Sir," replied the latter, "they have acted to you on true Christian principles."

"How so?" replied the man.

"Why, you were a stranger, and they took you in."

The father of an Irish student, seeing his son act stupidly, "Why, sirrah," says he, "did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?"

Swift's Stella in her last illness being visited by her physician, he said, "Madam, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again."
"Ah!" said she, "I am afraid before I get to the top I shall be out of breath."

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle? And let it be a religious one, so that I can use it on Sunday."

We lately heard of a house-maid who, about to leave a family unexpectedly, and urged to give a reason for it, simply said, "I can't stay, the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

As Dicky Suett was entering the stage-door at Covent Garden Theatre one pouring wet night he was tapped on the shoulder by a dun, who had been lying in wait for him, and who said, "I believe your name is Suett, sir?" "Oh no!" replied Dicky, escaping from the clutches of the man, "I'm dripping." Dripping happened to be the name of another actor in

the same company.

The President of the French Republic is an epicure in

coffee. On a certain occasion, when out hunting, he was benighted in a little wine-house in the country.

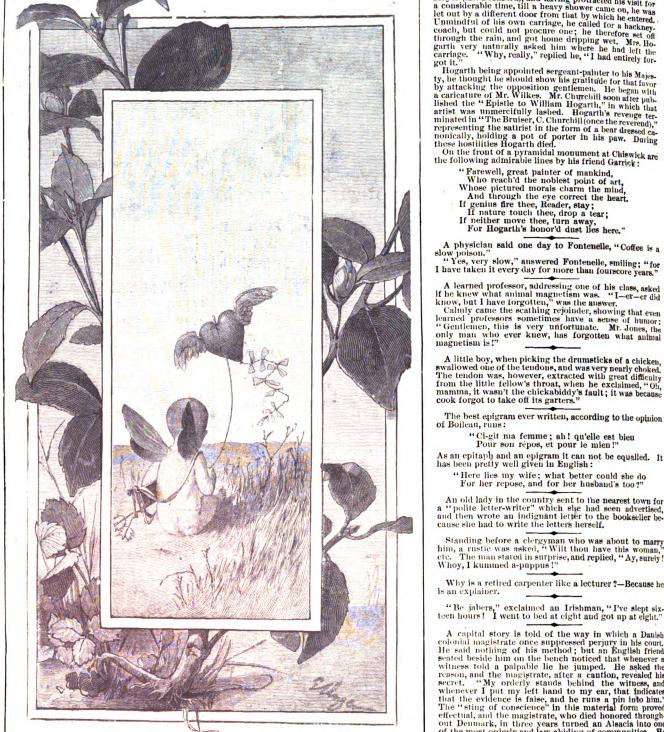
"Have you any chiccory?" said he to the man of the house

"Have you any chiccory?" said he to the man of the house.
"Yes, sir."
"Bring me some."
The proprietor returned with a small can of chiccory.
"Is that all you have?" asked M. Grévy.
"We have a little more."
"Bring me the rest."
When he came again with another can of chiccory, M. Grévy said, "You have no more?"
"No, sir."

"Very well; now go and make me a cup of coffee."

Johnny McCree, an eccentric, good-humored Scotchman, once applied to Garrick to introduce a production of his on the stage. Johnny had four acts of a tragedy ready, but was dissuaded by Garrick from finishing it, the comedian telling him that his talent did not lie in that way. So Johnny abandoned his tragedy, and set about writing a comedy. When this was finished he showed it to Garrick, who found it, if possible, even more exceptionable than his first attempt, and of course could not be persuaded to bring it forward on the stage. This surprised poor Johnny, who feelingly remonstrated, "Nae, now, David, didna you tell me that my talents didna lie in tragedy?"

tragedy?" replied Garrick; "but I did not tell you that they lay in comedy."
"Then," exclaimed Johnny, justly puzzled, "gin they dinna lie there, then where the deil doo they lie, mon?"



A VERY ODD KITE.

O'NE day Master Cupid, the saucy young fellow ('Twas the day left to lovers by St. Valentine),

Took the heart of a maiden and gave it two pinions,

Then went out to fly it, the morn being fine, While he cried with delight: "Tis the prettiest

There was never before such a very odd kite."

By the wind borne away, it flew up to the tree-tops, Where some blossoms peeped shyly from twigs as yet bare

Of green leaves, and whispered: "Old Winter still tarries;

And there's something queer floating around in the air.

It is none of our kith nor our kin, that is plain, And until it has vanished we'll all hide again."

And the birds ceased to sing the sweet songs

they were singing
To those they had chosen their true-loves to be, And in greatest wonder to shelter they hastened As soon as they chanced the unknown one to see "'Tis no bird," they said, softly, "although it

has wings; And it's best to be wary of strange-looking things."

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here."

Hogarth was one of the most absent-minded men. Soon after he had set up his carriage he paid a visit to the Lord Mayor (Mr. Beckford), and having protracted his visit for a considerable time, till a heavy shower came on, he was let out by a different door from that by which he entered. Unmindful of his own carriage, he called for a backney-coach, but could not procure one; he therefore set off through the rain, and got home dripping wet. Mrs. Hogarth very naturally asked him where he had left the carriage. "Why, really," replied he, "I had entirely for-

A physician said one day to Fontenelle, "Coffee is a

slow poison."
"Yes, very slow," answered Fontenelle, smiling; "for I have taken it every day for more than fourscore years."

A learned professor, addressing one of his class, asked if he knew what animal magnetism was. "I-er-er did know, but I have forgotten," was the answer.

Calmly came the scathing rejoinder, showing that even learned professors sometimes have a sense of humor: "Gentlemen, this is very unfortunate. Mr. Jones, the only man who ever knew, has forgotten what animal magnetism is!"

A little boy, when picking the drumsticks of a chicken, swallowed one of the tendons, and was very nearly choked. The tendon was, however, extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's throat, when he exclaimed, "Oi, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault; it was because cook forgot to take off its garters."

The best epigram ever written, according to the opinion of Boileau, runs:

"Ci-git ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son répos, et pour le mien!"
As an epitaph and an epigram it can not be equalled. It
has been pretty well given in English:

"Here lies my wife; what better could she do For her repose, and for her husband's too?"

An old lady in the country sent to the nearest town for a "polite letter-writer" which she had seen advertised, and then wrote an indignant letter to the bookseller be-cause she had to write the letters herself.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked, "Wilt thou have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise, and replied, "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a-puppus!"

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer ?-Because he

"Be jabers," exclaimed an Irishman, "I've slept sixteen hours! I went to bed at eight and got up at eight."

A capital story is told of the way in which a Danish colonial magistrate once suppressed perjury in his court. He said nothing of his method; but an English friend seated beside him on the bench noticed that whenever a witness told a palpable lie he jumped. He asked the reason, and the magistrate, after a caution, revealed his secret. "My orderly stands behind the witness, and whenever I put my left hand to my ear, that indicates that the evidence is false, and he runs a pin into him." The "sting of conscience" in this material form proved effectual, and the magistrate, who died honored throughout Denmark, in three years turned an Alsacia into one of the most orderly and law-abiding of communities. He could always get the truth.

heavy,

And breaking its fetter, placed it in his breast; Which served that sad scamp Master Cupid quite right,

Then, lonely and friendless, the poor heart grew

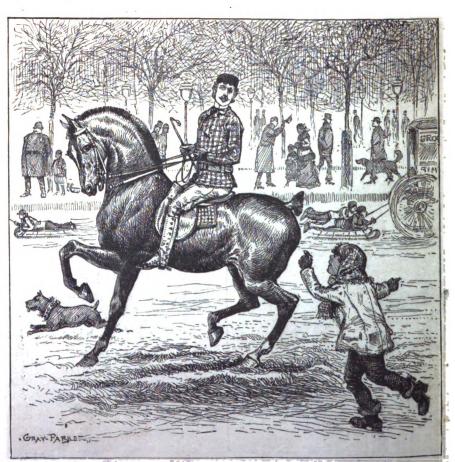
And down to earth sank again, sighing for rest,

When a youth, who was passing, with tender hands caught it,

For no maiden's heart should be used for a kite.



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER. "I VONDER VOT DOSE YOUNG MELS ZEY ARE LAUGHING AT?"



"MISTER! MISTER! LOOK OUT! THERE'S A CHAP TRYING TO HOOK ON BEHIND!"

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

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Ladies' and Girls' Dresses.-Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—White Satin Evening Dress. This white satin dress Fig. 1.—WHITE SATIN EDENIES DAESS. This winte satin dress is enriched by chenille embroidery, and trimmed with lace and knots of ribbon. The sharp peaked front, the square neck with its Medicis frill, and the short puffed sleeves terminating in a fall of lace, are the leading features of the corsage. The embroidery borders the neck and tapers along the fronts, and slender leaf points likewise embroidered surround the lower edge. The tablier

is trimmed with a succession of lace flounces, embroidered points, and ribbon bows. The flowing square train has a border of embroidery.

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Fig. 2.—Frock for GIRL FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD. This pretty frock is of white nainsook. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with insertion and edging of open white embroidery, and a pleat-ing of wider embroidery is set around the bottom. A fringed sash of wide ribbon is passed around the dress and tied in a large bow. Ribbon bows are on the

shoulders.
Fig. 3.—Dress for Young
Gral. This dress is of India red cashmere. The kilt skirt is crossed by a band, and completed by panier and back drapery. The round waist has a plastron and shoulder puffs of cashmere, and a belt and cuffs of velvet. A narrow band of silk embroidery on the cashmere borders the plastron and the top of the cuff.

CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

EDIBLE REPTILES.

DISGUSTING to our ears D as is the very sound of the word *reptile*, representa-tives of all the subdivisions of that scaly class enter into the list of human food, and belong to all stages of society. Equatorial regions abound in crocodies or alligators, and everywhere—even in the United States—they form food. This is particularly true of South America, and a very recent English traveller, Mr. Mathews, asserts that the tail of a young alli-gator is "a most excellent dish, being as much like fil-leted sole as ear he imaleted sole as can be ima-gined." The crocodile of the East does not bear so good a reputation; its eggs, how-ever-which are laid under the mud — are diligently sought for and liked, despite their musty, rotten flavor. The usual method of cooking the flesh and eggs is boiling.

Half a dozen great turtles in the United States alone give their tender flesh to epicures, and minister to aldermanic amplitude. These all come out of the sea, and the chief of them is he of the green tint. The negroes and Indians at the South eat va-rious small "mud-turkles" and land tortoises that do not come into market, including the snapping-turtle and the malodorous "stinkpots." The last two are said to be availed of by the farmers of Southern New Jersey, the "snappers" being first put to fatten in a barrel of greasy refuse water from the kitchen. The hawk's bill has long been counted among

foods, and its fat, according to an old authority, is "useful in several Disorders, such as the Gout, Hecticks, Epilepsy, sore Eyes, and is said to be an antidote against Poyson."

To the Florida darky nothing is more toothsome than a "gopher." These tortoises are of considerable size, and make their home in sandy woodlands, burrowing in the dry soil. The young darkies regard it as great sport to hunt out these burrows. gard it as great sport to hunt out these burrows.

The flesh of turtles forms almost the staple food of the natives

of large districts in the tropics, and is cooked in several ways. No

method of culinary preparation that we ever heard of, however, method of culinary preparation that we ever heard of, however, would be more likely to please both gourmet and gourmand than the one credited to the fastidious citizens of Pekin. If you follow it, you will take a live turtle that you have previously deprived of anything to drink long enough to render him exceedingly thirsty; you will place him in a caldron of cool water in such a position that his body will be immersed, but that he will be unable to get his mouth down to it; at the side of the kettle, within reach of his turtleship, you will then place a bowl of cool and spicy wine.

This done, set the caldron on

This done, set the caldron on the fire, and observe with glee the enrichment of your noble repast. Urged by thirst, the turtle eagerly drinks the wine; and as the slowly heating water in which he floats grows hotter and hotter, his thirst increases, and he drinks deeper and deeper of the wine, until suddenly he is boiled, This done, set the caldron on until suddenly he is boiled, and dies, full of wine, and fragrant through the uttermost fibres of his unctuous flesh with the rich condi-ment he has so plentifully imbibed. Luxury and art

have reached their acme!

Descending to lizards, we

Descending to lizards, we still find ourselves among things edible and even palatable; nor shall we get beyond this pale among the serpents and amphibians.

The miserable savages who dwell upon the alkaline and utterly desolate plains of the Utah Basin, or on the equally frightful deserts along the Mexican border, find in lizards almost their only flesh food during long only flesh food during long periods. Farther south, in Central America and the West Indies, the great tree-lizards, called guanas or iguanas, form a really im-portant part of the fare of the common people. Imagine a scaly, spiny, whip-tailed, brilliantly colored chameleon three or four feet in length, and you have this an-imal. It is caught by slyly slipping over its head a noose at the end of a bamboo pole while it is asleep on a low bough, and is cooked by first scorching and scraping off its scales, and then reasting the carcass or baking itoften in a hole in the ground. A more civilized fashion is a fricassee, with tomatoes and peppers à la créole. The similarity of the white and tender flesh to chicken is noted by everybody, and there are few persons who do not find it highly toothsome. "We caught more in the same way," says an antiquated author, after an A more civilized fashion is a antiquated author, after an entertaining description of a and kept one alive seven or eight days; but it grieved me to the heart to find that he thereby lost much delicious fat." The old writer was a monk, and spoke with feeling. Lizards are not only de-

voured by degraded tribes in Africa and Oceanica, but the poor among the Chinese are said to dry them for preservation. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the same list of people eating snakes. This is especially true of the nations of Southeastern Africa. Our own Indians, especially those of the desert regions extending from Utah to Lower California, have always fought famine with serpent flesh, and the rattle-snake has been an article of ceremonial food or sup-



Fig. 1.—WHITE SATIN EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Frock for Girl from 2 to 3 Years old.

Figs. 1-3.—LADIES' AND GIRLS' DRESSES.

Fig. 3.-Dress for Young Girl.

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posed medicine from one side of the continent to the other.

Our rattlesnake, however, has found a lover in many persons by no means savage. The negroes at the South (at any rate in Alabama and Florida) always liked to eat it, and we have heard a good story of a North Carolina cracker who ranked this snake next to the oyster as a dainty. Bartram's account of how the military commandant at Picolata, Florida, invited him to a rattlesnake dinner will be recalled by all readers of that delightful naturalist's Rambles.

As for the batrachians, frogs' legs are an American bit of luxury too well known and appreciated to need comment. Toads are only eaten, we believe, by some Western Indians.

Farther down the scale we find those flabby

Farther down the scale we find those flabby and shapeless water-lizards, called "mud-puppies" and "hell-benders," that haunt sluggish waters in the Mississippi Valley and on the Mexican border. Nothing to us is more disgusting; yet the miserable "diggers" in Arizona and Lower California eat them. The largest known of these Proteida, in fact, is popular in Mexico, where it swarms in certain cold lakes near the capital, and during the summer months forms the principal food of the peasantry of the highlands of the republic. This is the celebrated axolotl, about which clings so much scientific interest and so many queer legends handed down from the days of the Aztecs. The Spaniards with Cortez took to it kindly, but added soaking in vinegar, high seasoning, and elaborate cooking to the plain boiling that had satisfied the Indians.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

"Bright, sparkling, and brimming over with good things."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

published February 13, contains a timely story, entitled "What St. Nicholas Forgot and St. Valentine Remembered," by Charles S. Pratt; an article on "St. Valentine and His Day"; and a charming little poem by Margaret Eytinge, entitled "Bonnie's Valentine."

George Cary Eggleston contributes a most interesting account of "The Defense of Rochelle"; Chapters XXIV. and XXV. of "Nan," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lille, describe the troubles in which that brane little heroine becomes involved through her devotion to friendship; Chapter III. of "Reg," by Matthew White, Jun., follows the fortunes of that hero in the róle of Prince Budaway.

The art-work of this Number includes drawings

The art-work of this Number includes drawings by W. P. SNYDER, MRS. JESSIR SHEPHERD, W. J. SHEPPARD, and other well-known artists. The ninth page is adorned by a charming wood-engraving, entitled "Cupid on Snow-Shoes," and drawn by A. Daggy.

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

Sour next Number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Spring Suits; Misses' Spring Wraps and Suits; Ladies' Evening Dresses and Wraps, Plastrons, Fichu-Collars, Caps, etc.; Children's Dresses; a striking design for a Renaissance Sofa; Puffs, Waste Baskets, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

ONE OF THE PENATES.

To member of the family has suffered the abuse that the family cat receives at the hands of the general world. We do not speak of those who starve her, who turn her out-doors at night, who go away for a season in the country and leave her to forage for herself, but of those who simply slander her by injurious report. According to these scandalous people, the cat is without beauty and without affection; she is ungrateful, cruel, stupid, treacherous, and dishonest. Strange that on such a worse than worthless being should be lavished the religious worship of nations and so much of the household love of uncounted individuals as poor Pussy has received!

But let us look at the charges. Without beauty? She is a being whose outlines are beauty itself; she is a succession of supple curves, and every curve obeys the law of the line of beauty, and all that beauty is heightened by the further beauty of gloss and movement. How brilliant are those eyes, likeness to which gives value to the jewel now in most request—the cat's-eye

quartz, that otherwise were a worthless pebble! She is clad in furs shining with life, and which, while upon her, are incomparably superior to those dead furs which a princess is proud to wear. Every motion is grace, and whether she is black, or white, or gray, or tortoise-shell, every tint she assumes is a pure and charming one. Is she without affection? When she goes to meet her chosen friends in the family and fawn about their feet, when she caresses them in their sickness, and sometimes dies brokenhearted in their death, it would seem to manifest love for them. When she suffers little children to lift her by the tail and carry her round by the heels, dress her up in caps and aprons as a doll, and inflict upon her a thousand well-meant pains, it looks as though she loved them. There are innumerable instances on record of the affection of cats for children, and entirely contradictory of the outrageous old notion of their sucking the breath of babies. Puss, indeed, often makes her nest in the cradle, but not because she loves the little milky breath, nor because she loves the warmth, but because she loves the baby. She has been known to fly at the biggest and most ferocious dog entering the room where her little friend lay sleeping; to jump from the cradle when the child cried and run for the mother, returning and standing with her fore-feet on the cradle's edge, nervous and anxious till the mother took up the child; and one belonging to Mrs. WILSON, of Cults, near Aberdeen, Scotland, once accosted his mistress with piteous meaows, running repeatedly to the door, and endeavoring to fetch her with him, and finally succeeding, when the lady found her sick and feeble child rolled from the sofa where it had been left, and so enveloped in the rugs and wraps that it would presently have suffocated if help had not been brought by the cat. When, moreover, the cat conquers her hereditary attachment to places, and follows persons about in their peregrinations, it can not be because she loves to travel. Dr. STABLES, a surgeon of the British navy, tells us of his cat, which, although at six years old the mother of a hundred kittens, yet found time to accompany him on all his travels, having journeyed over twenty thousand miles in his company, usually bestowing herself, when she judged that it was flittingtime, in the little basket that carried her, but on one occasion, having taken so long an airing before starting that her master was obliged to leave without her, she hailed him, as he walked along the railway platform, from a first-class carriage that she had thought it best to take to save time.

But when people say that Puss is cruel they forget that all carnivorous animals, and man among them, are cruel too. Yet Puss is sometimes more virtuous than man in this regard, and will live for years with the tempting morsel of a bird playing about her, disputing her dinner, and alighting on her very head. Dr. Good told, long ago, of one that had lived at peace with a tame canary suddenly, to the horror of the family, seizing it in her mouth, and springing to the top of a tall secretary, whereupon it was found that a strange cat had entered the room, which authenticated fact, from a scientific authority, must be held to dispose of the accusations both of cruelty and of stupidity if there were not other instances in plenty to do the same. There is certainly sagacity in the way any cat finds her way across miles of country to an old home, in the way she often sits by the cow, and asks the milkman to attend to her wants, in the way she as often goes fishing; it was sagacity in the cat which caught the escaping canary, and brought it back alive to her mistress; it was sagacity in the cat that absolutely baited a mouse-hole with part of her own dinner, and sat and watched till she could pounce upon the mouse; it was sagacity in the cat that knew when Sunday came, as Mr. WHYTE of Dallfield Terrace, Dundee, relates; and the cats that, threatened with condign punishment, have suddenly disappeared and never re-appeared are legion. If one wants a study in philosophy, by-the-way, and an opportunity to discriminate between instinct and reason, he has only to observe any young cat on her first experience of a mirror, as she tries to put her paw behind it, pops back to see if the foe is still there, and ends by boxing the ears of the impudent creature confronting her there, and scampers away with her tail as big as ten, profoundly convinced of magic, whether or not she knows the word.

As for the treachery and dishonesty of Puss, which may be classed under the same head, that charge is simply libellous. The cat is naturally a hunter. If you take her away from her hunting fields and expect her to live the civilized life of the parlor, she must be fed regularly, as any other civilized being must be. The best of us, when famishing or when simply hungry, can be tempted to help ourselves. What credit to this little dumb creature, then, that she does not

do it oftener! The cook would have whipped Puss for eating some of the oysters. "And what for," said the table girl, "when he did the dacent thing to lave any!" There are really few honester persons than a well-trained and well-treated cat. She is often the trusted guardian of property, as any grocer who keeps his pet parading on the counter can tell you. Why we should expect those little furry paws to keep themselves "from picking and stealing" any more than our own fingers, in like circumstances, is not to be explained by merely calling names.

In the mean time, as it has been often said, there is about every cat a certain feminine quality that makes her an appropriate "property" of the hearth: she loves her home and fireside, where she welcomes the wanderer, and seems to him a part of them; she is gentle in her movements, and graceful as a court lady with a well-regulated train; she cheers tired and dull moods with her pretty pranks, and sick hours with a watchful solicitude, always glad to sit beside your pillow when allowed. If she has some curiosity in her composition; if she loves a gossip with a neighbor; if she values praise, and brings you her first captive monse to get it; if she has a little, ever so little, cunning-does not all that furnish further resemblance to the daughters of EVE? And when you see her bring up her kitten, teach it its manners, and box its ears on misbehavior, does she do anything but complete the parallel? Certainly cats are to every household where they are loved at all a part of the Lares and Penates, and to such households it is no matter of marvel that the Egyptians deified them, and laid their poor little carcasses away at last with all the honors given to the royal mummy. But it was not merely as the friend of the hearth that this was done; for Egypt was the land of grain, and the enemy of rats and mice preserved it from incalculable loss. In our own country, where it can hardly be denied that such vermin cost many thousand dollars' worth of damage yearly, the cat is no less valuable an animal than she was in ancient Egypt, and if she is not deified, she should certainly be treated with indulgence and respect.

LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE roller skate has furnished one very good anecdote to the world. It is that the proprietors of a skating rink put on their cards, "Festina Lente," which we do not need to say means "hasten slowly"; but some person (not a Latin scholar) read it "Lenten festivity," and was very much pleased with himself.

Now the roller skate is still a "Lenten festivity."

Now the roller skate is still a "Lenten festivity," but it is also a very fade amusement, for people have ceased to consider it a novelty, and the young ladies are tired of it. It becomes, therefore, necessary for young men and maidens to look out for some other amusements, which shall be new, and shall exercise their superabundant activity during the Lenten season over and above all the religious duties of the period. And as all philosophers agree that after the soul comes the mind—indeed, few have ever attempted to separate them—the reading class is a favorite and very sensible way of spending an afternoon a week during Lent. If our young ladies would get the record of that reading class which met several seasons ago at Washington, and which numbered amongst its members the Misses Thornton, the Misses Evarts, Miss Thompson, Miss Waite, Miss Strong, Miss Donglas, and other belles in the gayest society of Washington, who took two days a week for literary culture, they would be very wise.

The best way to inaugurate such a society is to ask some woman of eminent literary culture to preside, and to give a tone and a direction to the club. Several so-called aesthetic societies have been formed amongst our young ladies, who intend during Lent to give a decided attention to all the arts. Thus there will be a musical set, and a painting set, and a dramatic set or circle, and each group will be asked to do something for the general pleasure. Miss A. will get up private plays, Miss B. will organize a musical club, Miss will give a reading from the old poets, Miss D. will organize a lecture or lectures on the art of painting or the history of art generally, and there will be an off evening or afternoon when all these subjects will be discussed. One club is devoting itself to the study of buried cities in Guatemala and elsewhere; another, to the history of Egypt; another is studying up the history of the Jews; still another, not so ambitious, calls itself "The High-toned Loafing Club," and while doing nothing in particular, is bent upon meeting one afternoon a week for conversations on literature. and on something that isn't dress and dancing.

Still another set are bent upon a variety in clubs and athletics, and have formed an archery corps. They have taken a large hall, have had it padded with mattresses, while targets are placed at fair intervals. The club is divided into two teams, who shoot against each other. This is a little diversion from lawn tennis and roller-skating, which still prevail.

Another more ambitious set is practicing with the sharp-shooter, and after learning to fire off a gun, are going to take to hunting birds, etc. One of the most accomplished society women has a hunting box in Scotland every spring, and tramps after birds with her husband and the other sportsmen. Many Adirondack lovers are prone to fire occasionally at a bird on the wing, and out of this love of nature and of sport has grown an Adirondack Club, whose members in the city and during Lent aim at perfecting themselves in the graces of a woodland life. A morning in a pistol-gallery to insure a cool hand and a quick eye is part of the discipline of this band of Amazons.

Another set, less lofty, have descended to the kitchen, and call themselves the "Pancake Club." This club aims at the mastery of the culinary art, and its batterie de cuisine is indeed formidable. There are silver chafing-dishes, faultless trivets, and alcohol lamps enough to sink a Monitor at These amateur Brillat-Savarius aim at breakfast table and supper cookery, the oysters, kidneys, and deviled turkey being all cooked on the table. The idea is that a theatre party shall, after enjoying the play, come home and cook their own supper. Also the breakfast for the early bird who must be down-town to catch the Wall Street worm—this hasty meal shall be cooked for him by a loving wife or daughter on a silver chafing-dish or heater before his eyes. This is an admirable idea. These noble girls mean to learn how to make the most delicious Persian coffee, to attack even the kitchen range, and to make all the pancakes possible, to realize that pretty title "dainty dishes" to its fullest extent. Of course one evening a week they appear in costume—white apron and cap—and treat their admirers to a supper all cooked by themselves.

The musical club now includes a set of zitherplayers, who will give a concert a week. The etiquette of a musical club is that every one shall be early, and keep the club in good-humor by listening gravely and not talking during the solos. This is a very necessary precaution, for the musical soirée to be a success must be attended by people who will not talk. Punctuality in keeping engagements is also very necessary.

The lighter and less grave of the keepers of Lent intend (during Mi-Carême, or, at least, that lighting up of the stern season when amusement is allowed) to do some practicing of the fancy dances, such as the flower dance, the fan dance, etc., etc. The great success attendant upon the minuet, which has been practiced and learned during the winter by a company of young ladies and gentlemen, and danced at a "bal poudré," has called attention to the many very pretty fancy dances which might be added to the list. The Highland schottische, the Highland fling, so well danced at the Duke of Argyll's castle of Inverary, the madrileina, the cachucha, the cracovienne, the Maypole dance, the old English reel, will all be practiced, and a serious practice of this sort of even an accomplishment means a great deal of work.

Another Lenten amusement will be the sewing societies, many of which determine to have an elocutionist to read to them while they sew. The fashionable and appreciative classes who meet every spring to hear Shakspeare read will also reorganize, and a lesser class will try to read him themselves.

Another class proposes to introduce cards as an element of time-killing, and the quaint and variegated little pasteboards which have amused the world since the time of the Sultan Harounal-Raschid, and perhaps before, will again take to the green cloth. This, however, is not a new device.

A singularly original set of girls are determined to make something new for the Easter parties, and each one is to write an essay on the "Frivolity of the Modern Man," in which she is to set forth what she considers the crying ill of modern society, and wherein it might be improved. This is to be called the "Mutual Toleration Society"; and the young men have promised to bring each young lady who shall be unusually severe a glass of water at the next party—that being the most unattainable thing thereat.

The very gay and fashionable set are to devote themselves to getting up fancy dresses for a celebrated "bal costumé" which will be given some time in April; for these we hear of the following: a Winter will be all in mud-color and diamonds—a New York winter with the streets not cleaned; another will be Spring, all clad in furs, in allusion to Charles Lamb's remark that "the spring had opened with more than its usual severity"; there will be a street explosion, in which all the incidents of such a catastrophe will be embroidered on the young lady's skirts; and there will be a reception to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, also in embroidery, which is a hint to all the artists who aspire to be funny.

The modern accomplishment of taking photographs—the dry process, which saves young ladies' fingers from the corroive and disfiguring acids—is also much in favor as a Lenten amusement. The favorite dogs, the group of gay young friends, the corner of the room, the pretty window conservatory—all can be so well photographed by the young artists! It is now possible to buy these portable machines for photography, and to have them in the parlor. Young artists should learn to touch up the negative, on which much of the success of the modern photograph depends.

Amateur dramatic entertainments now belong to all seasons as much as to Lent, and the success and the usefulness of these are amply demonstrated when we find them so remunerative in the cause of charity, a recent play having given \$2500 to the funds of a hospital. Whether amateur acting and tableaux wherein pretty women exhibit themselves for money are tasteful or wise is a question for the ladies themselves, their husbands, and their mammas to decide. Certainly The fact of learnit is not an unpopular thing. ing a play can not but be useful to the memory of the person. Pygmalion and Galatea is an artistic and most beautiful thing for a private company to produce. any to produce. The riding schools in large cities are

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able and amusing. The lady who gets up a rid-ing class is always sure that she is providing health and amusement for her charges. The roads are so apt to be bad in this our Northern spring that riding must be pursued under dif-ficulties, and—under cover. The riding class has all the elements of a party, only it is a party on horseback in riding-habits, and with the somewhat monotonous procession around a ring. It is a circus on a small and exclusive scale. Of course, when the fine weather comes, all the good horsewomen take to the road, and the riding school ceases to exist.

"We are never astonished at the rising of pleasure, but only at its setting," says an ancient philosopher. To most of the gay young people of the day the Lenten season is but a pause between the dances. No wonder that they desire some more quiet and improving occupation in the hours not devoted to religious duties, and to the reflection and self-examination proper to the subject, than the dissipated pleasures of winter and Carnival. Embroidery, painting on china, and glass-staining—these quiet pleasures and the still greater ones of literary pursuits are all favorite and useful recreations of the Lenten season.

Now we hear also of young ladies learning to be amateur hair-dressers, bonnet-makers, and as designers for Easter, valentine, and dinner cards. The most laudable Lenten amusement that we have heard of is the devotion of these high-bred and fashionable girls to their poorer sisters; and we know of more than one who intends to amuse her Lent by giving lessons in these remunerative industrial arts to poor girls who could not afford to pay for the necessary instruction, and to thus set her charges up in business.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING MILLINERY.

THE first importations of spring millinery are bonnets of lustrous satin braids, substantiallooking Milan straws, and the fine English split straws. These braids are all shown in their natural cream white tints, but the great bulk of the importations is colored straw bonnets, with a preference for red and brown shades, such as raspberry and the crushed strawberry red, pale leather-color and the darker Havana or tobacco browns. Gold, silver, and bronze braids are again browns. Good, silver, and dronze braids are again used for entire bonnets, and there are fancy straws of cream and leather colors wrought with threads or braids of gilt or silver. The osier bonnets made of rubber tubing and of coarse braid, introduced last summer, are again seen. Chip bonnets are not largely imported, but are always worn by those who must have bonnets of very light weight.

POKES, SMALL BONNETS, ETC.

The new shapes are principally pokes of medium size, not nearly so large as those worn last summer, and are very quaintly shaped with "tip-tilted" brims rolled far back toward the crown, or else folded or pointed on the edge of the brim like the fish-wife bonnets, or perhaps they poke downward in front, while others have the brim and top of the crown on the same level. Indeed, these straight tops are seen on many of the trimmed bonnets, as the garniture is now massed directly on top, and all the low space in front of the crown is filled in with flowers or the new cockscomb bows, or else many loops of velvet ribbon are clustered there. The small close bonnets meant for church and visiting in the city are larger than the flat Alsacian bonnets worn during the winter. They are longer pointed on the sides, and have small crowns without the curtain bands lately worn. In many cases the fronts of bonnets have full frills of straw or of lace, or of the velvet or ottoman silk used for the trim-

BOUND HATS.

Round hats are of most varied shapes, and the greater number have large square crowns or else very high sloping crowns. French milliners have chosen the sloping crowns for the trimmed hats sent out as models, but as these are not generally becoming to slender oval American faces, the English shapes with large sailor crowns and slightly rolled brims will probably find favor.

THE GREUZE CAPOTE.

The Greuze capote with full frills of lace in front is imported for small dress bonnets. This may be entirely of lace over a net and wire foundation, or it may have a crown of straw or of shirred material, either of velvet, ottoman silk, or satin. The frills of lace in front are the special feature of the Greuze bonnet, and give it a very cap-like effect. White lace with threads of gilt is used for such bonnets; two frills forming the brim are laid in a box pleat on the top, with side pleats each side, and the crown has rows of the lace turned downward. The only stiff lining in this is the crown, but the first frill on the brim is sometimes made double, and held in place by an inner pleating of net with a fine wire in the edge. The rows of lace turned back on the crown are quite scant, and lie smoothly over the crown lining. The trimming for such a capote is clusters of lapped loops of velvet ribbon placed directly on the top, while two rows of this ribbon pass through an inlaid shell buckle back of the cluster of loops, and are thence drawn down to each side to form four strings that are to be tied under the chin. A great bunch of wall-flowers, shaded from dark mandarin to pale Isabel yellow, with leaves and long stems, is placed on the left side. The velvet ribbon used is only an inch wide, and is satin on the reverse side. Gold lace frills in two full rows are on bonnets that have the crown of leather-colored straw braid alternating with gilt soutache. Sometimes the leather-colored lace in guipure designs is used for the frills, and gold-lace is placed inside next the face.

Maroon, dark red, and pale yellow velvet ribbons are used for trimming these cuir-colored capotes,

There are also lace pokes that are made over very slight foundations. The black French laces are most used for these, and the narrow fish-wife shape is seen with an edging of jet beads on the brim. The fancy for all shades of yellow is illustrated in the trimmings for black lace pokes, as they have great bunches of buttercups, or of nasturtiums, or of shaded yellow ostrich tips, or else a notched bow of yellow ribbon, for their ornament. The strings are of black net edged with pleated French lace in small patterns of dots or of vines or stripes.

MATERIALS FOR TRIMMING.

Ribbons, laces, and flowers are the materials most used for trimming the new bonnets. Pompons, aigrettes of marabout, and short ostrich tips are on many hats, but it is said feathers will not be as much used as they were last summer. The ribbons are narrow, varying from a short inch to two inches in width; and they may be of velvet with satin on the wrong side, or else ottoman repped on one side with satin on the opposite side, or perhaps both sides are repped; the only brocaded ribbons are of Persian coloring, and those with large balls of velvet or satin on a repped ground. Occasionally a handsome bonnet will be trimmed with bias velvet or ottoman silk cut from the piece, but the use of ribbon is the general rule. Gold lace, white lace with gold threads, leather-colored lace in guipure patterns, partly of silk and partly kid, colored laces, each of a single color or with many cashmere tints together, and black laces of various kinds-French, Spanish, and guipure—are used for the full frills that trim many of the spring bonnets. Flowers are bunched in very thick clusters of blossoms, with the leaves massed together in a most unnatural way, and quite a feature is made of bunches of stems and thick stalks. Velvet and silk flowers replace thin muslin flowers, and satin and heavy plush are used for the petals of dark nasturtiums, carnations, asters, dahlias, chrysanhasturatums, carnations, asters, damias, chrysan-themums, and wild roses. Few large roses are seen; the preference is for smaller flowers bunched as half-wreaths, or in one large flat clus-ter. Verbenas are thickly clustered, and there are ruches of geraniums that cover the entire brim of capotes, violets haliotropes and former brim of capotes; violets, heliotropes, and forget-me-nots also form the front of bonnets that have a crown of lace, straw, or ottoman silk. Lilacs are in great favor, not only in their own white and pinkish-purple hues, but in most unnatural red, yellow, and green shades. The white flowers most seen are marguerites, syringa, lilacs, and thistles. Hedge roses of dwarfed size are ranged in double wreaths of twenty or thirty blossoms, with a bunch of green leaves at one end, and at the other end are unblown rose-buds hanging on their long stems.

STYLISH COLORS, ETC.

A touch of yellow is seen on almost every bonnet; this may be the pale light tint so much used by Spanish women amid their black laces and called pepite, the color of native gold, or it may be the darker nasturtium or the mandarin orange shade; but it is present in some way, whether in odd contrast with gray, or with dark red, green, or the palest pink. Framboise, or raspherry, has more purple than the strawberry red, which is now shown in eight different tones. The new light bronze green, similar to sage green, is called tige d'aillet, stem-of-pink green. The stylish Judic shades are pinkish-heliotrope and dark red-purple, like the amaranth and scabieuse colors. The cuir and tobacco browns have been mentioned; ananas, or pine-apple-color, is used with black and with brown effectively; and the blue shades are in the porcelain tints with gray tones, and the pure blues of Sevres, and in dark sapphire hues. Ornaments of shell and amber are long pins with round heads, and shell buckles inlaid with pearl.

MANNER OF TRIMMING.

The trimmings are massed in a cluster on the top of the bonnet, thus giving a high effect to those of the lowest shapes. The crown is often further trimmed by doubled velvet ribbon pinned on the lower part in two points by thick shell pins, and the ribbon then forms long strings; or else the ribbon is passed twice through a buckle at the top of the crown, and then tied down the sides of the bonnet. The lining of brims is most often plain velvet cut in the shape of the brim, but there are others with folds of piping velvet inside, or lace frills, or a thick cluster of flowers; newer still are the double frills of velvet on the edge, resting on the hair without any of the bonnet frame beneath them. The ottoman and satin ribbons are most used for the cockscomb bows that take their name from having notches like those of the comb of a cock cut in the ends of the many pieces of which they are made. These bows are as tightly strapped as their many loops can be, and there are also many of the notched ends of ribbon left stiff and bristling thus on a cuir-colored bonnet is a raspberry red ottoman bow of four loops of ottoman ribbon that is two inches wide; the loops are four inches deep, and there are also twelve notched ends; to tie these together tightly is pale raspberry rib. bon an inch wide, and of this there are also four long loops and four notched ends. This makes a manumoth bow that is perched on top of the bonnet, and to secure it the straws are ripped apart in front of the crown, and ends of the ribbons are passed through the ripped space; the effect is odd and striking. Similar trimmings are made with flowers and feathers, and are com-mended for round faces. The full ruche of flow-ers around the brim will be more becoming to slender oval faces. The strawberry red ribbons are much used to tie on bunches of yellow flowers, and duller red with the dark stem-of-pink green shades is a favorite combination of colors.

Leather laces and those merely of leather-color are used with the brighter soldat red, which is the familiar Turkey red.

VARIETIES.

Short mantles in visite shape will be chosen for dressy wraps for the early spring. Heavy black ottoman silk with passementerie and lace will be used for mantles that are to be worn with various dresses. For the summer are Spanish net mantles dotted with velvet.

Suits of woollen goods will be completed by a jacket of medium length, made with fluted box pleats in the back, and trimmed with disks made of silk cord or of braid.

The long Newmarket coats will be made of cloth of light weight, and used as general wraps,

and as Ulsters for travelling and for rainy days.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Worthington, Smith, & Co.; Aitken, Son, & Co.; Arnold, Constable, & Co.; and Lord & Taylor.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL.

In the play of King Lear, as given at Berlin, EDWIN BOOTH was called eighteen times before the curtain, and was the only actor who spoke in English. He was dissuaded by Friedrich Haase from carrying an English company with him to Germany, who thought the audience would give more attention than if all the parts were in English.

—A graduate of the Boston Cooking School is now teaching in Hampton Institute, Virginia, while another is in the Industrial School in Norfolk which Mrs. Hemmingway is establishing.

—The young secretary of the Chinese Minister in Washington, being asked at an afternoon tea if he would take one or two lumps of sugar in his cup, answered, "No sugar, no cream, one spoon."

spoon."
—Mrs. Evans, of South Meriden, has given the College Museum of Wesleyan College the valuable cabinet of minerals belonging to her late husband, and has also founded the John Evans Scholarship of two thousand dollars.
—Fifteen languages were spoken by the woolbroker of Philadelphia, Thomas Hilson, who committed suicide the other day at Niagara Falls.

committed suicide the other day at Niagara Falls.

Dr. O. W. Holmes says that, much as he has heard of the roots of the tongue, and although he has taught anatomy for thirty-five years, he has never been able to find them.

The late Mr. Henry James has bequeathed his philosophical library, copyrights, and manuscripts to his son William, a professor at Harvard College.

—The rent of a hundred and fifty families was paid by the late Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, of Philadelphia, wife of Francis A. Drexel, who gave yearly more than twenty thousand dollars to the poor.

delphia, wife of Francis A. Drexel, who gave yearly more than twenty thousand dollars to the poor.

—The Misses Hastings, of California, nieces of Charles Sumner, are visiting in Washington.
—One of the Yale students ordered home by the Chinese government, Yan Phon Lee, is to return to graduate in the class of 1886.
—It is said that no two of the models offered by the dozen or more competitors for the bust of General Garrield look alike.
—A series of illustrations to Poe's "Raven" was finished by Doré before his death, which it is thought will rank among the most original results of his genius. They are owned by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and will be published as a companion volume to their edition of the Ancient Mariner with the Doré plates.
—The Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Speaker of the Canadian Parliament, has, by ordering the chair occupied at one time by the Princess Louise to be cut down and used for the Speaker's chair, roused the ire of the Canadians, who would like the chair to be placed in the Historical Museum rather than in the private house of the Speaker, who has the right to take the chair used by him as his own personal property.
—An American club has been organized in Rome by Mr. W. W. Astor, the American Minister, including reading, billiard, card, dressing, and conversation rooms for the benefit of visitors to the Eternal City.

and conversation rooms for the benefit of visitors

and conversation rooms for the benefit of visitors to the Eternal City.

—A vase of remarkable design, which has been in his family for five hundred years, is in the possession of the Chinese Minister at Washing-

possession of the Chinese Minister at Washington.

—Mr. George H. Butler, the New York artist, who served in the war of the rebellion and lost his right arm, lives at Capri, in a little villa on the Tiberius Hill, amidst a garden of orange and olive trees, his studio commanding a view of Vesuvius and the bay, with the mountains behind Sorrento across the bay. He paints, of course, with his left hand.

—All the Americans in the city of Jerusalem went out to meet General Lew Wallace, Ambassador at Constantinople, at the Joppa Gate, on his visit to that city, while a leading rabbi made him a speech of welcome, and Jews carried the star-spangled banner.

—Governor Cleveland, of New York, walks from his house to the Capitol, does not entertain much, and is his own valet, which frugality does not meet with the approbation of all his friends.

—The career of Edward Wellmore, who died

The career of EDWARD WELLMORE, who died at Philadelphia the other day at seventy-five, extended over sixty years. He worked almost to the day of his death, and painted his first pic-tures before he was twenty.

—The late Professor George W. Greene, of

—The late Professor George W. Greens, of Rhode Island, was grandson of Major-General NATHANIEL GREENS, and filled the chair of Modern Languages in Brown University for four years. He was a rare scholar and a charming

The theological library, some works of art, The theological library, some works of art, and bonds amounting to three thousand dollars, given the late P. E. Bishop Talbot, of Indianapolis, for arrears of salary, have been bequeathed in his will to his successor in the episcopacy.

—Several schools for poor Italian children of New York have been founded by the Italian consult Mr. Firmer, where they are taught Engage.

new for have occur founded by the Italian consul, Mr. FABBRI, where they are taught English studies, music, machine-sewing, and other things, and which have a daily average attendance of seven hundred children.

—It is said that one of Mr. TUDOR's ship-mas-

—It is said that one of Mr. 10 box a saint-mas-ters related, on his return from Bombay, that he had just enough ice left to ask the officers in Bombay to something they had never seen be-fore—an iced punch. "You have made my for-

tune," said Mr. Tudor. "You have shown the possibility of carrying ice to India, and next time we will arrange things better," and the ship-master, who had feared dismissal for incompetency, saw his own fortune made too.

—Books are preferred to Washington society by the President's sister, Mrs. McElroy.

—A paper on "Temperance" was lately read before a religious society of Providence, Rhode Island, by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell.

—Captain McKer, with his wife and children, is living on the Crib in Lake Michigan, where the Chicago water supply enters the tunnel, two miles from shore, no communication with the shore being possible except by telephone through the cable, the lake being full of ice.

—A lady of St. Louis owns an oak chair with leather back and seat once the property of Thomas Jefferson.

—The dresses worn by Mary Anderson as Galatea and Parthenia were designed by the artist MILLET.

—The second funeral of Archbishop Hughes

Galatea and Parthenia were designed by the artist MILLET.

—The second funeral of Archbishop Hughes took place lately at the cathedral in New York, where the choir sany Cherubin's requiem mass. Archbishop Corrigan in black velvet vestments embroidered with gold, Cardinal McCloskey in violet robe, ermine cape, and scarlet berretta, the black velvet catafalque, with the Archbishop's mitre in cloth of gold on a cushion, and a host of bishops, priests, deacons, and acolytes in robes of state, made it a picturesque and impressive occasion.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, a native of Dunfermline, N. B., has given twenty-five thousand dollars toward the fund for the London College of Music, which has been acknowledged by the Prince of Wales with cordiality.

—A proposal by some native gentleman of Bombay to provide a guarantee fund by means of which qualified medical women may begin practice in India has been approved by Victoria in spite of her dislike of the female practitioner in Great Britain.

—The first depositor under the postal savingsbank system of Austria, which went into force

in Great Britain.

—The first depositor under the postal savingsbank system of Austria, which went into force in January, was the Emperor Francis Joseph.

—Pearls, tigers' bones, fossils, rhinoceros horns, and other things as efficacious are, says Dr. Youne, fresh from Hong-Kong, among the medicines of the Chinese.

—Neuralgia is the bète noire of BISMARCK, he being obliged to stop in the midst of a sentence sometimes, while speaking, on account of it.

—A hundred and five cows are on the dairy farm of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.

—The Duke of Campo-Medina has bought the late Henri Vieuxtemps's collection of violins and bows.

—Sixty-five trunks are all the baggage the Princess Louise carries when travelling; but it comprises the luggage of her suite as well as her own The parents of the English Postmaster-Gen-

The parents of the English Postmaster-General celebrated their golden wedding lately.

When the Chinese Emperor Quanc-Su saw the comet he sent for the Astronomer Royal, who told him that it meant the gods were displeased with the Ministers of Worship and Public Instruction, and the ministers received their letters of dismissal a few hours later.

Five thousand dollars have been left to children deserted by their parents in Paris by the late Louis Blanc.

An elaborate telephone system is established between the library of the King of Portugal and the offices of his ministers and the operahouse. He has distinguished himself by his translations.

translations.

—The Shah of Persia, the North American chiefs, the New Zealand chiefs, Cetywayo, and the "Indian contingent" have all declared that the most wonderful thing in England is the Crystal Palace.

—The son of Anthony Trollope is to publish the antahiography which he left.

—The son of Anthony Trollops is to publish the autobiography which he left.

—A new throne made to order for King John of Abyssinia by an English house at Aden has been stolen by robbers, who attacked the caravan carrying it. This is perhaps the first instance of a sovereign's losing his throne but keeping his kingdom.

—The Postmaster General of England, Mr. —The Postmaster General of England, Mr. Awcestr, is entirely blind; the Receiver and Accountant-General to the Post-office, Mr. George Richardson, is entirely deaf; and an official in the Admiralty is both deaf and dumb.

—Mr. Trevelyan has discovered that the

—Mr. Travelivan has discovered that the people in the west of Ireland are living on seaweed rather than go to the workhouses provided. He has held that they only pretended to be starving, but it appears as though unless relieved they will carry the deception so far as really to die.

they will carry the deception so far as really to die.

—The Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Mount Temple, the Countess Brownlow, and the Countess of Ellesmere all wear the temperance blue ribbon.

—M. About has subscribed largely for the assistance of the victims of the inundations in Alsace, where he lived till the occupation of the Germans. Last year he introduced into society his young daughter, Mile. Valentine, who has simplicity of disposition and solid mental gifts.

—A memorial-room, set apart to contain mementos and relics of Mr. Garrield, the walls to be covered with framed resolutions and letters

be covered with framed resolutions and letters of sympathy, is being prepared by Mrs. GAR-

FIELD.

The Sultan of Zanzibar became so infatuated with strawberry ice-cream and pendulum clocks while on his visit to Paris that he has secured an expert confectioner and watchmaker as part of his retinue.

—A clerk at the Bon Marché, Paris, is to marry Mile. Thérèse Delpech, the owner of two hundred thousand dollars, also an estate at Ville d'Avray, and a hôte in Paris, the daughter of the renowned Dr. Delpech.

the renowned Dr. Delpech.

—Gambetta had a glass eye, and always refused to have a full-face picture taken, preferring to pose in profile. Mr. Healy's portrait of him is thought to be the best one in existence.

—Mr. William Grey, who is the heir-presumptive to the Earl of Stamford, and will, on coming into the full inheritance, have an income of four hundred thousand dollars a year, is a grandson of the naturalist Gilbert White of Selborne. The grandfather of the late Earl of Selborne. The graudfather of the late Eurl of Stamford owned the whole borough of Ashton-under-Lyne, and held all the freehold with the exception of one cottage, for which he offered as many sovereigns as would cover the roof. "No, friend GREY," said the old Quaker who owned it, "Ashton-under-Lyne belongs to me and thee. You can't have it all."

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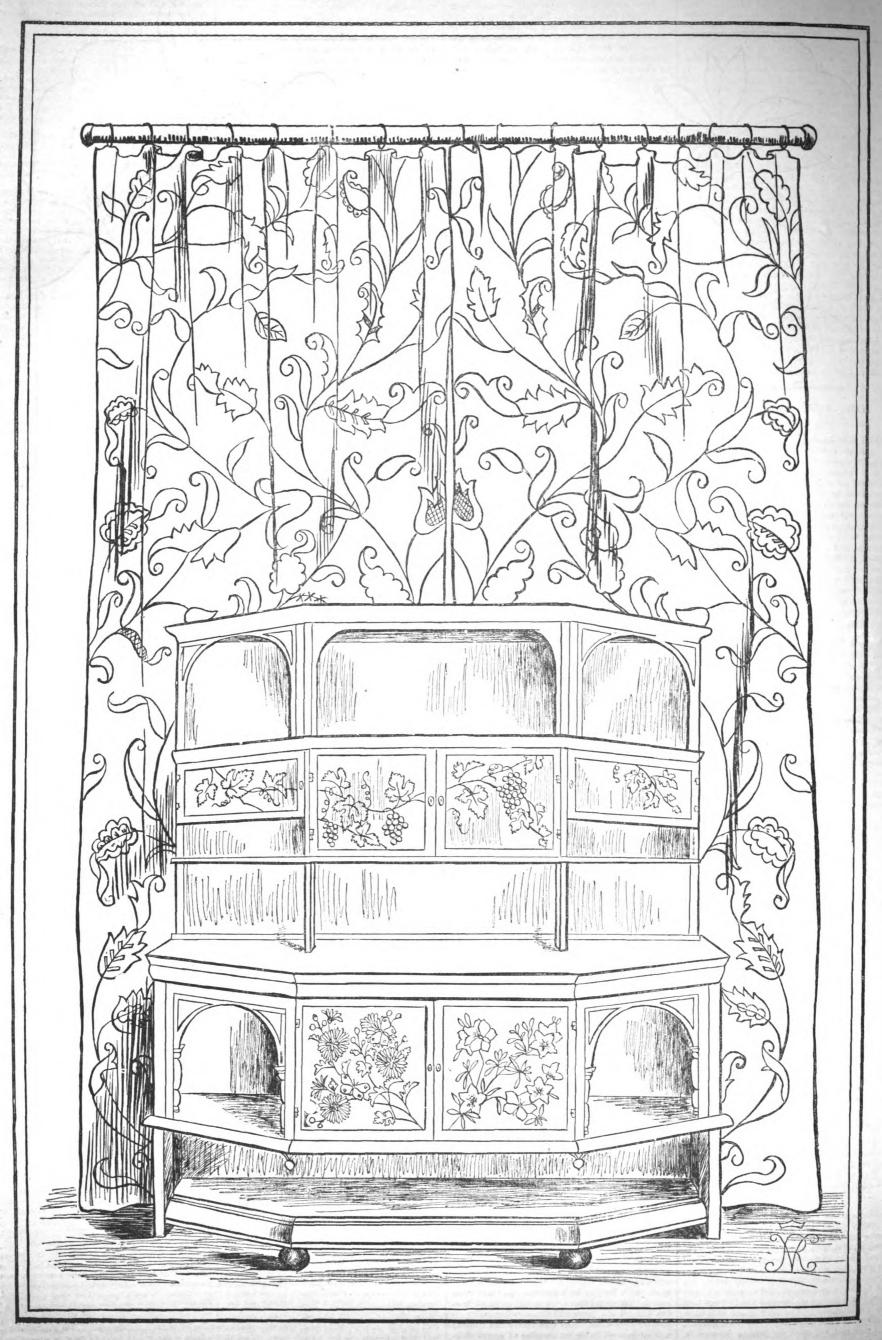
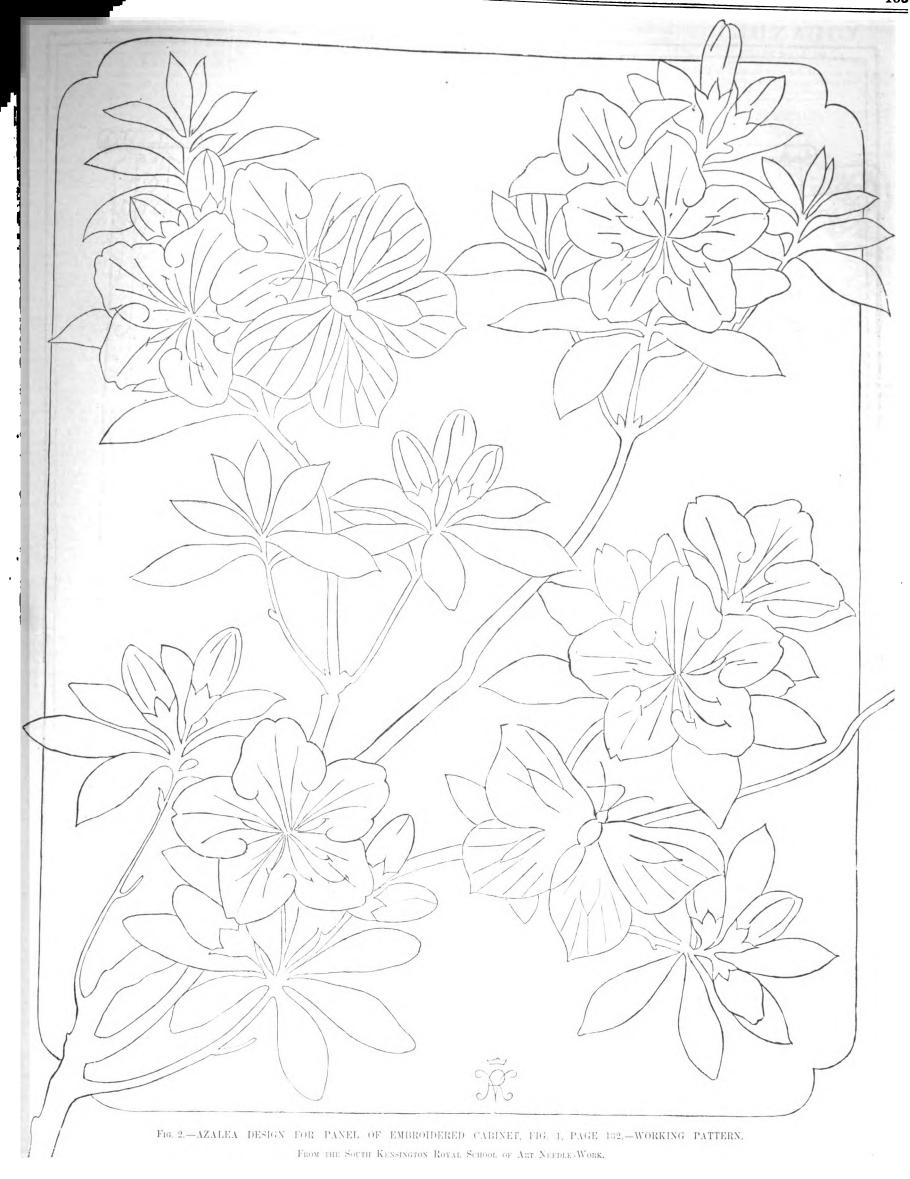


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CABINET,—From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.—[See Page 133.]

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Embroidered Cabinet.

THE design for this highly decorative piece of furniture is fur-THE design for this highly decorative piece of furniture is furnished us by the courtesy of the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work. It will be seen, on referring to the engraving, that the greater portion of these cabinets is still made of wood, the embroidery being confined to the panelling. The wood-work may be either cherry red, olive green, or peacock blue; but note particularly that these colors are by no means to be produced by the vulgar and inartistic method of painting in oils. To do this would be to lose the grain of the wood, which is transparent; or in extreme cases we may admit mahogany or rose-wood highly polished. A working pattern is given in Fig. 2 of one of the panels, whereby the others may be enlarged and copied. The design is azaleas, with delicate yellow-pink petals shaded to red at the centres, and with dark red stamens. The leaves are grayish

(not yellowish) green. Butterflies, worked with a lavish expendishould be chosen to harmonize with the color of the wood. In the other panel are dark red chrysanthemums. The bunches of grapes in the upper panels are of a reddish-purple hue, this being the accepted hue of conventionalized fruit; and the whole scheme of coloring is graduated from pink through red to purple, and would

best harmonize with red wood.

The curtain hanging behind the cabinet is in the old crewel style, where the shades of color are laid on in rows, one after the other; not, as in the newer work, blending into one another. This method is greatly admired by that large class of persons who adhere to the conventional; and we had the privilege of inspecting a set of curtains of this kind, copied from an original set in one of the Scottish royal castles. They were worked for an American lady, who wanted them so much that she paid a thousand dollars for them. The material was an exact imitation of old twilled lin-

en, except the color, which in the original is of a dingy brown, the result of extreme age, whereas the American lady was obliged to be content with a creamy white. Such as it was, however, it was manufactured in Belfast specially for this kind of emergency. There are fourteen totally distinct stitches employed in this work, a fact which is a sufficient comment upon itself. At the bottom of the curtains we are describing (not the one in the pattern) is an extremely conventional representation of grass and pots of flowers, and from the centre sprouts out a remarkable tree, arranged much in the fashion that English people arrange their fruit trees—flat-tened out against brick walls. It sprawls regularly over all the upper portion of the curtain, and its branches afford shelter to an anomalous menagerie of dragons, griffins, phenixes, and salamanders. The effect, from a decorative point of view, is solemn and cumulative, and should be associated with a library furnished with a fifteen-thousand dollar set of old oak. Chintz curtains, equally pretty, can, however, still be obtained at a cheaper rate.

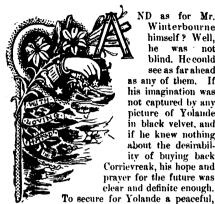
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YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEOD OF DARR,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI. ISOLATION



ND as for Mr. Winterbourne himself? Well, was not blind. He could

see as far ahead as any of them. If his imagination was not captured by any picture of Yolande in black velvet, and if he knew nothing about the desirability of buying back Corrievreak, his hope and prayer for the future was

safe, and happy life-that was his one aim and thought; and already he clearly recognized, and in his own mind strove to make light of, in a sadly humorous way, the necessity of a separation between him and her. It was the way of the world-why should he complain? If she was securely settled in life, that would be enough happiness for him. And this young fellow, who was paving her so much obvious attention, was a nice enough young fellow, as things went; of good birth and breeding, well-mannered, good-natured, and otherwise unobjectionable. And Yolande seemed to be on the most friendly terms with him.

But even now it was a strange thing to find himself being ousted, in however slight a degree, from Yolande's companionship. It was his own doing, and he knew it; and he knew that he was acting wisely in preparing himself by small degrees for the inevitable; and yet he had to confess to himself that the operation was not a pleasant one. Then it was a slow process. Yolande herself did not notice how, whether they were in the Cairo bazars or in the balcony at the hotel. her father managed to hang back a little; and how the Master of Lynn had come quite naturally to take his place; and how it was the latter and not the former, who knew where her travel-ling bag was, and called her maid for her, and bought her fruit at the stations. On this very morning, for example, on their arrival at Asvoot. when they had seen their luggage packed on the camels' backs by the tall and swarthy Arabs, and when they set out to walk down to the Nile, over the burning sands, it was, as usual, Mr. Leslie who happened to be her companion. Her father had lingered behind, under pretense of once more counting over the articles of luggage, along with Ahmed the dragoman; and when he overtook the other members of the party, it was the Grahams that he chose to accompany. Mrs. Graham was complaining of the discomfort of travelling by night, and declaring that she would not undertake such another journey to avoid all the heat that ever was heard of; and her husband was observing, with the candor of husbands, that her hair certainly did look like a hay-rick in a gale of

"There's Archie," she said, glancing at the two figures in front of them, "he's always spick No matter what happens, he always

looks as if he'd come out of a bandbox."
"And a very proper thing too," said Mr. Winterbourne. "To be careless about one's appearance is no great compliment to one's companions. Mrs. Graham," he added, in his timid and nervous way, "I wish you would tell me frankly—you see, there is scarcely any one I can ask—would you tell me honestly if you think that Yolande dresses fairly well?"

"Oh, I think she dresses charmingly," said pretty Mrs. Graham, in the most good-natured "Quite charmingly. She is so very oriwav. 'ginal.''

"But I don't want her to be original," he said, ith a slight touch of querulousness. "That is with a slight touch of querulousness. just it. I want her to go to the very best places, and get what is most correct, and not to mind about the cost of it. I don't care about the cost of it; we have no establishment to keep up; no hing of the kind; and why she be so particular about the cost of this or that? Really, Mrs. Graham, it would be so kind of you to give her a word of advice-"

Oh, but dear Yolande and I have had long talks about that already, you know, Mr. Winter-bourne," said she. "Do you suppose two women could be so much together without? And I know what she thinks. First and foremost, she wears what she thinks will please you; and I think she is rather clever at finding out what you like.'

"Oh, but that is absurd," said he, peevishly.
"What do I know about it? Sometimes I have made suggestions; but-but I want her to be

"I would not blame her much for being economical," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile. is a very useful quality in a girl. She might marry a poor man, you know.

He glanced at her with a sort of fright in his

"Oh, but she will never marry any one whowhose position will cause her embarrassments of that kind," he said, hastily. "Oh no. I do not value money much: but she must never be subjected to embarrassments. Besides, I can provide against that. That at least is one of the troubles of life she will be safe from. I hope there is no fear of that in her mind.'

"Oh, probably not-doubtless not," Mrs. Graham said, cheerfully; for she was sorry to have caused this alarm by a chance remark. "And you know I promised on board ship to buy a lot of silks and things for Yolande when we are go-

ing home again through Cairo—"
"And silver," he suggested. "She ought to have different belts and bracelets and things of that kind. I suppose Cairo might not be the best place for getting some more expensive jewelry, would it, do you think? Yolande ought to have more jewelry. She is a woman now. Her school-girl trinkets were all very well; but now she is a woman she must have some proper

"If I were Yolande," said Mrs. Graham, de-"and if I had a very generous papa, I think I know what I should do

"What, then?" said he, with his eyes brightening; for to give something to Yolande likely to please her was one of the gladnesses of his life -perhaps even the chief.

I would take him to a shop in Cairoderahman, was it?—and I would ask him just to look again at that wonderful piece of Syrian em-

"I remember," said he, quickly. "I remember quite well. Of course she shall have it. I had no idea she cared for it."

"Do you think any living woman could look at it without coveting it with her whole soul? But she was not likely to say that to you. It was horribly expensive—I forget how much."
"She shall have it," he said, briefly.

"It would make the loveliest opera cloak," she 'An opera cloak?" he repeated, with a sud-

den change of manner.

"It would be perfectly gorgeous," she said. "Oh, but I don't think she will want an opera cloak," said he, coldly. "It would be a pity. It would be throwing it away."

"Are you never going to take her to the theatre, then?" said Mrs. Graham, with a stare.

"I hope Yolande will not live much in cities," said he, somewhat hastily, and evidently wishing to get rid of the subject. "She has lived always to get rid of the subject. "She has lived always in the country—look at the health of her cheeks. I hope she will never live in a city; she will live a far quieter and happier life in the country; and she will do very well without theatres or anything of the kind."

Then he seemed to think he had been unnecessarily harsh in his refusal; and so he said, in a

"No, no; I have my own plans, Mrs. Graham. I want to induce a very estimable lady to persuade that girl of mine into buying a lot of things that are necessary for her now that she is a young woman. And I want a bribe for the purpose; and I have discovered that she has a fancy for a piece of Syrian needle-work. Very well-now I am going to have my own way, and there is no use of protesting—you are going to take that piece of embroidery home with you, and you will make something of it at Inverstroy; and perhaps Yolande and I will pay you a visit some day—if it is not too far to drive from Allt-nam-ba-and then we shall see how a bit of Cairo looks in In-

They could not pursue the subject further, for they now found themselves on the landing-stage by the side of the river, and there was a fearful shouting and yelling over the unloading of the luggage from the camels' backs. But from this Babel of confusion there was an easy escape. Among all the trading vessels moored by the river's bank there was but one dahabeeyah (the tourist season being long over), and they made no doubt that this gayly colored thing-looking like a huge state barge, but with long yards sweeping up to the sky both at the bow and astern—was the vessel which the Governor of Merhadj had sent for them. They eyed it, every feature of it, curiously-the rows of the cabin windows with their sun-blinds of a most vivid green; the vast awning on the upper deck; the enormous yellow dragon at the prow; and everywhere a blaze of gaudy colors, blue and white. And while they were thus examining it a tall and grave person, in a white turban and garment of sombre black who proved to be the captain, came ashore, and after a word or two in Arabic with Ahmed, came up to Colonel Graham, and respectfully present-

ed him with a letter.
"Hillo," said he, "this is from young Ismat. Rather queer English. He is in 'an abysm of despair.' Father gone into the interior—impormeeting wit some Sheiks — despair must remain in Merhadj-hopes to see us when we come up—hopes we shall find the dahabeeyah comfortable—has heard of Ahmed—very good man—hopes we bring good news from Cairo—if we are at all afraid, his father will give us a guard of soldiers. What the mischief does he mean? Come on, Polly; let's go and take possession."

And indeed it was with great delight that they got away from the noise and bustle, the heat and dust, of the outer world, into the spacious and cool interior of this barge; and great was their curiosity in exploring cabin after cabin, and finding each one more like a little French boudoirin a cheapish kind of style—than anything else. There was nothing at all Eastern about the fittings or decorations of this dahabeeyah, except a green and scarlet rug here and there; the saloons and state-rooms were all of white and gold, with flimsy French-looking mirrors, and French looking little curtains, and aniline-dved table covers and sofa cushions. But everything was very clean and bright and cool; and the circular open space at the stern was a veritable Belvedere. from which, sitting in the shade, they could gaze abroad on the wide yellow-green waters of the Kile, and on the picturesque scenes along the banks; and when, in due course, breakfast was brought them—an interminable meal, with three or four kinds of wine on the table-they forgot that the menu and the dishes were French, when their attendant was an Albanian-looking person in embroidered cap and baggy breeches of yellow silk, and when they heard outside the hoarse chorus of a Nubian crew laboring at the long oars of one of the trading boats.

Then they went away to their respective cabins to see about the unpacking of their luggage; and at the same time the Reis Mustaplus and his swarthy crew began to unfurl the vast breadth of sail on the forward yard, for the north wind was now blowing steady and fair. And then, by-andby, when the members of the party assembled again-on the upper deck, under the wide awning—they found that they were out in the shallow lake-like waters of the Nile, the mighty sail in front of them bellying out and straining at the sheets, and a rippling sound at the prow making a soft and monotonous music. And there were the well-known and monotonous features of the famous river: the brown mud-walled villages: the dark green palms with their branches slowly moving in the breeze; the arid wastes of sand; the tall jet black figures of the Arabs marching along with stately stride; now and again the glimpse of a minaret telling of some town or village further inland; a group of fellaheen, driving before them their horses, donkeys, and camels; a drove of buffalo brought down to water themselves, nothing visible of each of them but a shining back, a snout, and a pair of horns busy with the flies; goats sheltering themselves in the shadow of the sand-banks from the heat of the noonday sun; unknown birds floating afar on the surface of the river, or stalking unconcernedly along the vellow shoals; and over all this abundant and curious life the pale distant heat-obscured turquoise blue of the African sky, so different from the deep and keen and quivering blue of the storm-washed atmospheres of the

"Well, now, Miss Yolande," said Colonel Graham, lying back in the cane-bottomed easy-chair, and carefully regarding the ash of his cigar, "what do you think of Ahmed's arrangements? Are they satisfactory? Does the turmoil of Nile travel fatigue you? do the hardships oppress you? Of course you can not expect to penetrate the deserts of Africa without suffering privations. I hope the meagre fare will not make a skeleton The rude accommodation of these cab-

"Oh, I think everything is delightful," said she, "and this cool wind is delicious.

But then she fixed her eyes on him solemnly. I wished to ask a question, however, Colonel Graham. Did you hear a shriek? No? Well, this is the question: I found a cockroach in one of the drawers as big as—as—well, I thought it was an alligator out of the river—you did not hear Jane shriek?—and I would like to know if all the beasts are similar in proportion-

"My dear child!" broke in Mrs. Graham. "Thank goodness you know nothing about it— you never were in India. Here you haven't to twitch off the bedclothes before going to bed to make sure that there isn't a snake waiting for you. Why, what is there here? Nothing. The heat is bad, but it is dry; it does not sap the life out of you like the Indian heat. The flies worry; but they are not nearly so bad if you don't lose your temper. The mosquitoes are pretty considerable, I admit; but you have your Levinge

'Do you think I was complaining?" exclaimed

Yolande. "Complaining?—as we are now!"
"No, it was Jim, I dare say," said the other, most gratuitously. "Men always do complain, because they have so little to complain about. But it would take an A1 complainer to find anything wrong with a day like this, or with such a pleasant setting out; and I do hope, Jim, you will be civil for once, and let that young fellow and his father know how much we are obliged to them for the loan of the boat. They expect those Eastern people. They are not all grumpy, like Englishmen and Scotchmen. I do hope you'll be polite to him."

"All right," said her husband, with his lazy good-nature; "I'll Bismallah him within an inch of his life."

So the calm and shining and dream-like day went pleasantly by, the slowly moving panorama around them constantly offering objects of new interest. In the afternoon they passed some ranges of bare and arid limestone hills; and on the face of them-now catching a faint pink or lilac glow from the westering sun-they could make out the entrances of ancient tombs, placed high above all possible inundations far south of this portion of the river that the Reis resolved to come to an anchor; for the sunset (which was somewhat chromo-lithographic in character, like most of the atmospheric effects in Egypt) was of brief duration; and the twilight was even briefer; so that night, with all her stars was upon them ere they had begun to think of preparing for dinner.

That was a pleasant enough meal too, in the cheerful little saloon, the spurious colors of which were in a measure subdued by the yellow radiance of the swinging lamp. The two women had put on their lightest and coolest and brightest costumes; and now, for the first time perhaps, they recognized how completely the little group of them was shut off from the world. On board ship they had plenty of neighbors; in hotels they sat at the table d'hôte; but here they were really a family party; and Colonel Graham, in addressing Yolande, dropped the "Miss" quite naturally, and it seemed as though these people had known each other all their lives through, and that they had come away for their holiday trip, and were to be together until they returned again together to their proper home in the Highlands. The Grahama, indeed, talked as if they had already samezed and adopted Yolands.

After dinner they adjourn for the sake of coolness; at brought them; and the wome their rocking-chairs and used men lit their cigars. There was for two large swinging lamps had the iron bars; and these threw a glow on the canvas of the awning deck. But one had only to step to the vessel and look out from this yelloging all around the darkness and the sile desert, and overhead the solemn heave their multitude of throbbing stars. The Name of the solemn has it ran swiftly and for two large swinging lamps had could scarcely be heard as it ran swiftly and noiselessly and unseen beneath.

By-and-by the Master of Lynn, who had been leaning on the railing, and looking out into the clear dark night, came back, and said to Yo-

lande:
"Miss Winterbourne, I wish you would come and look at this constellation. I think it is the Southern Cross. Do you know it? I think this must be the Southern Cross.'

She instantly rose and followed him to the side of the deck, where they were at some little distance from the others. They talked about the constellation, but could make nothing of it. Of course what he had asked her to come there for was to fulfill his resolve of the night before-to hint to her that if the charm of home had such great attractions for her, there was one home he knew that would be glad to welcome her and cherish her, now and throughout all her life. But some compunction seized him—some sudden qualm of conscience. The doubt occurred to him as to whether it was quite fair. It was like trying to steal away the affections of the girl; and she the only daughter and companion of this sol. itary man. Ought he not to speak to her father first, and get to know what his plans were, and be able to approach her in a franker way? Perhaps he might be able to gain Mr. Winter-bourne's approval, and thus be thrice armed.

Yolande's father, who had regarded these two as they stood there by the rail, looking out into the star-lit night, watched them as they came back again, and he looked at the girl with a strange and wistful look. Had she said "Yes" already? Was she going away from him? But there was no sign of any emotion on the fair young face-neither alarm, nor concealment, nor maiden hesitation, nor anything of the sort. Quite frankly and naturally she came over to her father's chair, sat down beside him on the deck,

and put her hand on his knee.
"I wish I knew a little more about the stars," she said.

CHAPTER XII. A CONSPIRACY.

"I THINK I am doing what is right," the Master of Lynn said to his sister, of whom, in his perplex-

he was driven to take counsel

They had once more resumed their idle, uneventful, dream-like voyage up the broad river; and the dahabeeyah was large, and had many quiet corners for confidential conversations. Moreover, the monotony of the scene around them left them ample leisure. Their attention was seldom called away by any striking feature or incident, and never at all by any atmospheric phenomena. They had grown accustomed to the level plains of yellow sand, the distant low hills quivering in the heat, the wide, yellow-green waters ruffled by the northerly breeze, and the palms, and the mud villages, and the groups of swarthy Arabs or Nu-bians lazily driving down the sheep and camel and buffalo to the banks of the stream. The

pulse of the world beats slowly there.
"Yes, I think you are doing what is right though not what is usual, perhaps," said his sis-

ter, regarding him.
"What do you mean?"
"Oh, well," she said, with a smile, "no doubt it is quite correct to ask the papa's permission first; it is quite according to rule and etiquette; but generally, I should think, some understanding exists."
"But I am afraid to startle her," he said, quick-

"Besides, there might be some one and I would rather get to know that from her fa-

"There is no one else," said pretty Mrs. Graham, sipping her tumbler of cold tea. more, you are acting with greater prudence than I could have given you credit for. But I suppose you don't know; you don't understand."
"What's the conundrum now?" he asked,

bluntly.

"Yolande and I have had some talk together," superior sagacity. "I happen to know what she thinks; and you are acting very prudently in going to her father first. She has been educated in

"What do you mean? Why don't you speak out?" he said, irritated by these women's ways

of mystery. "Is there any need? She has been educated in France, and she knows what her duty is. She will marry any one her father approves of. It is for him to arrange it. But there is something further in her case. Yolande is haunted by the fear that she is a burden and drag on her father -that she is taking him away from public life. And I think she is right. Why should he be here just now, for example? It is all very well for Jim and me to take a holiday; but for a member of the Here of the H ber of the House of Commons to be continually leaving England to travel about as he and Yolande do—I don't understand it. It is absurd. Very well; if she once imagines that her father would like to see her married, so that he might attend to his own affairs, the way is clear. And it would be a very good thing. I like the girl.
She sticks up for her own; whoever she married wen't have to blow his an

ing to Jim only the other day that you might buy back Corrievreak."

"Do you think I want to marry her for her money?" said he.
"Well, no. But she has money—or will have
it. I dare say, now, if Shena Van—"*

it. I dare say, now, in Sucres van—
"Leave Miss Stewart alone," said he, somewhat hotly.

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She laughed.
"Poor girl! It wasn't her fault that she was born in a Scotch manse instead of being the born in a scotch manse instead of being the daughter of a member of the House of Commons. But I think Shena Van, with all her pretty eyes,

had a bit of a temper, you know, Archie—"
"Leave her alone, will you?" he said, roughly.
"You have done her enough mischief."

"1?" said Mrs. Graham, with a stare.
"Well, never mind. That is done with. Why
don't you have a turn at Miss Winterbourne? You and she appear to be great friends; and women can always say spiteful things about their nearest friends. Haven't you some nice things

to say about her too ?" Wait till she is your wife, Archie, and then I will find out all manner of things against her. You have no idea how sharp a sister-in-law's eyes

However, this prospect had the immediate effect of removing his wrath. He grew quite friendly and confidential again, and finally announced his resolve to speak to Mr. Winterbourne

"If the thing is impossible, it will be better to learn it from him. If I were to ask Yolande herself, and if she said no, look how awkward that would be for the rest of this trip! I'd have to go. No; I'll have everything fair and aboveboard, and then no one can complain, whatever

And yet the long, pleasant, idling day had passed before he had screwed up his courage to make the plunge. They had come to an anchor for the night; the sun was sinking far away in the west; along the low-lying eastern hills there was a flush of the pale ethereal pink. The women-folk had eared to dress for dinner; Colonel Graham was at the stern of the dahabeevah, fishing; Mr. Winterbourne and he were alone on the upper deck: clearly it was an opportunity not to be missed. Nor, indeed, was there any difficulty, once the subject was mentioned. Yolande's father seemed inclined to meet the younger man half-way, though there was more of resignation than of gladness in the way he spoke.

Of course everything depends on herself," he said at length. "She must be guided by her own

"Oh yes, certainly, certainly," said the younger man, with eagerness. "I would not let any con-sideration interfere with her perfect freedom of

choice. That is not to be thought of—"
Mr. Winterbourne was scarcely heeding him; his thoughts were far away: and when he spoke it was to interrupt—a rudeness of which he was

never consciously guilty.

"Yes, I should like to see Yolande settled in life," he said, absently. "There is no saying what might happen to me. Once or twice I have fancied my heart was affected, but I would not have her imagine such a thing, remember; you must never mention it—"

'Oh, certainly not."

"Very slight surprises are enough to give me pretty bad palpitation," he continued; "and although it may be nothing serious, still if Yolande were made quite happy and secure, my mind would be more at rest. I don't say much about her, though I might. If you win her affection, you are not likely to lose it; she is stanch. And she has courage. If trouble should come to her or hers, she will not be the one to flinch.

But why should you anticipate trouble?" said the Master of Lynn, who was very much excited and joyous, and almost eager to go away and ask Yolande at once. "I can see nothing but a pleasant and happy life for her. Of course sickness may come to any one; but it is less likely to fall on her than any one I know. Why, to look at her—"
"She ought always to live in the country," said Mr. Winterbourne quickly, and be glauped at his

Mr. Winterbourne, quickly, and he glanced at his companion in an inquiring sort of way. "I hope she will never live in a town; the peace and quiet of the country are what I should wish for her always. She does not care for society. Her own small circle is enough for her—that is where she is best seen; it is there you get to know her, and—and to love her. Well, perhaps I shouldn't talk about her. She and I have been pretty close companions. It will seem strange to me, at first, that she should belong to some one else; but—but it is right; it is in the natural course of things. I shall be content if I know that she is being treated with kindness and affection, and with a little consideration for her youth. Perhaps she will make mistakes as a young wife; but she is willing to do her best, and -and she is grateful—for a little consideration."

It was scarcely an appeal. He was describing

Yolande as he had known her. He was thinking of all those by-gone years.

But at this moment they were startled by the report of a gun; and that was followed by another and another.

"What the mischief is that?" called out Colonel Graham, as he hurried forward to the bow; for indeed the air was full of ominous rumors just at that time; and even a general massacre of the Europeans in Egypt had been talked of as a possibility.

It appeared, however, that this crowd of people who now emerged from a belt of palms, and came down to the river's edge to some boats there, was only a wedding party; and Ahmed, who had been ashore with the chef, explained that these were the friends of the bride, escorting her thus far, while the husband to be (the wedding ceremony was to take place in the evening) had sent

The proper spelling is Sine Bhan—Fair Janet.

camels to meet her, which were waiting for her on the other side of the Nile. And of course Mrs. Graham and Yolande were instantly called for, and came up in time to see the little veiled woman, with much conscious dignity, take her place in one of the boats, while her friends proceeded to put into the other boats the bales carpets and the eight or ten donkeys which formed her marriage portion. Then, away on the other side, they saw two camels make their appearance, the first of them with a big tent on its back, surmounted by three tall hearse-like plumes; and Ahmed, with much queer English, managed to explain that these plumes were the projecting tops of the three palms of which the tent was composed; and that the tent was sent by the bridegroom to receive his bride, while the other camel was to carry her household plenishing.

"It is obvious he hasn't sent a camel to fetch his mother-in-law," said Colonel Graham; but the solemn-faced Ahmed did not understand what was meant, and took refuge in a surreptitious cigarette.

Then they saw the boats being slowly rowed across the great stream; and the donkeys and bales were landed; and the bride disappeared into the tent; and presently the procession was on its way again, until the gathering dusk and the inequalities of the desert hid bride and friends

and all from view.
"It is a wide river," said Mr. Winterbourne. absently, looking at the flowing waters, "to lie between the old home and the new—between the old life and the new. But it is the way of the world. She may be quite as happy as a wife as she was as a girl."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be a great deal happier," Mrs. Graham said, cheerfully. "I am. I mean I should be, if Jim weren't so impatient with Baby. Come away, Yolande dear; I have found a piece of blue ribbon, and I am going to make a snood for your hair."

At dinner it was very clear to Mrs. Graham that her brother had so far met with no hinderance to his suit, for he was unusually vivacious, and most obviously attentive and respectful to Yolande. He was delighted with Egypt, and with this placed and idle life, and with the general resolve to abstain from sight-seeing. ("There are plenty of British Museums everywhere, when you want to be bored," he said, somewhat incorrectly). But he was chiefly busy with anticipations of the Highlands, and of the circumstances under which this same little party would re-assemble there. He volunteered to go over from Lynn to Allt-nam-ba whenever Mr. Winterbourne wanted a rifle for one of the passes; nay, he said he knew the woods well, and would be glad to serve as an extra beater at any time. And when Mr. Winterbourne and Miss Yolande went to Inverstroy he meant to beg his brother-in-law for an invitation. Of course they would be going up the hill-that is, Mr. Winterbourne and Colonel Graham-and they would want all the keepers and gillies they could get; and what in that case was to become of Miss Yolande's salmon fishing if he were not there to help? And Yolande regarded him with pleased and grateful eyes. It was so clear that he wished to be kind to her.

After dinner they found that the Arab sailors were having a little concert among themselves, and they stood for a while to listen. The grave-faced performers, with their flowing robes and heavily turbaned heads, looking picturesque enough in the light of the swinging lamp, were squatted in a circle in the forward part of the dahabeeyah, one of them possessed of a tambourine, another strumming on two small tom-toms; and to the time thus beat each singer would contribute a piece of shrill, high, melancholy recitative, while the others accompanied him with a heavy monotonous bass chorus. The Master of Lynn touched his sister on the arm, and she drew back from the little group without her absence being noticed. The two of them passed through the saloon, along the corridor between the cabins, and out into what they called the Belvedere. Here there was nothing visible but the shining star-lit heavens and the great broad dusky stream.
"Well?" she said.

"So far it is all right," he said, in a low voice, but with considerable excitement. "Oh, you can't imagine how sensible and reasonable he is about it—and so friendly, too. He told me exactly how he was situated. He would like to see her married and comfortably settled; and he just as good as intimated that he hoped she would say yes, although, of course, he said he would have everything left to her own wishes. There is another reason too-which I can not tell you about; but I can see plainly that his mind would be much more at ease if this thing were to come I am sure of it. Of course he spoke in rather a sad way; any one can understand that; but every one has to consider what will be best in the end. And now, don't you see, Polly-now that I have got on so far, I am beginning to feel a bit shaky. If it had been stopped at the beginning, well and good; but now I don't want to spoil my chance by making a mistake. And my nerves are not what they ought to be—hanged

if they are; one gets no exercise in this dawdling kind of life, and you don't feel fit—"
"I know what you're thriving at, Archie," said his sister, with a little laugh. "You want enhis sister, with a little laugh. couragement. Poor thing! Are you so very nervous? Is she so terrible?"

"Oh, but you don't understand," said he.
"You don't see what a chance I have got. Of course a woman does not covet a prize like that, and you don't understand why I should feel nervous. But-but, you know, if she were suddenly startled, she might say no, plump and decisive. There would be an end. Whereas, if the

"That's me," said his sister, plainly. "You want me to speak to her. But don't you think, my dear Master, that the idea has already oc-curred to her, and been suggested by yourself? I should have thought your attentions were obvious enough.'

"You ought to know, Polly," said he.

"Well, they were obvious enough to me." "But she is strange," said he, doubtfully. "She seems to think it natural that people should be friendly with her; and with people she knows she has very little reserve. But I have watched her. I have watched her manner with Graham; she is quite as friendly with him as she is with me. Of the two, I would say she was more friendly with him; she talks to him as if she had known him all her life."

"My dear Master, that is her cunning," said his sister, coolly. "They're all like that. They pretend to prefer married men, but they are watching the unmarried ones all the same.

Wait till you speak."

He was silent for a second or two; and, fortunately, the Arabic improvisation going on forward seemed interminable. He passed the fingers of one hand over the open palm of the other, and regarded them pensively

"If the biggest stag in Glendyerg was within eighty yards of me just now, I'd back its life against my rifle. I don't know what to do. Pollv. "There is only the one thing to do," said his

practical sister. I am afraid of that plump and final no. I

can't face it. Why"-

"And you want me to go and make her a proposal of marriage on your account? I wonder what she would think of you!" said pretty Mrs.

Graham, scornfully.

"I don't want anything of the kind," said he.
"You don't understand. Where are your brains,
Polly?—they're generally sharp enough. I want
you to make her familiar with the idea.
I don't want to have her startled and frightened. Don't you see, there are a whole lot of things that a third person could talk about. You could tell her, for example, that travelling by ourselves like this shows you what people are. You see what they are, and know them. It isn't the chance acquaintanceship of ball-rooms and drawingrooms. And she doesn't look on us as acquaint ances at all; we are all old friends now—and rightly too. There are whole heaps of things like that, don't you see, Polly, that you might say to her, so that she wouldn't be frightened and startled."

"And what am I to have for my share in this conspiracy?

"Why, the prettiest sister-in-law you could wish for," he said. "Oh, I know you. You can say sharp things; but I can see you are very fond of her; and I know you would be very proud of her if you were to take her to the Northern Meeting at Inverness. What's more; I'd back you two, for good looks, against any two women at the ball; and they get up a finer show there than anywhere clse I know. She would just suit you, Polly—dark and fair together, of course; and I know she thinks you dress awfully well; and she would take your advice."

This final touch proved effectual; even the

shrewd young married woman succumbed.
"Well, I will try to find out what she thinks about it," she said. "Of course it is on the distinct understanding that her father approves?"

"Oh, most decidedly. He told me so in the plainest terms."

"For that is the short and the long of the whole matter. Very well, I will speak to her. I will do my best for you, Archie, you may depend. For sooner or later you would be making a fool of yourself with some one; and this girl is really very nice and lady-like; and I don't think you are likely to do better in other respects. I suppose they have gone up above for coffee;

That same night Mrs. Graham announced the

news to her husband, in the privacy of their cabin. "I think it is all plain sailing now with Archie," she said. "He has spoken to Mr. Winterbourne about Yolande, and Mr. Winterbourne has given

his consent." The deuce he has!"

"Why shouldn't he?" she retorted, with some

Oh, I dare say it's all right," rejoined the lazy soldier, as he began to arrange the occult mechanism of his Levinge. "Rather a brief acquaintance, ain't it?"

"Why, certainly not. Archie was talking about that very thing. This constant companionship is worth years of acquaintanceship, and I don't see why they should not thoroughly understand and appreciate each other by now. Archie does, anyway. And each has just what the other wants; she has money; and he will succeed to the title. I think it will be a very good match."
"Oh, I think so too," her husband said, good

naturedly. "She seems fond of him. And if he treated her with a little less courtesy, I dare say she would treat him with a little more frankness; she is a humorous young party at times. But that will all come right. I don't see why it shouldu't

be quite plain sailing, as you say. His lordship will kick up dust and thunder about Winterbourne's politics; but the buying back of Corrievreak will bring him round. Good-night."

Suddenly she uttered a shrill scream. "Oh, Jim-a cockroach!"

"Very well; it isn't a kangaroo, is it?" said "Besides, my revolver isn't loaded." he, sulkily. "Such a beast!—such a monster!"

"Why don't you get into your hammock, then, instead of sitting there?"

"I'm going directly," she said; for indeed her dread of these huge insects was such that they had had to rig up a hammock for her in her cab-"But, Jim, I want to ask you about some thing that has been puzzling me a good deal. Didn't you say that the Winterbournes were a comparatively old family, up in the north of England there?

"I believe so-I've heard so," her husband said, sleepily.

"Then why should Mr. Winterbourne want me

to buy jewelry for Yolande?"

"Because she hasn't got any, or hasn't got enough, I suppose. Don't see it's any of my busi-

ness."
"But where is the family jewelry?"

"How can I tell? He may be a younger son—rather think he is. What does it matter to you? You'll like the spending of the money

"But how should the girl come to have no jewelry at all? Where is her mother's? And

her mother's mother's?"
"Oh, how can I tell! All I know is, she'll soon have plenty if Winterbourne allows you to go careering up and down Bond Street."
"Well, it is strange, you know," said pretty

Mrs. Graham, as she placidly examined the fast-enings of her hammock. "I don't understand it; but it is one of those things that one can't well ask about. I never knew a girl, at her age, in her position in life, who hadn't plenty of jewelry mily rings and things of that sort. What an odd thing it would be if an engagement ring were to be the first! and in that case I do hope Archie will buy a nice one when he is about it. But it is very strange, you know, Jim."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TYPES OF BEAUTY.—NO. 10.

See double-page illustration.

THE beautiful bride whom the distinguished English figure painter P. R. Morris, A.R.A., has chosen as his type of female loveliness in the gallery of beauty, by celebrated artists, that has for some time been in course of publication in HARPER'S BAZAR, will be welcomed with enthusiasm by all lovers of art. Mr. Morris, who was born in England in 1836, has studied chiefly in England, at the British Museum and the Royal Academy, and has won a high reputation there for his graceful and natural style, and the tender senti-ment that pervades his works. He has exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy and the Paris

It will be remembered that the Types of Beauty already published comprise pictures by Frank Dicksee, P. H. Calderon, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., Edwin Long, A.R.A., James Tissot, Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A., Paul Baudry, Henri Leopold Levy, and G. A. Story, A.R.A. The collection would make an attractive portfolio, and are well worthy of preservation as fine specimens of art pictures both in the drawing and the engraving.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

WE are told that the Emperor Charlemagne in his expedition against the Saracens in 778 was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver, who were so excellent and so equally matched that the equality became proverbial, "I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver" being the same as the vulgar saying, "Tit for tat," that is, "I'll give you the same [generally in a retaliatory sense] as you give me, more classical one of quid pro quo-to be even

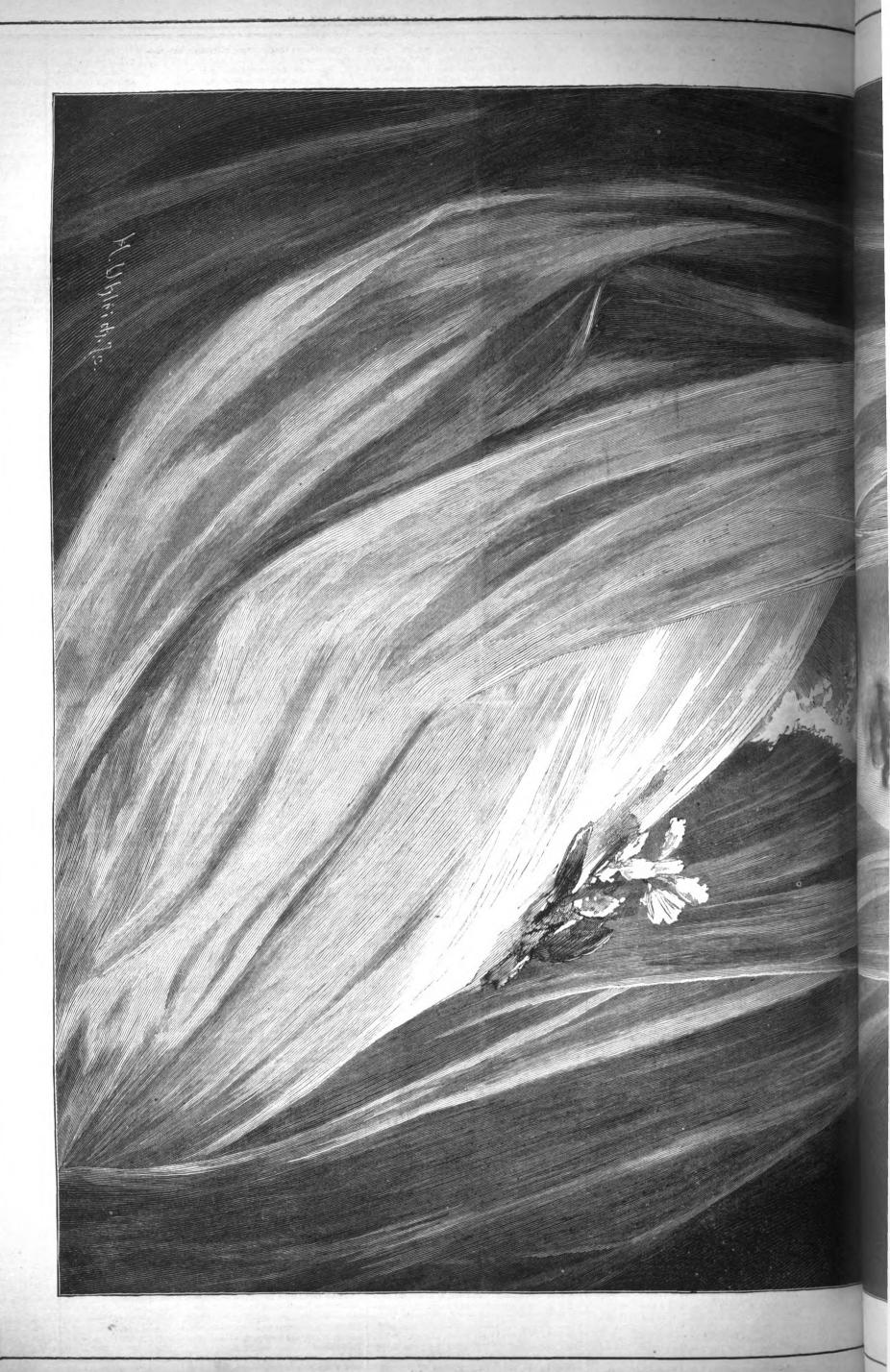
A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV. by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest. A celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Beaumont de Perefixe, was appointed preceptor to his Majesty. One day he preached a notable sermon before the court of France, which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility. "Ah!" said the King to Richelieu, "the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to-day." "Yes, sire," answered the cardinal; "and a few have fallen into the royal park." A courtly amount of etiquette of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in no

Equally as good is the following, in which we shall carefully note by the way that praise has different effects on different minds. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an ex-tremely pretty girl. As he liberally gave his louis-d'ors he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your beautiful bright eyes." The charming little damsel politely courtesied, and immediately presented the plate again. "What!" said the Emperor, in amazement, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she; "I now want something for the poor."

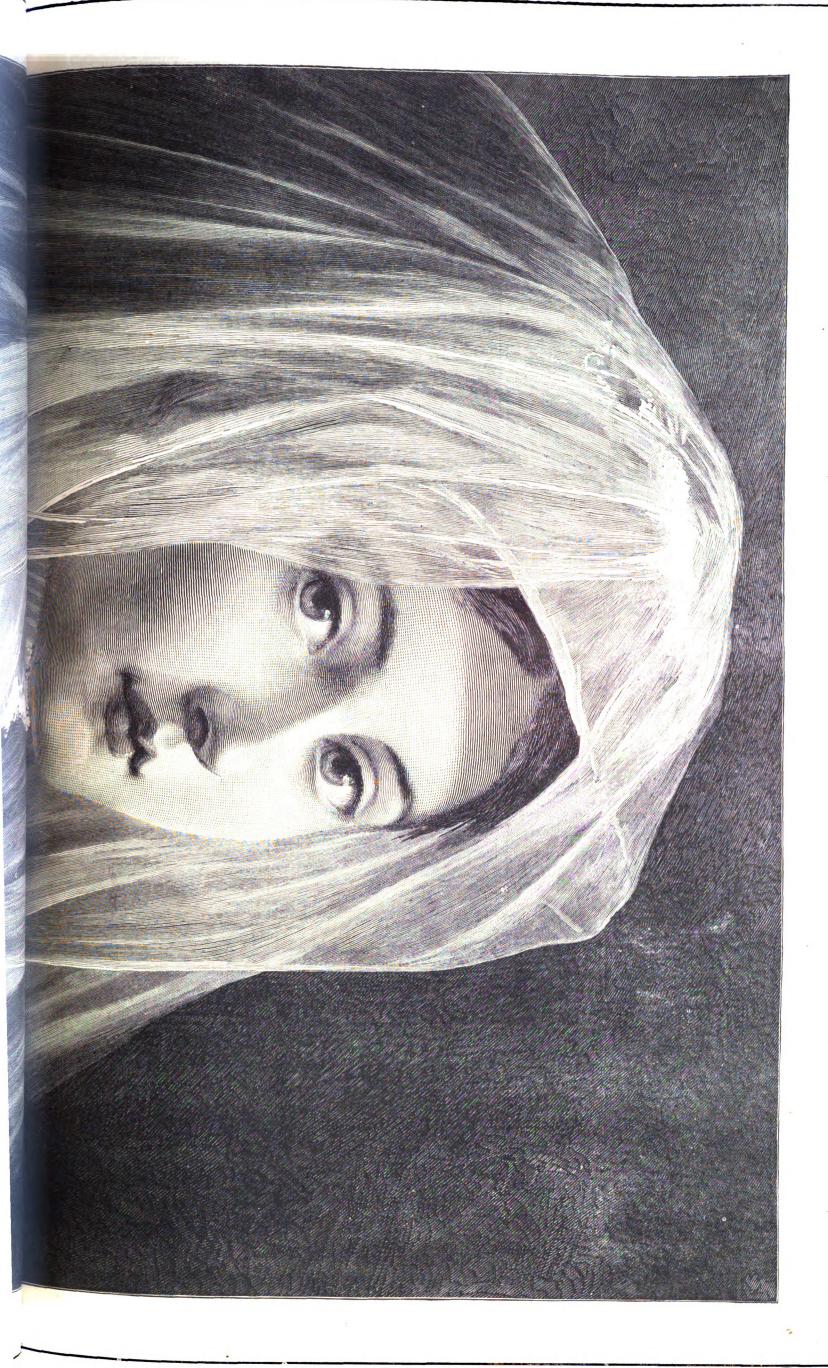
On one occasion an English gentleman who possessed a keen wit was at a brilliant assemble of the élite of Vienna, where a distinguished laq of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather uncourteous things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance. "By-the-way," inquired his fair interrogator, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted the Englishman in the blandest manner, "I really can not sav. unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours."

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmermann's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness in 1786. One day the King said to this eminent physician, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many any your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

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BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDRIJON'S MONEY," "VIOTOR AND VANQUISHED," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

MEETING that desolate look in her eves, I tried to prevent her telling me anything, but she lifted one hand pleadingly. "You can not understand," one hand pleadingly. "You can not understand," she said—"no one could, whose heart has not been bound up all through life in one other No one! It is terrible. At least, since then I've felt it to be terrible—and pitiful. You have heard me pity those who are devoted to each other. But then-ah! well, it was happiness then, and had been happiness for twenty years. For we were the same age, Barbara; born on the same day, and I think we had seemed to have the same thoughts and feelings, as we had the same face— Why do you start? Am I more cold and ungrateful to you even than you thought, never before to have told you I had a twin sister? Oh, Barbara! you would forgive me if you knew—this moment—how speaking of it brings back all the old suffering. I am cold and ungrateful and mistrustful - no one knows it more sadly than myself! - but in those days, when I had my darling, loving me, hoping with me, working with me, I believe I did not understand what suspicion meant. We thought the world such a warm, loving, happy place! thought all men were good and just and generous, and that all women's lives were glad and bright and busy. Dear Heaven, how different it was—for us! Don't look so sorry for me, dear. I will try to tell you quietly. The uncle we lived with was quite poor; but what was poverty to us, when he was good and patient with us, when all our hours were filled with study that we loved, or leisure that we prized and made precious to each other? He died just as we were growing into womanhood, and all he had died with him: but he had always warned us it would be so, and we were not dismayed. Then an old friend of his offered to either of us the post of village school-mistress in his parish—in that lovely Irish valley I have spoken of. We gladly accepted it between us, and determined to help each other, to do what besides we could, and never to sepa-

"We had a relative—my mother's half-sister -who had married a very rich man, and lived in Cork. She came to us at this time and-tried to separate us, because Helen was beautiful, and she would have taken her to be-an adopted

Barbara, I hid all my fear. I pretended I shouldn't be lonely; and I seemed as if I hadn't a single doubt about my darling accepting this offer, which, her aunt said, would be so greatly to her advantage; yet, while I thought it possible, all the future looked black as ink to me. But she laughed-oh, Barbara, her laughter was the music of my life! - and would not leave me. Then-then I knew what it was to be so utterly content as to want no other thing on earth, and from that hour our happiness seemed to growperfect as we had always thought it, while we had each other—until—

"It was a very busy life we led, for we had teaching besides our school, and Helen played the organ in the church, and taught the choir; but we had holiday leisure now and then: and Barbara, I can never tell you what our holidays were

to us. "It was in the autumn, nearly four years ago, when one day a gentleman looked into the church while Helen was practicing, I standing waiting for her, for always, when I could not go with her, she would wait for me to join her there, that we might have the walk home together. He spoke to us about the church and the neighborhood, saying he was only passing through the valley on a walking tour to Killarney; but next day he had taken rooms at the village inn, and not only Helen and I, but all the village, soon might have been aware why he staid. Oh, Barbara, how he loved her! It was a fresh, open, boyish love, yet somehow its earnestness was almost painful. His love not only seemed all he had in the world to think of or build upon, but all he wished to have. Do you understand? To me Helen had always been most beautiful, but now I saw that to all others she was growing lovely exceedingly in this new joy and sweetness of life. In the great gladness which her love made for her she held me always; Evlyn's love for her never separated us; her love for him never shut me from her. It was only by stratagem or entreaty I could be ever solitary. even after they were engaged, and I soon loved him. Barbara—as a brother. A true, gentle, generous man; noble, honorable, disinterested—that was what we knew him in those happy times when Helen sang about our cottage as if her heart would burst with joy if it kept silence, and when my heart was light as air in its supreme content, and the hours—the busy and the idle ones—fled by as minutes.

'It was quite winter when Evlyn Ashton-Eva, Helen always called him in her merry way-went away at last, to return in spring; but every day his letters came, and before the spring had fairly reached us he was back. But her trust in him had been so perfect that his presence scarce could make her happier-at least, it would seem not to any one who loved her less entirely than One day-I remember it was a dreamy, still, May afternoon-Evlyn came to the cottage to bid us good-by, for a little time, he said. He was summoned to England on business which he could not postpone, nor could he explain it - so he frankly told us—until his return, which would not be one hour unnecessarily delayed. Nor should he write, he said, praying Helen to trust him in his silence.

"Trust him! Indeed, indeed she did. I bade him good-by and left them, trembling a little after I had heard him go, for fear of meeting a sad look on Helen's face. But she ran to seek me, and kissed me, and led me out, as if it were I who needed comfort—not she, who knew so well his love was hers. Barbara, what can I tell you - next? He had been gone some weeks when my aunt wrote again to Helen. She had done so many times, reiterating the old inducement, that Helen should live as a lady if she would go to her; and as I had seen all these letters, and had a few moments' pang over the al-lurements offered my darling before her merry rejection of them, I was glad that now at last she forbore to show me one. But this new trait of Helen's was followed by a great shock to me.

"I taught alone that morning, and when I entered the cottage after school-hours—feeling still upon my lips the long kiss she had given me when we separated after breakfast, and wondering that I heard no glad voice singing, no light step moving in the cottage rooms - my heart sank even before thought had had time to frame itself. Barbara instead of her dear welcome. there were a few hurried lines written to me, and blurred with tears. She was going to her aunt's house, Helen wrote, for a little visit, and dared not trust herself to say farewell to me, for fear she should break down and be unfit to go. So she had given me a farewell kiss that morning, and then there was a loving little praver for God to bless me till she came back to me in only a few days' time.

'In only a few days' time! That was my comfort, for-can you believe it, Barbara ?-that was our first separation. I knew Helen had written the truth, and that in a few days' time she would come back to me, so I prepared for her, and thought of her, and only one week had passed when she came. Oh! Barbara, I have often and often felt that, though I have lived so long since then—a lifetime, as it were—that was the day of my real death. If some one had covered my eyes suddenly while my darling laughed and jested with me, and then uncovered them upon her dead face in its coffin, it could not have been a greater shock. I knew-in one swift flash of anguish-that all her youth and hope and happiness were dead. You can not feel this. Barbara. It would be impossible for any one to picture such a change. For one hour, in darkness, in the dead of night, I wrestled with this awful agony, alone - with God. After that I never left her-till the end. It came so soon! Oh, Barbara! think of it-think of it, and you must pity me. She was all I had on earth; I her with my whole heart; and my heart was like one with hers, so that I suffered all her suffering, Barbara—and inv own too. Do you wonder I can never bear to love again? I knew he had killed her. Do you wonder that I hated—all men for his sake? Never once after her return to me was his name mentioned between us; I could not be the first to utter it in the face of that terrible shadow which I knew only he could have brought upon us. Every thought now of our past was like a stab in my heart Every memory of my darling in her beauty and her joy was like seeing her-murdered; not by one swift stab, mercifully fatal, but by-torture. I knew, without one word from her, that he had done all this, so do you wonder that I scorn man's so-called love, for he seemed true and faithful. From that time I shrank in very dread from loving any one again, and I knew that, though I might live, perhaps, through long, long years to come, he had killed me as surely as he had killed my darling.

"You said once that you could not be sorry for the young and pretty. Did youth or prettiness save her from those terrible hours of restlessness, of sleeplessness, of suffering? While watched her, powerless to help her or relieve her, heart-broken because my love, in all its great intensity, could not spare her one pang, could not give her one hour's - even one minute'ssleep or rest, oh! those long, long, weary nights, through which the wide wakeful eyes never closed, the wan, fevered lips—the lips that always, always used to smile—moved only in a pitiful

"Mary," I cried, for my thoughts had held a conjecture which was strangely a relief to me, was your twin sister so like you that you could be mistaken?

Yes," said Mary, pushing the hair from her white face, "we were sometimes mistaken for each other. We used to put our faces together before the glass and laugh to see the features all the same; yet my darling was far, far too pretty to be really mistaken for me."

'I see." I said, but could not smile even at this idea, while I looked into the lovely face that told me more than the broken sentences. "Now,

my dear, do not tell me more."
"Yes, please; I have a little more to tell. Oh!

"How had it happened so quickly, so suddenly?" I asked, uttering almost involuntarily the question that had been puzzling me.

"I could not know. I knew she had been-killed, and had come home to me to die. No more. She told me nothing. She would lie, her eyes following me with a terrible aching want in them, but she would never speak of any want at all. She would watch the door sometimes for hours, as if dreading the entrance of some one, but she never uttered a dread. Ah! could it be my own warm, tender, happy Nell? I used to

cry. I have known no more ever since.
"When was it that your sister went to Cork?" I asked, presently, with just a shy, stupid touch upon Mary's clasped hands.

"In June," she said, slowly. "That was three years ago last June."

"And can you remember whether she was absent on the twenty-seventh?"

"Can I remember? No. I have tried—and

tried - through these terrible days since that morning on Portland Island, when for the first time since he bade us good-by so hopefully in our Irish cottage I saw—Evlyn Discombe. Evlyn Ashton he called himself to us. Didn't Miss Brock tell us he had taken his mother's name? But no; I can remember nothing of that time, save its misery, and I wrote no word that I could refer to. How could I write of that intolerable anguish? And she said so little to me, save when she was not conscious what she said. Barbara, Barbara, I knew nothing but that Helen suffered, and that I— But—" (with her locked hands against her heaving breast) "last night I -you will say it was a dream-I saw her-my own darling. Not as she has come to me in dreams before - her own sweet, happy, loving self-but as she came in that day: affrighted, as it seemed, and with listening eyes—do you understand that, Barbara? Did you ever see eyes listening-listening always, and trembling so that I could not calm her, closely as I held her in my And she spoke again in the old, broken, sad delirious way, and said again what she had said through many restless, feverish hours. And then I seemed to understand the words, as I had failed to do before. It was of a misty, brooding day she spoke, and of the river's sound. She said it hurt her, and then she told me eagerly to look on the upper shelf. They were all State Trials, she said, but I should reach her the fourth volume, and I should find it in page ninety-two. Barbara, you know what we have found there. You will—read it."

Presently, dear," I answered, and then told my story of the photographs, and of Denis seeing Mary herself, as he had fancied—but knowing now whom he had really seen—and while I spoke I trembled like an idiot, and kissed again and again the white, haggard face. "Yes, I will read it when we have left this chilly place. Now

She came, obedient as a child, but walked beside me so blindly and uncertainly that I put a supporting arm around the tall young figure ease and carriage I had so often envied.

"Yes, I am glad to come," she said; "it seems horrible to me here—horrible. I feel now that my darling must have seen that-deed. If she did how could she have lived even to reach me? Oh, what wonder that-she died!"

My tears were pouring so childishly from my eves that I could not answer, but I fought with them, and we reached the Lady-house without encountering any one to notice our poor miserable

Though I could not bear to leave Mary, I felt she ought to be alone to read that paper, and so when we had reached her bedroom I gave it into her hand, and left her alone with it, holding it tightly, but not looking down upon it. I would not go far away, so I sat in the porch below her open window: but for long there was so marked a silence that I felt sure Mary was pausing, scarce feeling she had strength to read what her twin sister might have written. Then suddenly from the open window, there came through the clear air a cry which I feel must haunt me evermore. I could not keep away from her an instant longer, and without one thought save for her suffering I went in to her. I folded her in my arms and kissed her, and tried to comfort her with words that were insane, I'm sure, however loving, and at the time I never thought how

unlike me was such an act.

"Go away, Barbara!" Such a wailing cry it was! "I must bear this alone." And seeing how mournfully in earnest she was, I went.

For about an hour I bore the silence, then I felt I must go in to her again. She was sitting on the bed, her arms folded on the foot-rail, her face hidden on them. When she heard me at her side she lifted her face—such a white face! with all the hair pushed feverishly from it, and such hopeless sorrow in the beautiful eyes! "Barbara," she whispered, "read this."

I took the paper, sitting down for fear she should see how I trembled, and read what was written there. Even the handwriting was exactly like Mary's. She watched my face, falling to her knees presently beside me, as if she could see better looking up.

"Do you understand it?" she said at last, with a gentle little touch upon my bent head, as if I were the one who should be comforted. "I do

-cruelly. Shall I tell you what it means?"
"Yes," I said, and laid the paper down and looked straight into her sad eyes, wondering over this strange composure and this lowliness, so unlike her. Somehow I felt that it would be better for her to speak to me, but as I had understood a little I need not torture her to tell me all.

'I see that what I thought was true. Your sister only staid in Cork just to hear-of Mr. Discombe, and-came here. That letter of your aunt's seems to have contained some implication against him, which she - Helen - determined to prove

"Yes. it said that he was not the man he pretended to be; that he lived at Rocklands as Mr. Discombe; had taken possession of his estate; was about to be married; and had deceived her from beginning to end. She went to Cork to deny this, and then-hearing it confirmed-she went to disprove it. She was but a girl, Barbara, and knew the world so little! She went to Westercombe, and wrote from there to Evlyn, begging him to see her, and while she waited she heard his story, as we have heard it—I mean, of course, up to that day. And if she had not-you can see that she never believed a word against him. She only wished to-prove it, just as I have late--his innocence. He wrote ly wished to proveback to her, and begged her to meet him—to meet him—"

"Yes, yes," I said, soothingly. "To meet him in the Belvidere. I read that. He could not bear to leave his father for long enough to go to Westercombe, and he could not bear that, while his

father lay unconscious and dying, and Mr. Haslam ruled at the Manor, his future wife should visit his home for the first time-and thus. That was most natural. He would have her welcomed there with honor and rejoicing. So she was to go to the Belvidere, and he would await her there. But if she were first he begged her to believe he would be detained only by his father, as there might be a change in him. Yes, I read that, and that she came to Rocklands by the coach, and went to the Belvidere, and he was awaiting her. She must have reached the tower by the way we did, else Miss Brock would have seen her, though

perhaps not necessarily so."
"They must have been undisturbed for some time," said Mary, very low, "for Evlyn had told her all the story of his quarrel with his father; of George Haslam's hurtful influence at Rock. lands; and of this recall of his being left too late for him to be recognized by his father. He gave the honorable reason of his silence to her, so long as his father lived; but he said he should have told her all, either if his father forgave him, or died-in any case before they married. She did not condemn or censure him. She trusted him entirely; and she was parting with him to return to me-happy once more in her perfect faith in him-when there came in to them the man who had wrought him so much injury. Barbara, Bar-

bara" (in a panting whisper), "read the rest."
"Yes," said I, struggling after my natural ease as I believe I never struggled before, "I will read it, for I understand it all, and it is not we who are to judge her-neither you nor I, dear-for we have never had that moment's horrible temptation. There are but a few lines more, but the writing trembles so that it makes me tremble too. Lay your head down, my darling, while I read it.

Your—your eves distract me. This—is all—
"'I can not write what this man said to Evlyn, though as long as I live I shall not forget one of the untrue, evil words, or the mocking tone. Not one word did Evlyn answer, standing with my hand in his, seeing only me, with a look on his frank, dear face as if he pitied this man. But suddenly-stung, perhaps, by Evlyn's silence the man's derision turned upon me, or upon Evlyn for my sake, I can not understand which, though still the little room is echoing to me the false, slanderous words he uttered.

". Then Evlyn turned upon him with an awful passion and seized him by the collar. George Haslam was by far the bigger, stronger man, and all my heart went out in prayer for peace between them. He laughed when Evlyn held him, and at the sound Evlyn took his hand away and reached for a little pistol I had noticed before, almost like a toy, telling George Haslam to leave the tower or he would fire. I saw it glittering in his hand; and though I wonder now how I could have feared his using it against a human life, and though I know that he would never, never have done so, even under the fiercest provocation, I took it from his hand.

"'In a moment-in one second's time after the pistol was in my hand—the man rushed upon Evlyn—O God, it was so quickly done, and my eves saw it all! Before I could cross the room, the stronger, bigger man alone was there. He had thrown Evlyn from that open window high above the river-I heard the breaking of the wood beyond—and for a moment—or it might have been an hour-I did not know where I was. Then I knew that my beloved lay dead down there—far down in the river, and that his enemy was dead too, across the open doorway, shot at the first words he dared to speak to me, coming toward me a smiling coward, who had thrown a brave man to his death! I do not feel as if it could have been myself who fired. I have not realized the horror of it yet, but it will come to me. Oh, pitiful Heaven, what will it be to live through the nights to come!

"'I must write it now before I leave the spot. I shot him! I shot him as he came toward me with scoffing words of Evlyn, and a hateful smile upon his face, and he lies there across the open doorway. I can not pass him, but, except that horrible window above the sheer decline to the river, these windows are near the ground enough for me to drop easily. I write this that some day the truth may be known. If it could free any guiltless person I would wait and tell it-even to break my sister's heart. But there is no one to suffer-save myself, and no penalty the law can give would be a sorer punishment than will be my own memory, and this my loss, and the bear-ing this weight of guilt and secrecy unknown to the only one in all the world who loves me now, and whose love I can not forfeit for the little time that I can bear this load. I will remember where I put this paper, so that I may tell at last, if— No. I need not tell. Both are dead The world will know that some one who has escaped them hated this villain for his cruelty to Evlyn, and killed him because he had killed Evlyn first. If they seek me-if they find me in our Irish home, and-'"

The hand and heart failed here. There was no other word, save that across the sheet was written almost steadily—"Helen Keveene. Written in the Belvidere, Rocklands, Devon, on June the twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and seven-

When I had read this there was a long silence between us; at least, it seemed to me very long, for, try as I would, I could not break it myself. Then Mary spoke, as wearily as if this hour had aged her fifty years.

'You see, Barbara," she said—but her voice had lost its old, clear ring-" Evlyn Discombe is innocent. I have the long-sought proof."
"Yes," I said, heavily, with a faint shadow

upon me of what this revelation had been to Helen Keveene's sister. "He will be free now, after these long, cruel

vears." "Yes," said I, closing her feverish eyes with my cold hand.



Begun in Habper's Basab No. 8, Vol. XVL

"I can take him his release."

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"Yes," said I, again mechanically.

"Helen has given him that at last."

"Shall I write to Denis, Mary?" I asked, on a sudden impulse. "He will do all you wish. No one can help us now as he can. Oh! let me

write to him to-day—now."

"No, no," said Mary, hurriedly, and rose at once and turned from me. "You don't understand. Oh, Barbara! you never understood."

"No," said I, with an effort to betray nothing "Io," said I, with an effort to betray nothing."

beyond my customary matter-of-factness. "I only understand that he loved you exceedingly, and that you would not like him because you felt it a sort of duty to dislike all men.

It was a lame explanation, as I knew full well, and I little expected Mary to take it so humbly

and I nute expected mary to take it so numbly and patiently as she did.

"That old, sad, deeply rooted certainty that my sister's lover had killed her by his inconstancy made me hate all men—yes," she said, slowly, as if weighing every word. "But after that day in Deathard I knew there was a work for me to do Portland I knew there was a work for me to do, perhaps a life-long task, and it was not my se-cret—not mine, Barbara; how could I tell him, or even you? But now"—once more, with both her palms upon her temples, she pushed the thick hair back, as if it were its weight alone oppressing her-"the dishonor and the shame and guilt me mine. We were as one, Helen and I, in our best and brightest days, and it seems as if we must have been one — Barbara, do you undermust have been one—Barbara, do you understand?—in that terrible guiltiness. Could the longest lifetime of loneliness and lovelessness wash out that crime?"

"You have not to wash out your sister's faults," I said, sturdily, though without the faintest idea whether I spoke sense or not; "and this is not your disgrace, Mary. Denis will know that, and oh, my dear, he loves you so!"

"Loves me?" she said, with a lingering softness in her voice. "He—loves—me? And I—

ness in her voice. "He—loves—me? And I—Barbara" (with one of her sudden changes of tone), "if in your loving compassion for me you come to me in my last illness, whether this day's discovery kills me soon, or whether the long years have to be lived—you will see here—here — close to my heart, the spray of heath that
Denis gave me on—that day. Not a valuable
gift, was it? But worth to me all the world
holds besides. Let it lie there, Barbara—let it lie there upon my heart, even in my grave. It has faded, though so near my heart, where the love can never fade-can never die, though hope for me has died forever. You are true and good, my Barbara, yet I meant never to tell even you. Now, dear, let us drop his name between us. will only make the old wounds ache. I have much to do, but you are free now, Barry. I am going to Evlyn. How can I pause one hour beore rescuing him, when he is so weary of that ghastly punishment that he seeks death—and such a death? Oh! Helen, Helen!"
"But, Mary," said I, quietly, for I felt quite

sure that she looked upon this as our parting, "if I may not come with you I shall have to follow in your steps alone, and horribly lonely I shall be. I'm an unfortunate person to travel by myself, so you will not be so cruel as to send me away from you? I shall not leave you unless you do send me, and then I shall follow you

everywhere, all by myself."
"You—will come?" she cried, looking almost incredulously into my face. "Oh! my dear, my dear-" and then the reviving tears came to her sorrowful eyes at last.

Sunday, August 7.

To-morrow morning we leave for London, and so this is our last night here. A carriage is engaged to take us very early in to Westercombe; indeed, we should have left yesterday, but that Mary found there were no Sunday trains. She sent a mounted messenger to telegraph to her solicitor, and posted other telegrams, and now all our preparations are complete, and we have but

I have come up to my room to be alone a little, puzzled by my regret at leaving, because I have witnessed-and felt-so much of sorrow The August moon looks down from the wide, far blue, while now and then a little white cloud flies before it, graceful and beautiful be-yond all words. No wonder my gaze lingers on the fair, silent scene, and that I am very, very glad we have had this peaceful Sunday for our last day. It has strengthened us both.

Mr. Gunn is still with Mary in the garden. I wonder whether he is astonished at that intense silence which enfolds her to-day? I suppose I must go down to them again. I wonder what they think I came away for, if they think at all of my coming? I tried to be cheerful in the garden with them. Indeed, when he joined us I received him with quite a gay and unconstrained

remark about the harvest moon. 'Is it the harvest moon, Mr. Gunn?" asked Mary, with a great effort to break own abstraction. "I thought September's was the harvest moon."

"In Spain," he said, without directly answering,

"I found the May moon is their harvest moon. "Some of the leaves have fallen already," I said, still in my thrillingly cheerful vein; and then went away and gathered a handful of mignonette and nasturtium to take with me as a me-mento of this time—I mean of the cottage and the garden. I wonder how nasturtiums will press? But it does not signify: they will remind me just

I will go back now, yet I dread the good-by. How ridiculous to dread a good by to some one simply because we have lived in the same lodgings for a few days!

I found them in the garden still; but when I saw how tired Mary looked I tempted her in, though the summer night was beautiful to me.

"Good-night and good-by, Mr. Gunn," she said, giving him one hand, and with the other

taking mine. "Thank you very, very much for the kind help you have given me in your words, and the still kinder help you have offered to give me in other ways; but I—have Barbara."

He looked at us both for a moment, then looked

away, while a nonsensical lump rose in my throat.

"She has no help from me," I said, spasmodically, "though she always pretends she has—just to please me, because she is generous. I would help her, though—if I could."
"Yes," he said, quietly, and took the hand I

gave him; his hand-clasp—always so real and sincere—saying good-by without a word, and in its full and sacred meaning too.

That is over now, and there is only Miss Brock to part from in the early morning. Even she seems freiting to lose Mary, for she has been very touchy with me all day, and came home from chapel suspiciously early this evening, telling us "the preschin' didn't fit her-'twas naught but a timid utterance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

HOE OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "My LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) MAKING HIS WAY.

"It is scarcely his place, my dear, to argue with me," said Mrs. Barrington, with a gentle kind of pride, infinitely impressive, and as characteristic as impressive.

Mrs. Anthony Barrington turned away her head and answered in the air by making a small grimace. It relieved her own feelings; Mrs. Barrington did not see it; and no one knew whether Monica caught the disrespect which it

involved or no.
"His charm hitherto," continued the elder lady, "has been in his nice respectful ways, the quickness of his tact, and the very proper deference that he has shown me. I should be sorry to think that I had spoiled him by my indulgence—that I had taken him out of his proper sphere, and turned his head by overkindness.

"Yes," said Monica, to whom her mother looked for an answer; "it would be a pity."
She spoke with the same kind of weary drag-

ging feeling that one has when plodding heavily over a ploughed field. It was an effort to speak at all; to assent to this theory of spheres and

social distances was a pain almost unendurable.

"Perhaps something has happened—to a friend of his—which has disturbed him," said Theodosia, pulling down her lips. "Some— friend—may have loved above himself, and all that we have been speaking of may have struck home on that account."

"Perhaps; very likely there is something of the kind," said Mrs. Barrington. "That explains all, poor young man! He is evidently an affectionate kind of creature, and I imagine would be greatly distressed by any pain to one whom he

"Yes," said Monica, dreamily; and "Yes," said Theodosia, demurely; adding, to that inner self to whom she made her confidences: "What a goose mamma is! She can be made to believe anything. And she is as blind as ten thousand

CHAPTER VI.

A STEP ONWARD.

A FEW evenings after this odd little talk on unequal marriages at the Dower-house young Mrs. Barrington proposed to her husband that they should give a dinner party. They were the great dinner-givers in the neighborhood, and anything served as an occasion for the display of the massive family plate, and the distribution of that rare old port about which men talked as lovingly as of their wives or horses. This, now proposed, was based on a week's visit which an old schoolfellow of Theodosia's, one Lucy Lester, Sir John Lester's daughter, was about to pay them; and as Theo said "they must make it pleasant for her, poor girl," they would have a dinner party to begin with.
"Very well," said Anthony. "Be it so."

Like many heavy men, he was fond of receiving in his own house, where he was the chief personage, and where he did things handsomely,

and set the neighborhood an example. "When shall it be? and who is to come?" he asked, after a moment's pause."

Lucy comes on Thursday, so it must be Thursday," said Theodosia. "Let us make out the list. I should like fourteen; our table holds fourteen so comfortably, and it is a nice number. Your mother and sister, of course, will be asked, but mamma will not come. So Monica will be here alone, and we must have Edward Formby as her cavalier. By-the-bye, Anthony, when is that coming off?" she added, with a pretty little petulant "When are they going to marry?"

Anthony's face grew dark. Every man has his sore place, and this was his. In the whole run of his life nothing annoyed him so much as the inexplicable delay in this affair. And whose fault was it? That was the difficulty! Had he known whom to rate, he would not have been long before setting about his task; but it was just the vagueness of everything which made the discomfort.

"Why do you ask me, Theo?" he answered, irritably. "How should I know? They know their own affairs best. How the deuce can I tell more than yourself?"

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

"Now don't be such a dear old bear!" said Theo, who saw that she had made a false start by setting her husband's teeth on edge. She had her own reasons for wishing to keep him in good-humor, and she had done the very thing to put him wrong. "I will not have little wifey put him wrong. "I will not have little wifey spoken to like that—such a cross old bear as it is!" she added, leaving her place and going over to her husband, on whose strong knee she perched herself, while she ran her dainty little jewelled fingers through his close-cropped stubbly hair, and smoothed his shaggy overhanging eyebrows

"Was I cross?" said Anthony, his stolid face brightening into a smile. What a fascinating little witch it was! No man in the kingdom had such a charming little wife as he—no man! "I did not mean to be a bear, Theo," he added, amiably.

"Then say 'I's sorry,'" said Theodosia, putting his broad hands together in an attitude of

supplication. You little goose!" he laughed.

"Say '1's sorry,' else I will get off your knee and go into a corner and cry," she persisted.

"No, you shall not do that; so here goes: 'I's sorry,'" said Anthony, smooth as satin and soft as down.

"Good boy! Now I'll give him a butterfly kiss," returned Theodosia, fluttering her long eyelashes rapidly over his cheek.

"I would rather have one from your lips, my pet," he said, tenderly.

She kissed him prettily. She never refused her caresses when she had anything to gain; and

she had something to gain now.

"Now, then," she said, when she had kissed him, "that's done, so we'll go on with our dinner."

She went on with the tale of names and pairings; and after due selection and rejection got up to thirteen without much difficulty. But here she seemed to have come to the end of her resources. Some imp seemed to have taken possession of that fourteenth place and to have resolved that no living man should oust him. No one whom her husband proposed would she accept. She had strong and unanswerable reasons against each and all, but a fourteenth of course they must have; and it must be a gentleman to match the odd lady on the list. Whom could they ask? Nor this nor that would do. It was

really very tiresome; whom could they have?
"I tell you what it is, Anthony," at last said Theodosia, her face lightening as if a sudden thought, touching on inspiration, had struck her.

"We will have Dr. St. Claire."

"That apothecary fellow?" said Anthony Barrington, in frank amazement. "My dear Theo, have you taken leave of your senses? Are you mad ?

"Not that I know of!" she laughed. "What are the symptoms? Should I want to bite my boo'ful old bear? I would rather pat his dear old face instead," she said, suiting the action to the word, and laying her soft little hands caressingly on his cheeks. "No, I hope that I am not mad," she went on to say, making a distractingly pretty face; "for then I shall have to go into a horrid lunatic asylum—poor little me! Poor old bear too! How would he get on without his little wifey! No, sir, I am not mad, and we will have Dr. St. Claire as our fourteenth."

"Theo! child! how can you propose such an

incongruity at a dinner given for Lucy Lester? said Anthony, more and more amazed at this failure in the nice conduct of things of one whom he fondly hoped he had educated up to the right

Why not?" she said, opening her eyes to their "She will not fall in love with him, I suppose, and he makes a good appearance. He is far handsomer and better bred than that odious Frank Meade who has disgraced himself so much. And yet we shall be obliged to have him and his barmaid wife, as the county has agreed to receive them. Dr. St. Claire is miles better than they she added, petulantly, as if in praising him she was condemning the other-not praising for posi-

tive commendation, but for comparative blame.
"But Frank Meade is the son of a county family," began Anthony, remonstratingly.

She stopped his mouth with a fly-away kiss. Dear old bearikins need say no more," "Little wifey has made up her mind, and there's an end of it. Kiss her, then, and say he is a good old bear, and she will pour him out another glass of wine."

"Theo, you really are too childish, my dar-

But he smiled as he spoke, and in another moment had said the prescribed formula, and re-

So this was the way in which young Mrs. Barrington managed her heavy-visaged husband, and got her will of him—twisted him round her little finger, as people said. And this was how it came about that Dr. St. Claire was asked to a dinner at the Manor, given to "nice people" in honor of a baronet's daughter. It was the longest social stride he had yet made; would it bring him any nearer to his goal?

The day of Lucy Lester's arrival, and consequent dinner party at the Manor, came in its course, and the guests in ordinary holiday humor assembled as they were bidden. It was rather provoking perhaps that Dr. St. Claire was just in the same kind of holiday humor as were these others, and showed no special consciousness of the honor that had been done him. He came in like any one else, only rather handsomer, rather more graceful, and undeniably more distinguished in appearance than the rest, but neither more radiant nor more humble: really as if he were quite accustomed to be petted by pretty married women to whom he had made love by his eyes, and to be received as an equal in the stiff drawing-rooms of Brahminical county

Theodosia did not know whether to like him

better for his quiet audacity, or to feel disappointed by his ingratitude and affronted by his coolness. She wondered what it meant. Was it to show her that he was to be trusted for deli-cacy and discretion? Did he wish her to understand that he was used to this kind of thing, and master of the situation through long apprentice-ship? She had expected him to make a secret sign of some sort—to say or do something to show that he understood and appreciated her grace. And here he was, as calm and unmoved as if he had been asked to "high tea" at Flora Farley's, or a romping game at loo at Madge Langhorne's! This was all her reward for the trouble she had taken to get him here at all-coaxing that cross old Anthony of hers into a good-humor, and making her eyelids ache with her butterfly kisses. What did he mean by it? There was something underneath that quiet assumption of equality which she could not quite make out; what was it?

Anthony's wife asked herself these questions in vain. She generally did ask herself questions in vain. Her mind was always at work about some perfectly useless problem, busying itself in surmises and suspicions as baseless as so many castles in the clouds—her thoughts forever twirling and fluttering like the filmy fins of the hippocampus, but doing no good to herself or to others—carrying her no higher in moral percep-tion, no farther in intellectual discernment. Hers was of the humming-bird order of intelligence doubtless fulfilling some useful purpose in the world of man and mind—but what that purpose was no expert had yet been found keen enough to determine.

As for Anthony, to whom the well-bred young doctor was a creature of a lower race, secretly resenting his being here at all, he was as much annoyed by the fellow's quiet assumption of equality as he would have been by any show of conscious difference. Whether the lamb drinks at the source or the outfall it is the same to the wolf. And on this special occasion Anthony was the wolf and Armine St. Claire was the lamb.

The disposition of her guests at the table had been an anxious study to Theodosia. She would have liked to have given St. Claire the second place of honor next herself, but she dared not put him too much en évidence, nor show him too great attention. She had the craft as well as the daring of her kind, and knew both how to creep in ambush and to carry by assault. So she placed the handsome young doctor the third from her -near enough to be included in her own immediate circle, but not unduly exalted in the eyes of the watching world. He was thus immediately opposite Edward Formby and Monica Bar-

Next to giving him Monica for his own share, Theodosia could not have done better for Ar-mine than she had done; and for an instant he was weak enough to ask himself the questionas futile as Theodosia's—what did she mean by it? Was it by accident or design? Was it ignorance of his feelings or kindly interest in his desires? Anyway, failing the supreme delight of being by Miss Barrington's side, this was the best place at the table for him, and he was more grateful to his feather-headed little hostess than she would have been glad to have known.

He made as much use of his opportunity for observation as he dared—remembering always the supreme need of careful reserve. He, like all the world, had heard of this understandingwhich was not an engagement—of the marriage which every one had arranged save the principals themselves. Somehow he did not quite believe in it. He would have been hard put to it to have said why, but he did not believe that Monica was in love with or engaged to her assigned husband. Still, as this was the first time that he had met them so closely set together, he wanted to see for himself how things stood-so far as he could judge by looks and manners and whether all hope for himself was cut off by this barrier as well as by some others. Wherefore he watched the two, carefully if prudently
—so prudently that Theodosia, who was watching him, did not eatch his preoccupation.

As for Monica herself, well schooled as she was in keeping the secret of her thoughts so that no one should discover them, she seemed to take no more interest in one person than in another. She talked to Edward Formby in the limp, nerveless, half-dreamy way of a well-bred girl who is both bored and patient; but she did not try to shuffle him off on to any other hands than her own, nor to draw any one else into the languid stream of their tepid talk, nor to appear more alert and interested than she really was. She did not look across the table at St. Claire, of whose stealthily watching eyes she was keenly conscious, nor did she look much at Edward, nor spread herself abroad in any way. She was mainly interested in her bread-crumbe . and flowers in the low glass troughs; and for the rest, she accepted her position with that meek acquiescence in fate and the inevitable which is so pathetic in certain women.

There was none of the impatience of regret in her, none of the strife of struggle. She knew how her life was ordered for her by circumstances, and what was expected of her by her friends; and she accepted her lot as submissively as if she had been a daughter in the Middle Ages destined by her father to a nunnery, or a sister betrothed by her brothers to the baron while secretly in love with the squire. It was to no good that she did not wish to go into the nunnery—that she loved the squire and loathed the baron. Circumstance was too strong for her. and she had nothing for it but to submit. As now, when, conscious of what was expected of her, she must keep herself in hand, and conquer her secret desires without letting the world know that she had had any to conquer at all.

[то ви сонтинивь.] Digitized by



The beliefs or superstitions which attached to St. Valentine's Day were probably the survival from the festival in honor of Lupercus, the God of Fertility. Among the magic powers ascribed were that it was impossible to resist love for the first person (among the unmated) seen or met on this day, in accordance with which belief it happened among our ancestors that the lover often sought the mystic nid of St. Valentine by placing himself on the fateful morn where the first glance of her he coveted would fall upon him. Another belief was that at this time the birds paired for the year. See Shakspeare—Hamlet, Act IV.; Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act IV.; Gay's poem on the Milkmaid; Donne's "Epithalamium." And for analogous legends see Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" and Burns's "Halloween."



ST. VALENTINE'S MORN.

BY C.E.S. WOOD. PICTURE & DECORATION BY BRENNAN MOCCELXXXIII.

Hail! All Hail, my love—Stay, Ah stay;
Night must follow if thou turn away.
What though the flushed and tender-finger'd Dawn Hath died of kisses from the strong-armed sun!
What though Earth's baubles catch his beams And stars have hid their lovelier oleams;
Thou art the love-tight of my olorious day—Stay; Night will follow if thou turn away.
Be thou my sun, my heart's olad freshining dew;
Be thou my guiding star in darkness too.

See this ST-VALENTINE'S bright morn,
When Love eternal and sublime is born
of first shy plance from maiden's eyes.
Through cold and dark I've waited for the prize—
ay not in vain—Ah yield unto the charm.
Say that thou feelest thy pure heart prow warm
With a sweet riot, stiffing lesser joy.
Tis th' love-birth—Vanish, Vanish earth's annoy.

Here are the symbols that to thee I bring; My hound, my page, my sword — My joys, my gear, my honor—all

Shall leap to answer thy soft call.

And I. who never bent the knee

Save to my liege, here kneel to thee

And fealty swear—To be thy man

Gainst legiance and coainst church's ban:

Praying if in dorious fight

Death should seize thy hapless knight;

Soft on thy breast he once may lie

And cloister'd in thy arms may die.

But out on Death! Away! Away

With priestly thoughts on this dad day,

This day when robins seek their mates

And fluttering songsters meet their fates;

But out on Death! Away! Away
With pricitly thoughts on this glad day,
This day when robins seels their mates
And fluttering songisters meet their fates;
When fierce—eyed hawk woos like the dove,
For all the air is stirred with love.
Then come my love—Ah be not loath,
This happy day we'll plight our froth;
Not like the twittering feather'd throng
For one fleet year—But all life long.



Girls' Dresses.-Figs. 1 and 2.

Girls' Dresses.—Figs. 1 and 2.

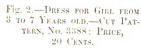
The dress Fig. 1, which is of dark blue flannel, is composed of a blouse, and a skirt joined to an under-waist made of silesia lining. The skirt reaches just below the knees, and is a yard and a half wide at the bottom; it is trimmed with close long loops of round dark blue braid, fringed out at the lower ends. The top is plain across the front, and box-pleated on the sides and back. The front of the under-waist, which is exposed by the open-throated blouse, is faced with flannel, and crossed by horizontal rows of braid. The loose blouse is gathered at the bottom, and joined to a belt furnished with button-holes, which is turned under and attached to buttons set around the bottom of the under-waist. The deep sailor collar is edged with open white embroidery, and bands of similar embroidery form the cuffs. The dress Fig. 2 is of dark green Cheviot combined with



Fig. 1.—Velvet Basque.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]

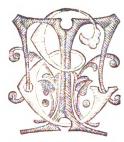


Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl from 2 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—CUT PAT-TERN, No. 3387: PRICE, 15 CENTS





-Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY.



WHITE EMBROIDERY.

near the bottom of the front, from under which proceed folded scarfs, which extend around the basque above the tabs at the bottom, and terminate under the added postilion. The latter consists of a loop and end of velvet half a yard wide, lined with silk, which are set across the bottom of the middle back forms. The high military collar is of silk, with velvet tabs laid over it, and the sleeves are slashed, and trimmed with a silk searf.

Ladies' Collars.-Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1 is a linen cambric standing collar ornamented with a narrow hem-stitched border, and completed by a lace cravat. A yard and a quarter of lace five inches wide is required for the cravat; this is cut in two, and each piece is hemmed at the ends, gathered into a space of an inch and a quarter, and joined to one end of the collar. The collar Fig. 2, round at the back and forming two deep points in front, is made of strips of écru



Fig. 2.—Velvet Basque.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]



Fig. 1.—LINEN COLLAR WITH LACE CRAVAT.

diagonal plaid Cheviot. A plaid kilt skirt about twelve inches long and three yards wide is joined to the bot-tom of a long waist, and the seam is concealed by an added basque of dark green velvet, over which fall tabs of Cheviot, trimmed with braided spirals in dark green soutache. The cuffs are braided to match.

Ladies' House Dresses.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The dress shown in Fig. 1 is a combination of plain and brocaded terracotta wool, trimmed with bands of velvet of the same color. The skirt, which is plain on the front and kilted on the sides and back, is surrounded by a four-inch border of velvet, and two bands of the same width cross two bands of the same width cross the front and terminate with large passementerie rosettes. The basque and drapery are of figured wool, with cessories. The draperies which are edged with fringe, form shawl points that are short on the front and back and longer on the The back is completed by a

long bow of the plain material.

Fig. 2 shows a close-fitting princesse wrapper of electric blue cashmere, the outside material of which is shirred around the shoulders and waist. Frills and jabots of white lace, and a loose belt of satin ribbon tied in a bow on the right side, form the trimming.

Velvet Basque.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THE fronts of this dark blue velvet basque are cut in vandykes, which are faced with gros grain of the same color, and defined against a facing of similar silk that is set on the lining beneath. beneath. A long bow of the silk is



Fig. 1.-Wool and Velvet Dress.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere Wrapper.

Figs. 1 AND 2,-LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.



Fig. 2.—Collar of Embroidery AND LACE.

open embroidery. Two of the strips, which are sewed up at the front and rounded out and slightly gathered behind, are joined to a standing collar that is covered with embroidery. A satin ribbon is passed around the collar and tied in a long bow, which falls over a lace cravat consisting of a gathered strip of wide lace sewed to each end of the collar and tacked to the edge of the embroidery.

Monograms.—Figs. 1 and 2.

These monograms for marking lingerie are worked in satin stitch with fine embroidery cotton. Part of the filling of Fig. 1 is composed of French

NOTABLE WATCHES.

AID away among the treasures of the past, in strange and almost grotesque forms, are many ancient "time-pieces." Cunningly wrought were pieces." Cunningly wrought were they; deft fingers chiselled thereon rare traceries of gold and silver, with much adornment of priceless gems. In one, within the body of an eagle, opening across the centre, are seen the works; scrolls and flowers, richly engraved on a ground of niello, adorn the dial-plate. This pretty bauble, when not connected with the girdle by the ring in the centre of the bird's back, can stand out bravely upon the

strongly developed claws.

The Earl of Stamford owned an ancient time-keeper royally adorned. Jacinths formed the cases, and the cover was set about with diamonds on an enamelled border.

Think of a "nut watch!" golden

Digitized by

acorn in shape, and at a certain hour hearing from its contracted proportions the report of a diminutive wheel-lock pistol.

Still another fancy was for cockle-shell cases, having them richly chased and enamelled.

Quite an elaborately finished watch was in the shape of a duck; the case was of silver, the feathers heavily chased. Opening the lower part, one finds a silver dial-plate, encircled with much gilt ornamentation in floriated scroll-work and angels' heads. On small rubies the tiny wheels moved noiselessly on in their appointed ways. This was made in the reign of good Queen Bess.

Prominently among such relics mention must be made of the silver clock of Charles the First, and given by him on the morning of his execution (January, 1649) to Sir Thomas Herbert. It was a remarkable specimen of the finest handiwork of the times; a picture discloses rich tracery upon back, rim, and face of this historic time-keeper of scroll-work and elaborately finished foliage. Upon the back one sees a large central flower, from which radiate with true artistic touch leaves, buds, and swaying tendrils. It has descended as an heirloom to William Townley Mitford, Esq.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VANITY FAIR.-We can not recommend books on etiquette. In Washington, etrangers call first on residents, and the lower rank on the higher, as Representatives on Senators. Senators on the cabinet and judges all on the President and on the foreign ministers represent their government. Strangers are privileged to call on everybody.

J. M. D.—We do not answer questions by mail, but

will answer them briefly here. A reception can be given from eight to eleven, the hours stated on the card. The proper formula would be: "Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D., at home, Thursday evening, November 15, from eight to eleven." Ladies and gentlemen would of course come in evening dress in a city, but if you were in doubt you could have "evening dress" put in small script in the corner of the card. Perhaps in an educational institution that would be best. Oysters, educational institution that would be best. Oysters, salads, ice-cream, coffee, tea, and lemonade are usually offered at ten o'clock. If you have dancing, give the young people another hour—say from eight to twelve. As to the supper, the principal should take in the most elderly and most distinguished lady guest -perhaps the clergyman's wife. The principal's wife would be the most important person in the room. She should, however, receive the guests and welcome them, and having seen them all in the refreshment-room, enter herself last with the most distinguished gentleman. The hostess is always the person to de-cide on the etiquette, and she can invite as many ladies to help her receive as she pleases. We approve of your determination to give these receptions, and to insist on your guests coming in evening dress. These social on your guests coming in evening dress. These social teachings are as important as the solid branches to your young people, and will do much to light up the monotony of school life, and to help them to achieve good manners, without which scholarly culture is often thrown away.

X. Y. Z.—A six-o'clock wedding and reception is an evening entertainment to which you should wear a full-dress evening suit, with swallow-tail coat, low-cut black vest, and black tronsers.

M. N.—Have your tiger-skin mounted on cloth as a rug, and place it in a hall on a hard-wood floor, or before a sofa. It is handsome for a gentleman's room, a

library, office, etc.

Breswax.—The Canton crape shawl may be gracefully draped on the bride's white satin dress, or it may form the entire front of the skirt and sleeves of an ottoman reps or satin basque and train. It would, however, be still more handsome for an opera closk, bordered with white ostrich feathers, and lined with ruby plush, or else with pale sky blue plush.

J. F.—Our information was gained from the best authority.

Lola.—The round bolsters are twelve or fourteen

inches in diameter.

K. V. R.—Trim the skirt of your velvet suit with a

puff and ruffle nearly gathered, and merely pipe the edges of the over-dress or basque, draping the overskirt on the upper part of the lower skirt, with its edges faced with satin, or else turned under out of sight, and sewed permanently to the skirt.
Subscribes.—Make the red cashmere for a girl of

five years shirred at the neck and again below the hips, with pleating falling below the last row of shir-ring. It will be difficult to match your green cashmere with embroidery, and velvet will trim it quite as well. Make it by any of the designs for wool dresses illustrated in Bazar No. 51, Vol. XV.

C. W. G.—The quilt made of small scraps described.

in Bazar No. 37, Vol. XV., is probably what you want. ELSIE VANDYKE.—White marabout feathers arranged in a ruche will be prettier than swan's down for your white silk dress. White ottoman silk, with a bertha and other trimmings of tinsel gauze, is one of the newest selections for evening dresses, and you might add feather ruches. Small birds are also used for the

corrage and for drapery.

Viola.—Get a small brown velvet bonnet with the front pointed slightly, and have oftoman ribbon strings and a bird for trimming, with some velvet loops. Make a low knot of your back hair, comb the front backward, and place some curved locks on your forehead.

Avis.-As the bride is to wear a wine-colored suit. the bridemaid would look well in olive green of the same materials and similarly made.

HARRY.—There is a tendency toward wearing pearl-colored gloves with wide stitching at morning weddings, but it is not so fully adopted that you will err in leaving them off, as that has been the custom here for two or three years, just as you say it has in your

own city.

Wife.—You should read an article on dinner-table decorations in Bazar No. 42. Vol. XV.

-Woollen fabrics are much worn by girls of three or four years. Red and blue fine wool with plush over-dresses of darker shades are in especial favor.

Mrs. S.—Cut patterns of parts of suits are sold sepa rately as advertised. We do not publish addresse this column. To procure the one you want send us a

Names.—The plush-trimmed dress need not be altrend a velvet is the only thing you could use in its place. The said merveilleux dress is good. You should here large buckles of steel or of beads to hold up the said. A sheet visite mantle would be the ways. It was rading to should be made to Pache Setzanta from its style.

travelling suit. You failed to send the blue sample. Get black ottoman silk with full moons brocaded on it to combine with plain silk. Get dark gray-blue ottoman silk, or else strawberry red, and combine with velvet for a colored suit. Have some inexpensive black or dark green satin Surah for a trimmed skirt, and have a dull red cloth or velvet basque, with a very little braid upon it, to wear with the trimmed skirt. little braid upon it, to wear with the trimmed skirt. Tan-colored gloves will answer with any of these dresses. Your bonnets should match the dresses either in material or trimming. You seem well provided with bonnets. A darker brown velvet basque would do with the light cashmere, though you might better match it and use repped slik with it, and retain the waist as it is. The ruffied skirt would be in good The light pink and blue jackets may not be out of place in the South, but very quiet colors are worm of place in the South, but very quiet colors are worn here at hotel breakfasts, and such jackets are confined to a lady's own rooms. Wear your moiré garments at once, and "get the good" of them while they are still in fashion, and by all means wear your plain black velvet jacket as a basque with black silk skirts, or any of the many others you mention. You should not have used brocaded velvet and striped velvet together. You might combine the brocade with black ottoman silk instead of buying an entirely new dress. It is a pity to have so many dresses that they get to be old-fashioned before they have been of any service.

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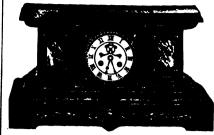
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FACETIÆ.

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A roor Irishman passing a butcher's shop one day observed some liver for sale. Not knowing what it was, he inquired of the butcher, and whether it was cheap and good to eat, receiving an answer in the affirmative. He said that he would like to buy some, but his old woman knew only how to boil "praties," whereupon the butcher good-naturedly oftered to write him a recipe for preparing the savory dish. With this and his purchase dangling conspicuously in his hand, Pat sallied forth in triumph. He had not proceeded far, however, before a lean and hungry dog which had been prowling around seized the tasty morsel with his jaws, and made off as fast as his legs could carry him. Pat, in no wise disconcerted, turned round with a broad grin on his countenance, and, shaking his fist at the canne thief, who was fast disappearing in the distance, said, "Arrah, ye dirty blackguard, ye're sowld this time! You've got the liver, but you can't cook it, for I've got the resate in me pocket."

A promising boy, not more than five years old, hearing a gentleman at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that ever was made.

In Dresden many years ago a large palace was burned to the ground. It was winter; the wells were frozen, and people dreaded the intense cold. Spectators there were many, but few were willing to help in extinguishing the fre. Among the crowd stood a stout gentleman well wrapped in furs, and watching the grand sight with enjoyment.

"Come, sir," cried a voice from the ranks of the water-carriers, "just lend us a hand, will you?"

"I am Councillor X.," answered the man in the fur cont.

"And I am the Duke of Z.," retorted the water-carrier; and so saying, he emptied his bucket over the head of the idler.



An eminent English dramatist was about to read a new piece of his to the company of a certain theatre, when, gravely rising from his seat and opening a black bag he carried, he walked round the stage and placed a new pocket-handkerchief in the hands of each of the actors and actresses present, simply remarking, "Pardon me, but this is a tragedy."

Von Kalkbrenner, the noted pianist, used to pride himself on the particle which preceded his name, and paraded it on every occasion.

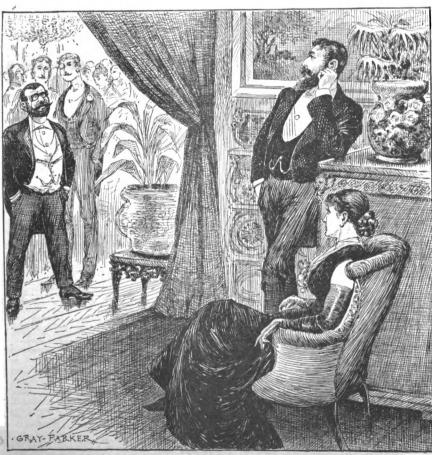
"Do you know," he once said to an acquaintance, "that the nobility of my family dates from the Crusades? One of my ancestors accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa—"

"On the piano?" asked the other.

Lady Bloomfield, in her Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life, tells a curious anecdote about her own father, who isolated himself from the younger members of his family on account of his dislike to the noise of children. "It is said," she writes, "that one day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms, and being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse, much astonished, answered, "Your own, Sir Thomas!"

An Irish wit, hearing that a stingy and slovenly bar-rister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed, "He'll not change either till he comes back."

"What's the crowd about?" queried a stranger, as he noticed a stream of visitors going into a fashionable residence.
"It's a silver weddin'," obligingly replied his informant.
"What's a silver weddin'?"
"Why, a chap's been married twenty-five times, and he's a-celebratin' of it."



(Mr. and Mrs. Swellington Jones discussing the success of their ball.)

"MY DEAR, WHO IS THAT FELLOW OVER THERE LOOKING AT THE PICTURES?"
"DON'T KNOW, MY DEAR." "WHO BROUGHT HIM HERE?" "DON'T KNOW, MY DEAR."
"WELL, GET HIS NAME CORRECTLY, AND TAKE GOOD CARE NOT TO HAVE HIM HERE AGAIN.
HE DON'T TALK, HE DON'T DANCE, HE IS VERY COMMON-LOOKING. AND HE EATS LIKE SIXTY."



THE IMPORTED MANNER.

DASH UP WITHOUT SLACKING, AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO RUN YOUR POLE THROUGH ANYTHING AHEAD; THEN STOP SUDDENLY WITH A CLASH, A SLAP, AND A BANG, DOOR BEING OPENED BY JEAMES BEFORE THE HORSES HAVE RECOVERED.

Vol. XVI.—No. 10. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY

HOW SKILLED WORK REMUNERATES WOMEN. BOOK-KEEPING.

THE editor of one of the leading reviews in the United States was sitting at his desk last week when I called to ask him a question. It had come to my knowledge that he was employing the question. It had come with allowing that he was employing the services of women as book-keepers in his publishing department, and I wished to ask him how the experiment worked. In answer to my inquiry (which was made with little preliminary palaver, for business is business, especially in business hours) he pushed back his chair, and with the earnestness and intelligence of a man who believes in a reform which he has instituted, proceeded to give the results of his experience, first, however, shutting the door of his private office in order that the four or five young women accountants in the front room might not hear what he was going to say.

"During the last six years," he began, "I have employed twelve or fifteen women as book-keepers, secretaries, copyists, and clerks, and so satisfactorily that I do not see why publishers in general might not pursue a similar course. Of course our book-keeping is not so intricate or responsible as that of the largest publishing houses, nor do I think that, in the present condition of the sex, a woman could readily be found who could act as head bookkeeper for an immense publishing firm, for instance. But in es-

tablishments where the transactions are less in number, size, and complication I see no reason why women can not keep the books as well as men do; and it seems to me to be the duty of public-spirited citizens to take some part in solving the pressing and almost paramount problem of how to provide with honorable and remunerative employment the daily increasing class of women who are thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood. Now my experience has been directly in the face of the current objections to such a course. In the first place, the women whom I have employ-ed during these six years have not been kept at home by sickness oftener than the same num-ber of men would have been, and their regularity and punctuality have demonstrated to me the fallacy of the popular idea that women physically are less capable of performing such service than men. I emphasize this point; I feel that it deserves to be emphasized. I do not say that my book-keepers have never lost a day through sickness of any kind; that not one of them ever has a severe cold or a touch of fever; what I do say is that ill health has not incapacitated them for work oftener or to a greater extent than would have been the case with the same number of men in the same situation; and since woman is generally supposed to be more or less of an invalid, and therefore not a first-class candidate for business honors, I am inclined to make a distinct and lucid note of

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my experience as an employer in this respect. "In the next place, my experience has been that the women whom I have employed are not unfitted for business by reason of their expected or impending marriage. All advocates of providing remunerative work for women are objection that, women intend sooner or later to get married, they will not take the pains to learn thoroughly a business which at any moment they may be called upon to abandon. But the book-keepers in my office have done their work as diligently and intelligently as if they expected to continue in it till they die. whether or not they purpose to get married I don't know; but I feel sure that at present none of them are engaged."

"Why?"

"Because they would have told me, if such were the case. If one of them was engaged to be mar-ried, she would be sure to drop some intimation of it, either by her demeanor, or by casually re-marking, with the usual pretty

archness of manner, that she doesn't always expect to work for a living. Sometimes you can tell that a young woman is under contract by the occasional or frequent appearance of the same young man at the office, or just outside of it. But girls who have sense are smart

enough to keep their lovers at a distance during business hours."

"And also," I interrupted, "not to tell their employers about it?"

"Perhaps so," he replied; "there certainly exists no insurmountable obstacle." able obstacle.

"How about the matter of salaries? It is sometimes urged in behalf of women that employers can obtain their services at just one-half the cost of men's."

"Well, I should be sorry to say that I paid a woman less than I would pay a man for the same sort and amount of work. head book-keeper receives eight hundred dollars a year, and if she were a man I should give her a thousand dollars. But there are certain things that a man in her position would do which it is inexpedient for her to do. For instance, every now and then it is necessary for a head book-keeper to go to the bank and arrange with the cashier or teller some little inaccuracy or misunderstanding in the entries in the bank-book. If a woman were asked to make the journey, and to set matters straight, she would blush and become disconcerted. She would not feel that it was in the line of her duties."

"Which is the same as saying, I suppose, that in the present state of the banking business it would be considered irregular to send a woman on such an errand."

"Precisely."
"Yet I do not see," I added, "why a woman clever enough to perform the duties of a head book-keeper could not step over to

the bank and fix things herself as satisfactorily as a man could." "Undoubtedly she might," he answered, "but the conventionalities at present hardly admit of it. So we send a young man—our mailing clerk; and as meanwhile he must leave his own work, we can not afford to pay the woman book-keeper as much as if she were of the other sex, and could conduct the whole business herself. I mention this only as one instance. There are several other cases which would show that a woman head book-keeper is not quite so valuable as her rival of the opposite gender. Accordingly, although in our establishment we pay her only eight hundred dollars we feel that no dislars a year instead of one thousand dollars, we feel that no discrimination is made on account of sex, but that she really receives as much as a man would for the amount of work performed. Our assistant book-keepers get five hundred dollars and upward, or the same salary we should pay to men. Our copyists have a dollar a day; and you can always find a copyist at that price."

Truth, however, compels the declaration that the learned editor's

views and practice in this regard are exceptionally equitable. The custom among business men is to pay women book-keepers about one-half of what men book-keepers are paid. Into the reasons for this distinction I do not now enter; but the fact is indisputa-ble, and some excellent citizens are using it with business houses as an argument for employing women. If by means of it some women are enabled to find remunerative work who otherwise would not, perhaps in time they will demonstrate by their faithfulness and capability that the distinction is one without a differ-

"The other day," said I, continuing the conversation, "I met a well-known carpet manufacturer, who declared that he would never again employ young women in his designing department. 'They flirted and danced all the while,' he exclaimed, 'and when the boss's back was turned the boys did the same. Result, total demoralization, and we had to get rid of them.' The same day I learned from another carpet manufacturer that in his judgment it was utterly impractical for young men and women to learn carpet designing in the same room. of his designers, he added, had a daughter who assisted her father, and got along very well, but she was out of sight of the boys. How is it with book-keeping?" I inquired of the editor. 'The results are more satisfac-

tory," he replied, "where the sexes are not indiscriminately mixed. If I had a man for a head bookkeeper, his assistants might well enough be women, but I should not think for a moment of havnot think for a moment of having two of them women and the other two men. Boys will be boys. Why, if I was eighteen years old, I know perfectly well how I should act myself. My book-keepers and copyists are young women exclusively and young women exclusively, and they work along homogeneously."

How very comfortable they looked in their bright, spacious front office—head book-keeper, assistants, copyists — and how smoothly they transacted the business of that counting-room! It was a pleasure to see them, and doubly a pleasure to see them there.

That very day I saw the principal of a well-known business col-lege at the hour when its exercises were closing. Several young wo-men, pupils of the institution, were passing through the reception-room on their way down-stairs. "Are you fitting them for book-

keeping?" I asked.
"Yes," replied the principal;



VELVET AND SATIN MERVEILLEUX EVENING DRESS .- [For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 47-52.]

"but whether they will practice the art or not I don't know. Their parents are able to support them, and expect to do so; but if adversity ever comes, these girls are sure of a chance to support themselves. The opportunities are more numer ous than they used to be. A short time ago I addressed to some of the best business houses in this city a circular, in which I said: 'I know of a few well-trained, well-cultured young women who can do the work of cashiers, correspondents, bookkeepers, amanuenses, type-writers, and general clerks in offices where such work is desirable. I speak for none but good, capable girls, who have been under my instruction, and whose qualifications are known to me; and I shall be glad to do a double service in securing to them good places and to employers valuable assistance. The answers received enabled me to place very opportunely some young women who greatly needed such help. There is my secretary [pointing to a young woman at a desk covered with papers]: she is cashier, correspondent, book-keeper, amanuensis, all in one; she has the sense of order, which is woman's pre-eminently; she takes charge of all my affairs, and she knows where to lay her hand on any document I may require. I pay her twenty-five dollars a week, and she is worth every cent of it. I sent another pupil of mine to a business man down town; he wanted somebody to take care of his papers, to keep his office in order, to tell him where to find things, and occasionally to act as secretary. He pays her eight dollars a week, and she is glad to get it. A dealer in ribbons called on me for a boy to act as book-keeper. 'You don't want a boy,' I said; 'you want a girl;' and I sent him one. He pays her ten dollars a week, and a boy would cost him twenty. But she is satisfied, in fact, delighted, with the place." And can she meet all her expenses with ten

"Why, certainly, and dress neatly too. She and a girl friend occupy the same bedroom, paying for it a dollar and a half a week apiece. Their dinners they procure down-town, at, say, another dollar and a half a week (they know how to get the worth of their money). Breakfasts and suppers they prepare themselves in their own room. It isn't much trouble, and they like the fun."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

"Bright, sparkling, and brimming over with good things," — Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 20, contains a rure assortment of stories, altention being equally divided between the girls and boys. The former will turn with eager interest to "Vic Vinton's Valentine," a story of school-girl life, by Miss Agnes Carr, and to Chapters XXVI. and XXVII. of "Nan," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lille, the experiences of that little heroine becoming more exciting and pathetic as the story draws to a close. The boys will linger regretfully over the concluding chapter of "Reg," by Matthew White, Jun., and will follow with delight the fortunes of the valiant dog "Rouser," as described by L. A. B. Curtis.

There is a timely article on "Washington in Youth," and Mrs. M. E. Sangster gives some pleasant information in regard to the great hero in an article entitled "The Minuet." James Otis introduces his readers to a pleasant game for winter evenings, entitled "King's Court."

This Number is conspicuous for its beautiful art-work. The front page, "Ye Dance of Olden Time," is by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd. The stories are illustrated by Mrs. Shepherd. Mrss Jessie McDermott, and W. L. Sheppard. There is a beautiful full page engraving, entitled "Little Snow. Shoes," and a graceful winter sketch by H. L. Brown, entitled "Why So Tearful?" "I Did It With My Little Hutchet" is a most amusing and timely "Comic," by Chip.

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

MI-CARÉME.

THE old Latin phrase of quadragesima, in relation to the fortieth day before Easter, enduring changes through the Italian quaresima, and the Spanish cuaresma, becomes in French caréme—a word which we seldom hear in this country, except in the brief suspension of humiliation and prayer which comes with Mid-Lent Sunday, and known as the Mi-Carème, and known then,

perhaps, as much to the world of fashion as to any other.

The especial reasons for a suspension of fast and a swift short return of festivity the authorities of rite and ritual can eas ily give. Perhaps there are not many that stay to question, so long as they receive the liberty; although let us hope that they who pretend to fast do not do so grudgingly, for the most part, and are not unwisely eager for the gay respite. Yet it is not to be expected that even the rigid obeyer of religious law shall not find something pleasant, whatever may be the reasons for its existence, in the sanctioned custom that lifts the veil of seriousness or of gloom and lets the sunshine through, and for one quick flash gives the penitent surcease of sorrow, and his bride to the waiting lover.

Perhaps the prettiest practice of any that belong to this brief and welcome season is the sweet old keeping of the Mid-Lent Sunday as Mothering Sunday. Then-and the custom held, if we mistake not, as late as the seventeenth century, and may still hold in the more remote regions of England and Scotland for aught we know-every 'prentice lad and every lass that was out at service, every new-made bride or groom, every son or daughter living apart from the old fireside of childhood, the heart warming with thoughts of home, made a point and ceremony of going to see the unforgotten mother, and of carrying to her some curious and unexpected gift—that is, unexpected only in the light of its novelty-on which time and effort and ingenuity had to be expended, unless resort was had to the stereotyped simnel-cake. Let the gift be what it might, on that day the mother was a person of more than ordinary consideration, a crowned queen of her small domain receiving homage. In return this good mother treated her home-coming children, according to universal usage, which is really about as potent as the written law even at the present day, to a dish of furmenty, which pleasant and innocent compound was made of milk in which were boiled wheat, sugar, and spices, or else to pancakes, called carlings, made of soaked pease fried in butter, and seasoned with pepper and salt. This little dish had a curious and rather interesting derivation-pease, or beans either, for the matter of that, when thus treated, being understood to typify a sort of repentance or confession of sin, since it is necessary, in order to repent perfectly, that confession should "lie in steepe in the water of medi-

Sometimes the gift to the mother on this Mothering Sunday, as we have mentioned, consisted of a simnel-cake—a preparation made of flour dyed with saffron, the crust brushed over with the glair of egg, and then baked till hard as rock-candy is, and the inside consisting of a delicious and expensive hodge-podge made of all the rich ingredients which go to complete our best mincepies or wedding cake, with caudied fruits and nut kernels, and orange and lemon peels besides.

"I'll to thee a simuel bring
'Gainst thou go a-mothering,
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half the blessing thou'lt give me,"

sang Herrick, with pleased observance of the rustic customs, few of which escaped him, the entire custom, cake and all, being very probably an ancient one of pagan descent, adopted into Christian manners, just as the early clergy had a cross stamped on the bun now known as the hot cross-bun. Thus they turned into a Christian custom, whether the people would or no, the old pagan way the Saxons had of eating a cake of that sort in honor of their goddess Eastre, just in the same way they made the Carnival preceding Lent out of the ancient Roman Saturnalia, and as, in the wisdom of the Church, many another ancient form was adopted, in order that the populace might not notice the instilling of a new life and soul into its dead bones. Perhaps, after all, our own eating of certain birds and sauces at Thanksgiving, of certain puddings at Christmas, of certain flesh and vegetables and ices at Fourth of July, is not so very distinct a habit from that of the old Saxons munching their raisin cakes to their goddess Eastre.

We are all fond of pleasure—so fond of it that memory of what pleasures we have had nearly eclipses, and more especially so in a healthy mind, the memory of much sorrow, and makes it difficult to recall all the anguish of a past pain. Thus people throw themselves, wherever it is kept, into the gayeties of Carnival, even glad to do, if the chance occur, as they do in Venice when keeping a second Carnival of a fortnight at Ascension-time, in connection with the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic, and calling it the festival of the Bucentaur; and in the same spirit we hail this brief remission of the Mi-Carême with open arms and willing hands. But, to our own mind, better than Mid-Lent dance or dinner, better than Mid-Lent marriage or any of the spontaneous festivity, is the old, old fashion of "mothering.' There was no such thing then as being ashamed of the mother: she was the best there was.

There is little danger of the adoption of such a fashion on these shores, where, if contemporaneous fiction gives any standard by which to form an opinion, mothers are not of immense social account, seldom or never appearing in the tales of the day, and of little use or consequence in the plot when they do. But, nevertheless, it would perhaps do us no harm in the midst of our strength and self-satisfaction to remember that there have been times and occasions when mothers had authority, did not step to the rear and abandon the world to their daughters, were considered capable of rearing a generation, and continuing its conduct in some measure after it was reared, and were accustomed to receive obedience as if, let what would be said of the divine right of kings, the divine right of parents remained unimpaired.

If, then, the Mi-Carème, with the celebration of its old Mothering Sunday, could build up in the hearts of youths and maidens a reverence for elders which does not now seem to be too widely felt, and a slight distrust of themselves, which would do them no harm, it might be a season to be met with some observance, and valuable through the emotions and thoughts it aroused by such celebration, in the light of the danger of the abandonment of society and civilization to the young people of to-day.

KALSOMINING.

KALSOMINING is of two kinds—plain and ornamental. The plain branch is almost exclusively in the hands of our colored fellow-citizens. There is a curiously intimate connection between kalsomining and the work of the colored ministry. Skill and success in preaching and kalsomining seem to go together, and no colored minister attains eminence among his people unless he is also renowned for his mastery over the kalsomining brush. Whether the practice of whitening fences and walls strengthens the kalsominer's aspirations after purity of character, or whether the purity supposed to be inseparable from the ministerial profession readily expresses itself with lime, it would be difficult to decide. The fact that the colored pulpit is incomplete without the kalsomining pail is, however, too well established to admit of a doubt.

There is no slight resemblance between kalsominers and plumbers. The kalsominer, when he comes to his work in the morning, invariably places his pails and brushes on the floor, and then goes home to get something which he has forgotten. This is precisely analogous to the invariable custom of the plumber, who always goes back to the shop for more tools. The kalsominer is also extremely contemptuous in speaking of the work done by previous kalsominers, and the plumber never fails to remark that the man who "put in that there joint," or made the connection between the kitchen sink and the drain-pipe, was a mere pretender to the art of plumbing.

er to the art of plumbing.

The plain kalsominer is much more destructive of carpets and furniture than is the ornamental kalsominer. This is probably due to peculiarities of race. The colored man is not naturally careful, and is rarely annoyed by the sight of "matter out of He spills huge drops of kalsomine on the carpet and the chairs, and leaves the print of his pail on the lid of the piano without any remorse of conscience. The ornamental kalsominer, on the contrary, is usually a careful man, who prides himself on his ability to kalsomine a ceiling without spilling a drop. This is one of his virtues. and he very properly takes care to have it rewarded in his bill.

To the neat and economical housewife there is something very seductive in the art of kalsomining. It makes the walls and ceilings of her house perfectly clean, and it is far less costly than the processes of painting or papering. Were she to confine herself to plain kalsomining, and to enlist the services of the colored preacher with his whitewash pail, she would have little to regret except the incidental destruction of furniture. It is when she elects to have her walls tinted, and employs the ornamental kalsominer to carry out her ideas, that she begins to learn what mental suffering really is.

It seems a perfectly simple thing to select a given tint, say pale pink, and to tell the kalsominer that the walls of a particular room must be colored with that particular tint. The process of so coloring them would also be a simple one could the kalsominer be induced to submit his own wishes to those of his employer. In point of fact, he never so submits them. He does not boldly assert

that his employer shall not have pale pink walls. On the contrary, he professes his ability to mix the finest of pale pink kalsomine, and his perfect willingness to do so, but all the time be is secretly resolved that not a drop of pink kalsomine shall enter that house except over his dead body. He therefore proceeds to mix a pale green fluid which, if he is detected in the act, he unblushingly declares to be precisely the tint that his employer selected. Compelled to abandon his green tint, he mixes a deep purple one, which he still stoutly maintains to be pale pink. Determined housewives have sometimes fought this battle with the kalsominer until he has mixed from twentyfive to thirty different tints, ranging all the way from blue-black up to light cream-color, without once prevailing upon him to produce the desired pale pink. Unless the housewife is resolved to have her pale pink or nothing, she wastes time and patience in this preliminary struggle with the kalsominer. He will never yield, and there is no choice between permitting him to select his own tint and ordering him to take up his pails and leave the honse.

Probably the best plan is to permit the kalsominer to use his first-selected substitute for the pale pink or other color desired by his employer, and then to hold him strictly to it. Great fearlessness and a stubborn will are required in order to accomplish this task, but it must be accomplished if the housewife is to retain any sort of peace of mind. Left to himself, the kalsominer will decorate every moulding and inequality of the wall or ceiling with a separate color. The result will be a discordant and terrific symphony in colored kalsomine, for which there is no remedy but the instant employment of a paper-hanger with paper and paste-pot, or of a plain kalsominer with instructions to cover his predecessor's work with a thick coating of pure whitewash.

Ornamental kalsomining is really only a branch of wall-papering. It is the preliminary process which renders papering inevitable. The ornamental kalsominer is always a paper-hanger, and the fact explains his obstinacy in point of tints. He knows that the more discontented with kalsomine be can make his employer the sooner she will employ him to hide the traces of his insincere and calculating brush. Were this to be fully known and appreciated by housewives, the trade of the ornamental kalsominer would be at an end, for walls would be papered in the first instance, and without the preliminary waste of kalsomine. The plain kalsominer with his whitewash pail has his uses, but the ornamental kalsominer is a spoiler of the domestic peace and purse.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING SUITS.

COMBINATIONS of two materials are seen in most of the costumes imported for spring and summer. The rule with these is a plain fabric for the waist and drapery, with figured goods for the lower skirt, but there are a few exceptions that prove the rule. For the first spring dresses for the street, cashmere of the fine qualities that resemble Henrietta cloth is used for the basque and over-skirt, or for the polonaise, while the lower skirt, or rather the flounces or pleatings that represent the lower skirt, are of ottoman silk with blocks of satin upon it, or else stripes of velvet are upon plaid ottoman silk, or perhaps the skirt is made of checked silk. There are also dresses entirely of woollen stuff, such as the new beigette (which is a substantial kind of French bunting), or of light twilled camel's-bair; for these dresses the pleated wool skirt is plaided, while the over-dress is plain wool, and there are many wool skirts of dark grounds that have very large balls in the richest cashmere colors. The variety shown at present consists of plain grounds, blocks, checks, small broken plaids, some very large blocks, plain stripes alternating with plaid stripes, and the large ball and disk patterns. Some of the new dresses are monotone, and for these a third material, usually velvet, is added, but in others there are very strong contrasts, among which green trimmed with red prevails, and there is a tendency to introduce oruge and flame-colors amid dark and quiet tints

VELVET RIBBON.

Velvet ribbon is brought into use again for trimming cashmeres and silks. It is used in great quantities on the box-pleated skirts, being sometimes placed in three parallel rows down each broad box pleat, and laid in loops that overlap each other at the end, while on simpler dresses it is placed across the box pleats near the foot, forming a kind of border of three or four parallel rows. The inch-wide ribbon is most used for these trimmings, and that two inches wide, with satin on the wrong side, is useful for the long-looped bows and chains that are placed down the front of the skirt and corsage, on the back of the basque and overskirt, and as a kind of sash that drapes the front—not the back—of the skirt, beginning on the sides, and being curved down amid the front draperies and loosely tied there. Rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon outline a square yoke on the shoulders of woollen basques, or else three rows very near together, and sometimes lapping, are placed straight down the front from the collar



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to the top of the darts, and the ends are turned under in loops, giving the effect of a square plastron. The wrists of the sleeves have three rows of ribon set on around the arm, or else extending up the sleeve, while still others have the outer seam left open slightly, and two rows following the whole edge of the sleeve.

PASSEMENTERIE AND SOUTACHE.

Palm leaves have come into vogue again, and promise to supersede wheels and frogs both in passementerie and in soutache braiding. The passementerie and in soutacne oranging. The passementerie palms are made of silk cords, and come in sets for the front of the basque; the prettiest of these are sets of six palm leaves in three pairs, with loops and buttons to join them, put on as a square plastron just below the dress collar and trimming all that part above the darks collar, and trimming all that part above the darts. Oblong and barrel-shaped ornaments with passementeric cords draped in curves between them are used in small sizes for the back of the basque, and in very large sizes on the over-skirt in various ways, either on one side only, or across the front, or as if supporting the bouffant drapery There are also sets of three ornaments behind. of indefinite design, forming two large clusters of cords with many pendent balls for the front of the basque, and a similar one to be placed on the waist line in the back. Soutache braid will the waist line in the back. Southerne braid with be much used in palms and in parallel rows, and the new fancy is to put the braid on a material of different color from that of the dress, and then apply this braided piece to the dress; for instance, a dress of olive brown cashmere has the olive wool soutache braid laid on dark red cashmere, which shows with pretty effect through the interstices of the braiding pattern, and brightens up the sober brown of the dress. Nine parallel rows of soutache placed on a band three inches wide make a very pretty trimming, and is more rapidly done than if an intricate pattern is followed; besides, the intricate designs are not al-ways effective, and more bold "impressionist" patterns with broad curves are preferred instead. Palm leaves ten or twelve inches long are seen on some of the handsomest French dresses, while on others there are Gothic points of graceful shape made with a few outline curves that are very easily done. Sometimes three or four palm leaves are placed low on the right side of the draperies of an over-skirt, while a straight apron above these has parallel rows upon it. The corsage of coat-like shape of a cashmere suit may have a narrow velvet vest, with a braided palm leaf placed high on each side outside this vest, and a larger palm braided in the lower edge of each front, just where it slopes away below the short vest.

Other trimmings consist principally of pleatings, facings, and flounces of the material used in combination with the woollen goods. Velvet is very popular for the small accessories, such as a vest, collar, cuffs, and balayeuse, and is used as a third fabric when ottoman silk is chosen for the combination. Satin is also used for pleatings and plastrons, and especially for facings of bright color, but it is not seen in the profusion llately fashionable. Embroidered dress patterns of nuns' veiling and cashmere are very largely imported, and are made up with the Greek over-skirt and hanging loose pleats that are edged with embroidery.

BUTTONS AND CLASPS.

'Buttons remain small and inconspicuous, and are no longer used for show, but merely to do service for fastening the dress; they are, how-ever, very pretty when made of crocheted silk in ball shape, on which a star or square is wrought, and these are placed in two rows close together down the front. There are also many flat metal buttons the size of a silver half-dime, some of which are polished blue steel with a gray steel rim, or they may have a bronze ground, with a gilt crescent moon showing the profile face of a man in it, with tiny gilt stars beyond, or else the plain black surface may be dotted with steel, gilt, or jet beads; bone and vegetable-ivory buttons various colors are also shown in both flat and ball shapes. Clasps with animals' heads in them are placed just below the dress collar, and take the place of a brooch; these are shown with ivory, bone, or metal heads of Skye terriers, griffins, or lions, with a frame-like border around them of black metal or of steel, and they have a hook and eye to fasten them like the clasps used on cloaks. These are also used for catching up the draperies of the skirt, and are sometimes placed in double rows down the left side of a skirt to partly fill a place not covered by drapery.

MANNER OF MAKING NEW SUITS.

The reader will be glad to know that dresses made last year can be easily altered into the new styles, and this will probably always be true as sensible plan of combining two materials prevails. There are also designs that suit the slender and designs for the stout, and these are seen both in the basques with over-skirts and in the varied polonaises. The basques are postilions with pointed fronts, very short sides, and pleated square backs that may be varied in the fullness of the pleats to suit the size of the wearer, those for the stout being pressed flatly and lengthened slightly on the hips, while for the slender they have hollow organ pleats, fluted box pleats, or else looped bows of doubled material put on to give a full effect, yet generally preserving square outlines. The sharply pointed fronts of basques are thought to be becoming to both large and small figures, but for very slight frames their beauty is enhanced by having puffed over-skirts that give greater roundness just below the belt. The front of the basque is single-breasted usually, but sometimes, when a narrow pointed velvet vest is inserted, there is an effect of double breasts given by two rows of buttons. There are a great many vests worn,

and among these are Directoire vests and the Continental styles sloping wide below the waist, and finished at the top with a very deep square-cornered collar that fastens low on the bust, while there is a standing collar to the plastron inside. The military standing collar with square corners that nearly meet, or even touch without lapping, is seen instead of that with the curved corne long in vogue. These are an inch and a quarter high, and may be of velvet, or of the cashmere nearly covered with rows of soutache, or it may be of the ottoman used in combination, finished with a cord or piping fold. The old fashion of covering a thick welting cord with the dress ma-terial or that of the trimming, and finishing the edges of the basque with it, is revived. The new and pretty turned-over collars are a compromise veen the rolling Byron collar and the standing bands, as they both stand up and turn down. They stand as high as a military band, and are turned over all around; they are rolled over as deep as an inch and a quarter in front, and nearly a third of an inch behind. This is a pretty way of using two materials, having, for instance, plaid ottoman silk for the outside, with velvet turned over upon it from the inside. Sleeves remain of the close coat shape, following the line of the arm very closely until they come to the shoulder, where they are enlarged and rounded to stand out and above the armhole. The padded roll introduced last year comes in the sleeves of almost all French dresses, and to this is now added a steel spring six or seven inches long that gives a high curve to the sleeve, and keeps it in place. The trimmings for the front of corsages are the passementeric and soutache garnitures, vests, and full pleats and shirred plastrons in square, oval, or triangular shape; these plastrons are of satin or of ottoman silk, either quite plain or in blocks, checks, or plaids.

OVER-SKIRTS.

Over-skirts are more voluminous in breadth than any lately worn, but there is a tendency to shorter draperies both in front and back, so that the lower skirt is much less concealed than it has been. Soft stuffs are required for these full overskirts, and this has much to do with the popularity of fine cashmeres, as they lend themselves to the many folds, "sagging" puffs, wrinkles, and pleats of the new designs. The Henri Trois puff all around the hips, gathered or pleated to the belt, with fullness in front as well as behind, is one of the features of new dresses; this is liked with sharply pointed waists, and will be most used by very slender ladies. This puff is not so startling as the reader imagines, for it is of the drooping baggy kind, clinging to the figure closely in front and on the sides, but is made quite large behind by the pillow bustle, which is now a fuller, stiffer pad than those worn last year. stead of this puff there is sometimes a pleating half a yard deep sewed to the belt to hang on the front and side breadths; this is curved to be shorter on the sides, where it meets a longer back drapery; below this in front there may be an apron drapery, and still lower down one or two pleatings. Most over-skirt draperies are irregular, that is, they differ on the sides. The longused Greek apron is intensified in shape by being caught up higher on the left side and extending quite low on the right side; with this it is now the fashion to outline a square apron like a nurse's apron on the lower skirt, using bias velvet or ribbon bands, or else passementerie, or it may be a notched silk ruche, and this border heads the flounces on the lower skirt. Still other Greek aprons are scarfs made by a cluster of folds of wool goods draped in a long curve from left to right on a skirt of handsome fabric, and fastened at each end by buckles, clasps, rosettes, or loops of velvet ribbon; above this is a sagging puff around the belt, and full draping of eashmere behind. In back draperies of cash-mere sometimes a whole width and half of another width are used; the fullness is massed at the top by side pleats, there are two double box pleats for attaching it to the belt, and the lower part may be square-cornered, sewed to the sides of the lower skirt, faced across the bottom, and tacked in three or four places across the foot to keep it in place, or the lower ends may be turned under and sewed out of sight, just as many apron fronts are now done.

PLEATED SKIRTS, FLOUNCES, ETC.

Box-pleatings covering a plain close foundation skirt are on the greatest number of imported dresses. A single row of pleatings, beginning under the upper draperies, covers all the visible parts below, and this is attached to the foundation skirt, and in many instances is trimmed with velvet ribbon or with soutache. The widths of these box pleats differ; some are an eighth of a vard wide, with two side pleats folded closely unonly an inch of space der them, and sepa from the next similar pleating; others are so wide that only one pleating is needed down the front breadth, one in each side breadth, and two for the back. Occasionally two box-pleated flounces trim the front and sides of the skirt, but only one is visible below the back drapery, although this back drapery is now much shortened. There are also dresses with one wide gathered flounce, quite straight, hemmed on the lower edge, and with two stiff erect frills at the top, each two inches wide when finished, of the material doubled; one of these frills may be of velvet, while the other and the wide flounce are of blocked ottoman silk; these fall at the foot in a narrow bias gathered ruffle of velvet, and perhaps one of pleated satin. The wide gathered flounce may be five-eighths of a vard deep, and should have in it five and a half or six breadths of silk of ordinary width. The box-pleatings of lower skirts are attached to the foundation skirt only at their top, and are held in place by three or four rows of tape tacked on their wrong side.

FOUNDATION SKIRTS.

Lower skirts, or foundation skirts, remain very narrow, and in many instances consist of but four breadths, one in front, which is quite narrow, a wider gored breadth on each side, and a straight back breadth that is still wider. Silks of the cheap qualities used for foundation skirts wear so badly that modistes are using more durable cashmeres and even cotton satteens for this purpose; and as these have no body, they are stiffened in the lower part, and sometimes throughout, by thin crinoline lawn lining that adds very little to their weight. At the foot the cashmere is faced upward for two or three inches, and there is no other facing, and no braid is used on the

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES W. McCreery & Co.; and Stern Brothers.

PERSONAL.

An interesting course of eight morning lec AN interesting course of eight morning fec-tures on the great orators—Demostrenes; CI-CERO; JOHN PYM; Lord HALIFAX; Lord CHAT-HAM; BURKE, FOX, PITT, and SHERIDAN; PAT-RICK HENRY; and CLAY and WEBSTER—was begun on February 15 at Chickering Hall, by the eloquent blind preacher, Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN.

The most expensive private observatory in

The most expensive partial section of the State has just been equipped by Robert McKm, of Madison, Indiana.

—John G. Whittier says nobody ought to write after seventy except Dr. Holmes, and he ought to keep on writing till he is a hundred.

—The late Professor George Washington of the method is allowed at the age of ninety-GREENE's mother is alive, at the age of ninety

-John Bright, in a most cordial and friendly letter, declined the invitation of the New York Union League Club to visit America as the club's

guest.

—Last season's American beauty in London was Miss Chamberlain, who is said to eclipse all the other professional beauties.

—Although in favor of an international copyright from principle, Mr. WILLIAM BLACK thinks if one were established he could not be much better off than he has been under the generous treatment given him by his American publishtreatment given him by his American publish-

ers.

—The Public Library yard of Concord, Massachusetts, is to be decorated with a memorial statue of RALPH WALDO EMERSON by the artist who modelled the "Minute-Man," Mr. DANIEL C. FRENCH.

—Nearly two hundred thousand acres of Mississipping data land has been hought by General

—Nearly two hundred thousand acres of Mississippi delta land has been bought by General Gordon, of Georgia. It is the richest and perhaps the most unhealthy land in the world.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gidbon, of New Orleans, are entertaining the youngest daughter of the late Edwin M. Stanton, Miss Bessie Stanton.

—Mrs. Stevenson, of Washington, wife of an officer in the Bureau of Ethnology, wears on her visiting suit large silver buttons made for her by the Navajo Indians during her tour in the Southwestern Territories.

Southwestern Territories.

-The late ex-Congressman Lewis Selve, of Rochester, New York, began life as a black-

-The Philadelphia South Presbyterian Church —The Philadelphia South Fresbyterian Church
have twice refused to accept the resignation of
Rev. Dr. William M. Baker, the author, but
have finally submitted to a third resignation, on
account of their pastor's ill health.

—The mother of Josh Billings is ninety-two.

—An agent of the Russian government, M.
Etgène de Zeilenkoff, is now in Massachusetts heaving heer sent to visit the American

setts, having been sent to visit the American

glass manufactories.

—It is said that the four stars, Nilsson, Par-TI, MODJESKA, and LANGTRY, will carry three hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the country at the close of their tour through the States. If they wish to double the sum, they

will leave it behind them in investments.

—The LONGFELLOW statue fund has received contributions from some of the French soldiers

at Fort Kent, Maine, many of whom are descend-ants of the Acadians whom he celebrated.

—Autograph hunters will take heart since
ALEXANDER STEPHENS has declared that he can
not see why any one should refuse his autograph
to another unless the refusal is dictated by affectation. Charles Sumner always gave his when asked, and sometimes inclosed with it any autoasked, and sometimes increased with it any autograph notes of other distinguished men at hand. Still as it is now known that frequently the collections are merely made for sale, most authors feel justified in wasting no valuable time on the matter.

-Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, is afflicted

—Mrs. Sentior Johns, of Nevada, is affected with malarial fever.

—Mirza Yuseff Arsenius, a Persian, who was interpreter to the Shah when he made his European tour in 1873, has been engaged as agent, by the commissioner for Russia, Persia, and Central Asia, Mr. John L. Graves, for the foreign department of the exhibition to be held in Roston by the Mechanics' Charitable Assoin Boston by the Mechanics' Charitable Association next autumn.

—The sister-in-law of John Bright, Mrs. Sam-

—The sister-in-naw of John Britist, Mis. Samuel Bright, is visiting in Washington.

—The oldest clergyman in Massachusetts is Dr. Leonard Withinston, Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Newbury, Massachusetts, born in 1789.

—The dinner given to Mr. Hubert Herkomer

by Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, which was attended by Mrs. Howe, Dr. Holmes, and the author of "Mr. Isaacs," among others, is mentioned as being an ideal dinner. We suppose the Barmecidal character was in compliment to the Orientalism of "Mr. Isaacs." Most people would prefer a real

dinner.

—The Canadian weather prophets Vennor and Wiggins are owners of almanac publications, which accounts for a great deal of the milk in their cocoa-nuts.

—A comfortable little fortune, as all her friends

will be glad to know, has been left to Miss Susan B. Anthony.

On her ninetieth birthday Mrs. E. A. Jew-

ETT, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, consted down-hill on a hand-sled at a speed faster than that of a railway train.

Gates of white roses, swung from posts of the same flowers, separated the family friends from others in the church at the wedding of the

daughter of Mrs. Attorncy-General Brewster, where the bride was assisted by ten bridemaids.

—Mr. Herkomer's definition of "high art" is "art which suggests more than it represents."

—The statue of Chief-Justice Marrhall by Story is to be of heroic size, cust in bronze in Munich or Rome, and will be finished in four years. It is now hoped that Mr. Story will execute a statue of Webster also.

—One of the first through trains from San Francisco to New Orleans on the Southern Pacific Railway, bringing people to Mardi Gras, consisted of sixteen sleeping-cars and six ordinary cars.

nary cars.
—Mr. Whittier has expressed the hope that
the time is not far off when Brown University

will be open to women.

—At the meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts, in Boston, the subject of the lecture by Miss Phæbe Couzins, a St. Louis lawyer, was "Woman without a Country."

Country."
—The Czar, after the private performance at

—The Czar, after the private performance at Gatschina by the French players, presented M. Coquelin and M. Dieudonné each with a ruby ring, M. Schurmann with a diamond one, and Madame Favart with a ruby bracelet.

—The school-children of Washington are to celebrate Lonofellow's birthday on the 27th.

—The telephone has been introduced into Portugal by Mr. John M. Francis, editor of the Troy Times, and chargé d'affaires at Lisbon. The King has had his town residence connected with the Lisbon Telephone Exchange. The Czur of Russin has connected Gatschina telephonically with the Opera-house.

ically with the Opera-house.

—The daughter of Chief Justice WAITE is witty, brilliant, and accomplished, and has the features and the eye-glasses of the typical Boston

girl.

—The London Lancet declares that Professor Graham Bell's efforts to apply electricity to practical surgery are most praiseworthy, and merit the attention of surgeons.

—It is suid that Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General of England, is to appoint a "lady practitioner" to attend the female employés of the Post-office in London.

—MODJESRA's name. properly spelled, is Mo-

ModJeska's name, properly spelled, is Mo-

—The first telegram ever sent by a Chinese sovereign to a European court was read by the Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM on the anniversary of his silver wedding.

—The Queen of Servia writes all her husband's

—The Queen of Servia writes all her hasband's letters, although the poor thing can not paint, or embroider, or play the plano.

—Mr. ULYSES GRANT and Mr. JESSE GRANT are now in Paris, with their families, where they expect to be again, to meet their father and mother, in the summer.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Grand Duches Vianning of Russia and the Queen of

Duchess VLADIMIR of Russia, and the Queen of Spain have adopted the style of having monograms on their note-paper arranged to imitate coins, and bearing the writer's favorite device

—HUMBERT of Italy finds royalty so tiresome that he could resign the crown with more relief One hundred and twenty-five thousand dol-

Ins were left by Anthony Trollops to his family, together with the copyright of fifty novels.

—The Emperor of Russia often pluys battledor and shuttlecock with his children. People record such facts as if there were some reason

why emperors were not human beings.

The gold medal for art and science was received by Madame MATRIKA from the Grand Duke when she sang at Weimar.

The house in which Dork died, in Rue St.

Dominique, Paris, once belonged to the Dukes de Saint-Simon. His studio in the Rue Bayard had no equal in the world in size, furniture, and

expensive arrangements.

—The Czar's new throne for the coronation is of black oak, carved richly, costing about nine thousand dollars. Its style is sadly suggestive.

—Once a year the Emperor of China, with all his ministers, ploughs a furrow across a field for the encouragement of agriculture, and the Queen of England enters the lists as competitor at local

of England enters the lists as competitor at local fairs for the same purpose.

The present wife of the ex-King of Portugal has a sister pleasantly married in Boston, with a family of children.

In the early days of California, when the drinking water was very poor and scarce, Henry L. Goodwin, of East Hartford, Connecticut, angry at being charged half a dollar for a drink for his oxen, bored eighty feet into his own town lot, and established a free drinking-fountain for all passers-by. For other uses he sold the water, which proved to be the best on the coast, for a cent a gallon, and realized a fine fortune from it.

When the Duke of Cambridge was created Knight of the Thistle it cost the public seven-

—When the Duke of Cambridge was created Knight of the Thistie it cost the public seventeen hundred dollars, and when Prince LEOPOLD was created duke, earl, and baron, the public expense was two thousand dollars.

—Having learned his speeches by heart, it is said that DISRAELI used to hesitate and "er-er-er" as if gropping for a word, or making acknowledgment that, for the Englishman at any rate, to err is human.

to err is human.
—Professor G. W. FEWKES, Ph.D., of the Mu-

enn of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, tells us that jelly-fish sometimes live in communities, a number of the jelly-fish eating for the whole community. No other community would stand this, although it sometimes looks as if we

stand this, although it sometimes looks as if we were coming to it.

—HENRY M. STANLEY has re-entered the Congo with three thousand tons of goods.

—The people of Baltimore wish to have an equestrian statue of the hero of the "Maryland Line," General John Eager Howard, by W. W. Story, and also a duplicate of this sculptor's London statue of George Peabody.

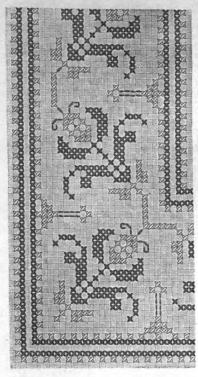
—The credit of securing for the Museum of Archæology at Vienna the superb series of bassreliefs, the work of Greck artists of the fourth century B.C., which decorated the tomb of a Prince of Lycia, belongs to Herr Benndorf, the archæologist. Scenes from the Odyssey, the massacre of the suitors of Ulysses, and the hunt of Melcager, are among the pieces already seen.

i.

of Meleager, are among the pieces already seen.

—When the sermon was not satisfactory DanIEL WEBSTER used sometimes to make a mental IEL WEBSTER used sometimes to make a mental sermon on the text, and on one occasion during a dull sermon in Murshfield he left his pew, walked down the alsle in deep thought, and suddenly returned to his sent and gave his attention to the preacher. It was supposed that he had mentally ended his own sermon, and therefore mechanically got up to leave. mechanically got up to leave.

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BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.—CROSS STITCH

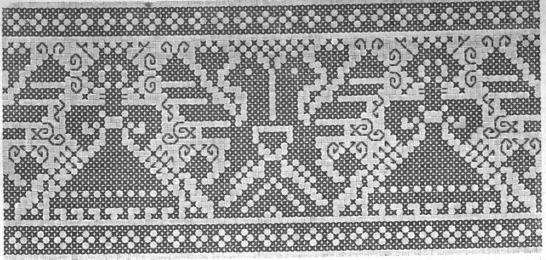
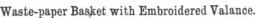
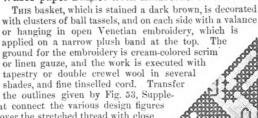


Fig. 2.—Section of Border for Tidy, Fig. 1.





tapestry or double crewel wool in seven shades, and fine tinselled cord. Transfer the outlines given by Fig. 53, Supplement, to the material, and for the bars that connect the various design figures stretch olive wool from point to point, and cover the stretched thread with close button-hole stitches of similar wool. Along the outlines sew down two threads of the wool with wide button-hole stitches of silk of the same color, and sew down a row of tinselled cord within the wool and close to it. The surface of some of the figures is or namented in chain or to it. The surface of some of the figures is ornamented in chain or herring-bone stitch with wool, and that of others is covered over with long satin stitches in wool, and veined in herring-bone stitch

er shade. When the embroidery is completed, the ground is cut away from between the figures and under the bars, and the work



Fig. 5.—Detail of Persian CROSS STITCH FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.

cabinet, the very high carved back being furnished with cabinet, the very high carved back being turnished with shelves for bric-à-brac and various ornaments, while the lower part is fitted up as a sofa, which is upholstered in dark brocade, with velvet cushions. The tidy attached to the back has a ground of heavy cream white linear en, on which the designs are worked in brown fibrable silk in Persian cross stitch. This

filoselle silk in Persian cross stitch. This stitch has already been described in the Bazar, by Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, in her criticles on South Kansington, ambroid.

ar, by Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, in her articles on South Kensington embroidery. The details are shown in Figs. 5 and 6. It is worked in horizontal rows forward and back, and in order that it shall be even, care must be taken to choose rather coarse linen, with round even threads that may be easily counted. It differs from the German cross stitch, which forms an even cross, by being composed of two stitches of irregular length. Begin at the lower left-hand corner, take the first stitch upward diagonally the left over two horizontal and four perpendicular threads. toward the left, over two horizontal and four perpendicular threads of the linen ground, and bring the needle to the outside again two threads below where it was last put in. * Take a stitch diagonally upward toward the right over four threads each

way (see the short loose stitch in Fig. 5), bringing the needle out four threads to the left, work a slanting stitch downward over eight threads to the right and



Fig. 6.—DETAIL OF PERSIAN CROSS STITCH FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.



Fig. 3.—CENTRAL FIGURE OF TIDY, FIG. 1.

PUFF WITH TIDY.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET WITH EMBROIDERED VALANCE,

WOOL AND VELVET DRESS. For description see Supplement.

is applied on a plush band cut to fit the top of the basket, which is set on the basket with its edge concealed by the wicker border at the top. The basket is lined with satteen, and wool tassels of the colors used in the embroidery are set on the out-side as shown in the illustration.

Renaissance Sofa with Linen Tidy embroidered in Persian Cross Stitch and Holbein-Work.—Figs. 1-6.

This unique and decorative piece of furniture, in the Renaissance style, is a kind of combination sofa and

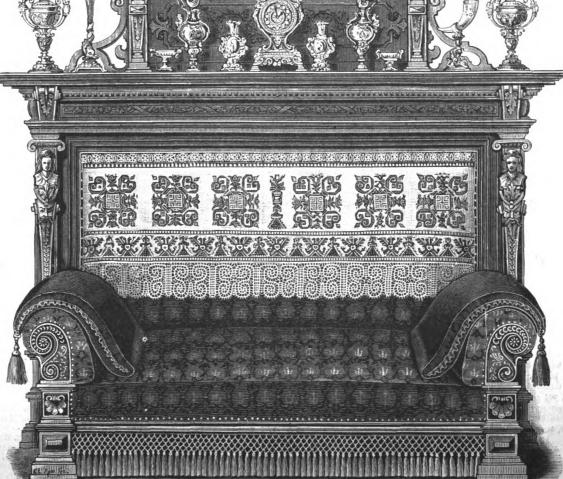


Fig. 4.—QUARTER OF SQUARE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.

WITH LINEN TIDY EMBROIDERED IN PERSIAN CROSS STITCH AND HOLBEIN-WORK,—[See Figs. 2-6.] Fig. 1.—RENAISSANCE SOFA



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 12 YEARS OLD .- CUT PATTERN, NO. 3389: PRICE, 20 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 18-24.

four in height, bringing the needle out four threads to the left (see the long loose statch in Fig. 5), and continue to repeat from *, working a short and a long stitch alternately.

Fig. 6 shows the order of the stitches in the next row, which is worked from right to left. Figs. 2-4 give the designs in symbols for the borden the next row. der, the central figure, and the square; each symbol covers a space four threads square. The Holbein lines and spirals are back-stitched. The upper edge is button-hole stitched to a Russian lace insertion, and an edging of wider lace is set across the bottom as shown in the illustration.



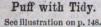
E XVI, NO. 11

nost be tila

* Take a sin



Spring Coat for Girl from 9 to 15 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3390: Price, 20 Cents.



THE puff or ottoman of wicker covered with dark olive woollen serge. Box - pleated serge with stiff lining is set ten inches deep around the bottom, and the upper part of the side is covered with the material gath-

ered to form two puffs. The ioned, and covered with similar serge. The tidy that is laid over it is of light olive silk serge sixteen inches The square. serge is cut away at the centre, and the opening under-laid with gar-net velveteen, and around this is an appliqué border

LACE AND VELVET CAP. For description see Supplement. composed of flowers in red and leaves in olive green silk serge, both sewed down at the edge with fine silk, which is covered by a couching consisting of thick old gold tapestry wool sewed down with silk



book, some into which can be pasted all such cards as are really worth keeping, is, as a rule, quite sufficient. A family of children makes an exception; they are always pleased with cards of this either sort, fastened into scrap-books or left loose.

A very good way of pre-serving them

for children's use is to make a sort of folding strip of them, on the same plan as that on which views of places are often arranged. Choose such cards as are of the same size, or



EMBROIDERED GLOVE Box. For design and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 28.



Dress for Girl from 12 to 16 Years old. Cut Pattern, No. 3891: Round Waist, 15 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 20 Cents.

For description see Supplement.



VELVET COLLAR WITH LACE CRAVAT. For description see Suppl.

of the same color. The leaves are veined with feather-stitching in old gold silk. A two-inch border of garnet velveteen is set around the edge, and the tidy is lined with olive satteen, and edged with thick cord, which is formed into loops at the corners, where ball tassels are set. The inside of the puff is covered with sat-teen.

Border for Tidies, etc.-Cross Stitch and Holbein-Work.

See illustration on page 148.

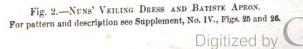
This border is suitable for the decoration of linen tidies, scarfs, and similar articles. It is worked with embroidery cotton or silk in two shades of a single color.

Christmas Cards. WHAT TO DO WITH

THE fashion of sending Christmas cards seems to be in no wise dying out, and year by dying out, and year by year the question arises, "What shall we do with our Christmas cards?" Of course many people send away the next year the cards received the Christmas before; but this is not altogether ad-



Fig. 1.—VELVET EVENING DRESS. For description see Supplement.





LACE COLLAR WITH CRAVAT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 27.

nearly so, lay them on a table side by side, face downward, with about half an inch between them; if the cards are thick, more space than this must be left. Cut some strips of linen or muslin about an inch wide, and of the same length as the cards, and stick one of the strips with strong gum or glue between each pair of cards, so as to make one long narrow sheet. Put a heavy weight on them, and leave them till they are dry. Then take some more cards, and stick one on the back of each of those already arranged, leaving one at the end single. When these in their turn are dry, procure a fancy box that will hold them all when they are folded up by means of the hinges of muslin, and stick the single card at the end of the strip, face upward, at the bot-tom of the box; all the others must fold in on the top of it. If possible, the designs on one side of the cards should all look the same way, so to speak, thus avoiding too much turning of the sheet about when it is in use. If a box is not procurable,

they may be all folded up into an ornamental cover, like that of a book, instead

Christmas cards are often found useful for ornamenting the outsides of blotting cases or for boxes to be used on Christmas trees; the top and even the inside of an ordinary card-board box may be improved and used to contain little gifts after it has been thus decorated. Many ladies lately have been using up their cards to ornament the panels of cupboards and other doors, and for the top of gypsy tables: but however well this may look, it is questionable taste, and at the best of times has a tawdry appearance. Large screens or draught excluders are often pasted over with large chromo-lithographs, and the smaller cards are very useful for filling in the corners. The miniature screens made of morocco leather for standing on a drawing-room table and holding cartes de visite are well adapted for the display of cards, and any one with neat fingers can contrive a very etty little stand in the form of an easel for holding them. The Christmas card chosen must be first mounted on strong card or Bristol board, and then strips of the board mounted at the upper and lower edges of it to resemble the top and legs of an easel. A strip of the board must also be attached at the back, so that the easel will stand upright on a table. The frame should be stained or colored and afterward varnished, so as to resemble wood as much as possible. I have lately seen a very uncommon ornament for a bracket made of Christmas cards. It consisted of a ginger jar covered almost entirely with colored scraps and Christmas cards cut out so that they fitted easily on the curved surface of the jar. They were fastened on with thick gum, and afterward varnished. The effect was not unpleasing, and seen from a distance looked like a rare specimen of china.

Splash screens for the back of wash-stands look very well, for nurseries and children's rooms, covered with Christmas cards. The cards should be fastened first to a piece of holland, and arranged as little formally as possible. One of the best ways of placing them is almost as the cards are thrown into a card-basket, or like some of the patterns on the satteens that have been so fashionable as dresses this year. The easiest way of arranging them thus is to lay the holland foundation on a table, and just throw the cards down in the centre in a rough, unstudied way, arranging them a little afterward so that each may be seen to greatest advantage, and not be too much covered by the one over it. Weak glue is best for fastening them to the linen, and a light coat of thin varnish may be added or not, according to fancy, but this is usually unnecessary. For flower-pot covers cards with a floral design are really very suitable. Take four cards, all of exactly the same size and shape, and mount them on card-board, leaving a margin of half an inch or more, according to the size of the cover. Pierce the edges with round holes, through which must be laced narrow ribbon or fine cord of a suitable color, fastening off at the top with bows or tassels. The lacing must be done like that used for dresses, a series of little crosses, and must not be drawn up too tight, or it will prevent the cover from folding up when not in use, and the holes would split out. Lamp shades may be made in the same way, but require more cards. The difficulty with them is, however, that to make a shade, for many shapes of lamps, the cards require narrowing in at the top, and it is a difficult matter to do this without encroaching on the designs of the cards.

To display any specially good card a little menu

stand is well adapted. The china ones are very pretty, especially those in the form of fans, fern leaves, or the willow-pattern plate, also those made of metal. Little stands of this sort may be easily made at home: first of all take a piece of white card three inches long and two inches wide, double it in half so that it will stand up on a flat surface like a table, and then cut another piece of card of a round or oval shape. One side of this must be ornamented with a painting, or something similar, and then fastened at the lower half to the lower half of the first piece of card. The two upper edges must be left free, and not gummed together, so that the card may be slipped in between them at the back. If the oval card on the outside will not stand well on the table, it must be cut straight off at the lower edge, so as to make it steady. These, when prettily painted, would sell well at bazars, and make novel menu stands.

BID ME DISCOURSE.*

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

Monday, August 8. At Westercombe this morning we met Denis. We had been driven so fast, at Mary's instigation, that we arrived quite early at the station, and soon afterward Denis entered it. I grew suddenly anxious about Silla and our luggage, and left him with Mary; but I was even sorry I had done so—how seldom I do anything I am not afterward sorry for!—when he fetched me, our time being up, for he looked quite changed and ill and when I questioned him he answered me almost impatiently-No, he was not leaving by this train. Why should I fancy it?

It was not under the circumstances, a very extraordinary fancy: but, of course, I did not say so, for I guessed the truth, I think.

He led me to the carriage, where Mary sat slone: anxiously and courteously saw that we had all we wanted; and bade us good-by, waiting until the train left. Then I looked at Mary. 'Barry," she said, answering the glance, "he

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was very kind and-patient, but he knows now that I can never be more to him than a stranger. I told him so, earnestly, as if they were my last

"Does he know?" I questioned, understanding what this interview had been to her.

"He knows only that I can not be his wifeeven his friend, for I could not trust myself-and he will never ask me again. He has promised."

Tuesday, August 9, 1881.

wrote those few words about meeting Denis at Westercombe, on our arrival yesterday, but no more. I ought to have added that Mary's solicitor, Mr. France, met us, had already himself seen the Home Secretary, and assured us that the preliminary steps toward Evlyn Discombe's acquit-He had acted most promptly and kindly, as Mary said, but she herself will have much to do legally—I mean officially. I suppose I was too tired to write this, or that my thoughts were too much harassed by the certainty that this liberty must be terribly overshadowed for Helen Keveene's lover.

I forgot to say that Mr. France had telegraphed to the Isle of Wight, where Ernest Discombe is, reading with a coach, and to-day he goes down for an interview with Evlyn. Mary seems greatly troubled as to how Mr. Discombe will bear the shock, almost wishing she could go herself to break it to him, but no words can tell how glad I am that she can not.

"Oh, it will be all right," Mr. France said, actually laughing. "The shock will be too grateful a one for us to fear its effect."

"Could not it be—" I began, halting painfully. "Was it not possible that he need know only that he was freed by the confession of the really guilty-of another person? Need he ever know who it was?" But Mary looked so sad over this, and Mr. France so kindly made me feel myself an idiot, that I said no more. Mr. France has had a letter from Ernest Discombe, who is now on his way up. His great wish it seems is for his brother to go with him at once to their own home, and for his return to be made a matter of rejoicing there, where he should be established as

"You see," Mr. France said, "George Haslam was to be the boy's guardian, and his death before the testator's leaves Ernest in his brother's care, and he can occupy the place of honor at present, if the lad will. He certainly will if he has his desire, but in my own mind I doubt the success of that going-home-with-rejoicing busi-

Mr. France has promised to come straight to us on his return from Portland, and meanwhile we get through the hours as best we can, weakly trying to amuse and mislead each other into the belief that everything is very nice and satisfactory now,

Wednesday, August 10.

This evening Mr. France returned, but gave us merely the bare outlines of his visit to Portland. He was not hopeful, as he had been when he left us yesterday, and I thought there must be some hitch in the proceedings. But I could not glean that there was, and Mary did not seem aware of any change in Mr. France. Probably, in her highly wrought nervous condition, it seems natural to her for every one to feel grave and depressed because a man has for three years undergone an unmerited punishment.

Friday, August 12.

Mr. France came in unexpectedly early, and as Mary happened to be in her own room, I saw him alone for a few minutes, when he seemed glad to speak unreservedly to me. Evlyn Discombe was virtually discharged, he said, from his undeserved imprisonment, was a free man, and would be in all men's sight an innocent one; but there was no disguising the fact that he was in a very precarious state of health, and Mr. France begged me to assist him in breaking this fact to his client. But I begged, in my cowardly fashion, for a reprieve. Before she saw him there might be a change, I urged. Freedom might give him back almost at once his look of health. Surely we need not prepare her unnecessarily. And Mr. France gave in to me, though dubiously, so we are not to tell Mary. My weak mind seizes with relief upon even the smallest respite.

Thursday, August 25. Weymouth, For how many days have I forgotten my diary? If I looked back now, how like a dream would seem that morning on Portland Island when I saw Evlyn Discombe crossing the quarry in his convict dress, watched and guarded as a dangerous felon, while he gazed so wearily and vaguely far away from the friend who was to bring him at last his freedom!

His freedom!

I think—I don't know how to say it even in my thoughts, much less to write it; but I think his freedom had been sent to him before that

summer morning, and is very near now.

I try not to think this. I try with all my might and main, but how can one put a thought away when it is in every face around one? are all in Weymouth again. My mother and sisters had not left, and so when it was decided that Mr. Discombe should travel no further, and Mary was eager to be where he was, mother invited her to come with me. She was most pathetically grateful.

"It is so kind," she said, again and again, until the tears actually came into mother's eyes, and Selina told me afterward she should not have known Mary Keveene for the proud, cold, cynical beauty of only a month ago. My poor, poor Mary! That to her own sorrow and loneliness and hu-miliation should be added this anguish of seeing that her sister's terrible unpremeditated crime should have killed the man who loved her, and who for three years had endured silently for her sin! For that his freedom will not bring him health we know, alas too well.

His brother is devoted to him. Mary would only too gladly give her life to save his; but of what avail are all our longings and efforts and devotion when- But, as I say to myself again and again, it is only that a Friend, far more loving and tender and pitiful even than the one who has tried so hard to help him, or than any of us who try so hard to keep him, has sent to summon him to a liberty where the old pain can never touch him more. I believe it was a great shock when Mary went to him first after our arrival here. He had not heard of her sister's death, and in the first moment he mistook her for Helen. I noticed she had put on a very simple dress, and I guessed it was one she had worn in the old happy days in Ireland when the twin sisters dressed alike, and perhaps this helped the delusion. She was sorry afterward, I know, for she had never imagined that result, and has dressed quite differently since; always quietly and humbly-if one may say soher great sorrow, she is beautiful as ever.

That must have been a heart-breaking interview when she told him the truth, and I am verv. very glad she has not spoken to me of it. Only once in my presence has she alluded to that solitary and laborious life he has lived, and even then he tried to turn her sad, regretful words aside, and cheer her with memories of the old happy

"From the moment that—after those doubting years—I saw you, Evlyn," she said, "I sought the truth. With certain instinct of your inno-

cence, I pursued it."
"To your own sorrow, dear. Now speak of something else."

"Not yet-please," she entreated. "You never blame her, and you let me tell you how she suffered, but-

"We can feel how she expiated all in such sad suffering," he gently said. "No, how could I blame her?" It was only one moment of temptation. Another moment of thought, and she would have acted differently. If his words were maddening to me, Mary, think what they were to her-afterward, and when she thought I was killed by him-my poor, poor darling! How happy you have made me by telling me she thought me dead! She never knew of the punishment given me—I felt that always, yet it was good to hear it. She would have died to spare me, now I know it"-and by the brightening of the wan face I saw that that consciousness of her absence and silence had been what had told most upon him through those long years. "She saw me killed—as she thought," he reiterated, still with that touching, nameless gladness on his face, "and for a moment she was not herselfto know it bitterly afterward. It was-enough to kill her.

"It did kill her. The loss of you and the bearing of that guilty secret killed her so soon-so long ago."
"Is it selfish to be so glad?" he murmured,

and then was silent, looking far off where sea and sky so softly met.

"Evlyn, how you must have wondered over our

silence, and our not appearing-you know what I mean.

"At my trial," he answered, calmly. "No; I thought her safe with you. You did not know me as Discombe, and I hoped you would not and I prayed she might not-see the papers. She would have blamed herself," he added, simply, and I never blamed her. I was the murderer. Mary; for in that moment of awful passion I should have used the pistol if she had not taken it from me. I always remembered she had saved me from that act. I well might bear the punishment of it, for I should have committed it her. I ought to have borne it, Mary, to the end, but I grew weak and tired and cowardly. A lifetime seemed so endless. Death looked so much easier, even—any death."

"It was my horrible fear of that which made memory come back to me.'

But now how different it has made me feel to see you once again, dear sister, and to feel she would have - She wrote that to save any one, and would have staid and saved me, only she thought me dead-both of us dead. Who was there to save? Oh, Mary! to think how every day she may have been expecting to be found and-cap-

"If she had but told me!" breathed Mary; and I could even see how she trembled, while he was perfectly calm.

nen, while I sat pondering on that momentary madness of passion which had cost them both so much—cost them their lives, as I knew now; how could I help but know it?—he, smiling, held out his hand to me to come nearer to them in the window (Mary must have quite misrepresented me to him, for he treats me just as if I had been doing as much as she has for his sake), and talk ed of their old days in Ireland, explaining things to me, as if I had known them then, but might have forgotten some of the places or people. me! it was so brightly done, and vet—I feel that he spoke only the truth to-day, when, watching a few leaves fall in the gardens, where he may only sit during the mid-day sunshine, he said it was peace to him to know that he was dying with the dying summer.

Monday, September 5. I seldom remember my diary now. With the pitiful restlessness of an invalid, Evlyn Discombe seems to have set his heart upon returning to his old home; but day after day they wait for him to be better before he attempts the journey. His young brother stays always with him, but Denis is now his best companion, and is devoted to him in such an easy, protecting, manly way that no wonder Mary's gratitude—as she hides it from him-must sometimes be poured out so piteously to me. 'She feels his strength doubly in her own weakness, and no wonder Evlyn seems guessing a little of the truth, while his friendship with Denis is his greatest blessing. His greatest, I think-and I know Mary herself would say itsweet as are her care and affection to him. For who could be like Denis to him now?—so gentle, so brotherly, so patient, and yet so strong, and so cheery, and so wise. This evening Denis was summoned to London on professional business, and we all miss him more than we confess to each other. I just as I have always missed his kind good presence, but Mary with a strange restless defiance of her consciousness of this. She always, when she can, avoids Denis, and she never looks at him, nor seems to see his eyes rest upon her-that they do continually and sadly, I know only too well-and though for his kindness to Mr. Discombe she will not always leave him even when she might, I can see that she always feels as if they two were very far apart.

To-day Ernest has been telling his brotherwe two sat working in the window near his couch—of how wisely and strongly Denis had written on that one crying evil which he always saw in our convict system (the promiscuous min-gling of the prisoners), and of how hopeful he is of its being amended. "He writes with no weak sentiment," the boy said, warmly, "but with a sympathy and thoughtfulness which are intense-

owerful."
Then," said Evlyn, gently, "I will thank
"And I saw a beautiful unusual flush in Mary's white cheeks. To my astonishment, Ev-lyn—after speaking of this reform which Denis strives to forward-spoke for the first time voluntarily of his own prison life.

"One could not fancy," he said, with a shiver, "even the most barbarous and savage tribe using such appalling language as was around me; such oaths; such ribald—blasphemy; and I could not close my ears to it, try as I would. It was in my hearing night and day; not only when among the others, but persistently to myself, and even through the walls of my cell; sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and the cell was but four feet wide. Where could I go from it?
How could I help the horror of learning the evil taught me, while-I suppose I had been placed there to be cured of my own wickedness."
"But you could read," suggested Ernest, his

boyish lips set firmly in his distress.

"Yes, when my gas jet was alight. When I had only the daylight I could not see to read in

"Had you any papers?"

"No: they were forbidden, and I would not bribe the warders to disobey their orders. I seemed to have lost all links with the outer

Oh, Evlyn, and this was to last your life-

"But did not," said the elder brother, with a tient smile. "How one is mistaken! I never patient smile. thought I should live through the nine months' probation before going to Portland-indeed, I felt as if that one horrible journey, handcuffed in the prison van, from Newgate to Brixton, would kill me, and vet I lived to be free."

I suppose we were very remiss to let him speak this, even for so short a time (I'm sure Denis would not have done so), for later on his sleep was wild and troubled, and with aching hearts we listened to the broken words that told us how the old miserable life held him in its grip once more. Again and again Mary roused him, but it was only a minute before the sad unconsciousness grasped him again, and we knew this was not a natural sleep, from which we could awake him to the different scene. It must have its way, we saw. Now and then he talked fast and unintelligibly, moving his arms regularly and heavily, and we saw he thought he used his heavy pick upon the stone. Then he cried sharply that the coast was inaccessible; then bade us watch the red light on the breakwater, telling us that when it paled we could be sheltered there, just as the ships were sheltered. Then he whispered gently, and I knew he was whispering to his old love, before I heard him tell her he always saw her just as she sat that afternoon playing the organ in the little church. And then he laughed, and said he had laughed more in that one day with her and Mary than in all his life before. Oh, it was very pitiful! Most so for the lad, who went away, unable to bear this; and for Mary, sitting with her eyes upon his thin flushed face, and her fingers tightly locked; but it was pitiful even to me.

Wednesday, September 7. To-day Denis came back. I had been reading aloud to Evlyn, in the quiet inner sitting-room where he generally lies. He says he likes me to read to him, of course because he sees how anxious I am to be of a little use, and because sometimes Mary breaks down so sadly if she tries to read; and when, in one of my pauses, something he said of Denis showed me that he had guessed the secret of Denis's love for Mary, I could not help telling the truth: Evlyn must have won me to it some way by his tender affection for Helen's sister, and his gratitude to Denis. I told him of her love, and how she felt too much abased to ever let him know it, and had won from him a promise that he never again would ask her for it. I told him all this-though indeed I think he understood it almost as well as I did, so anxiously had he watched her lately. Soon afterward Denis came in, and I knew quite well that Evlyn would tell him—at least I felt sure that Denis would be made to comprehend.

I went into the outer sitting-room and joined Mary. Mother and Reby had persuaded Ernest to have a walk with them, for the boy looks very pale, and he had gone the less unwillingly as he wished to meet a certain train which was bringing grapes for Evlyn. Mary was writing at the centre table, and I sat down at the window. I had no other room to go to, else I should have left her, fancying it would be better that when Denis came in he might speak to her alone—if he wied. We are all far more at home now in large quiet rooms which mother healf had taken for the invalid than in our own

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and on, until at last we heard Denis's footstep eross the inner sitting-room, and then she looked up from the paper, and seemed waiting—even before he had opened the door between the two rooms. I believe she had forgotten my presence, and I never can doubt that in her heart—so near to his—she understood it all, and knew that he was coming to her differently from what he had ever come before.

Her eyes were fixed upon the door before he opened it, and when he entered it seemed as if she could not take her eyes from his face—such a changed face, so tender, so glad, so confident! a changed recognize the Denis I had Even I could scarcely recognize the Denis I had held first in my heart for so many years.

"Oh, Denis! can it be that you forgive me?"

"Mary-my own Mary, I have heard all, and it is I who am unworthy—not you, my soul's beloved." "I have suffered, Denis, and not least in my

great love—for you."

"But you will not let it be so any longer?" he cried, unable to suppress his great emotion. "If you had only told me all at first, my poor, brave darling! How can I make you understand? Release me from that wretched promise not to tell

you of my love again."
"No," she said, very humbly. "You will keep your promise; you are too honorable to break it. Denis, is not my name disgraced and dishonored

in your sight?"

"Indeed it is not. I fear it is even more precious to me than before. But I do not want your name; I want to give you mine."
"It does not humble you in your own sight to

"If not?" he questioned; his eyes answering

that, as even words could scarcely do.
"If not," she said, in low, shy tones, "it makes

If not, see said, in low, shy tones, "it makes me proud to care for you. It has made me proud always, hopeless as I was."

"My love," he cried, his chest heaving as he laid her head against it, "through all my heart let me feel the truth of this. I did not break my promise, did I?"

"No" she said coults."

No," she said, gently. "It was I who offered

you my love."
"And you know now, my dearest," he said, lifting her face after what seemed a long silence who 'loved one only, and who clave to her'?

'And you know now, Denis," she said, not smiling, but raising warm, sweet eyes to his, who 'loves her lord above everything.' Oh, Denis, how I loved you even on that far-off day when we jested so!" Then there broke from her tremulous lips a tearless little sob, but I could not sorrow, for it was surely her supreme content breaking through these sad recollections.

Sunday, September 11.

It is very beautiful to me now, and yet it is strangely sad, to see Mary's unfamiliar happiness, while yet her sorrow is so fresh, and her anxiety for Evlyn so unintermittent. And to see his content so deeply rooted, and it seems so perfect now that he knows all will be well with Helen's sister. As for Denis, I am quite certain now that I could never in all my life have had the faintest notion what Denis could be, unless I had been-as I so happily have-a friend of Mary's. Oh me, what love can give into our hearts sometimes!

I wonder why I am thinking so much to-day of our Sundays at Rocklands. What peaceful days they were, in spite of their overlying sorrow and anxiety and secrecy! At least I think now that they were; but perhaps all days are so when we look back upon them. Of course a great cloud did overshadow those, in Mary's sorrow and my own suspicion; yet I see them lie quite fair in the far past—it seems far to me. How could I ever have mistrusted Mary? I think that day by day I love her more. In her love for Denis as in her care for Evlyn, and as in the old anxiety—she never forgets me, never for one minute lets me feel less her friend and her companion, or less loved by her. Of course it is only a fancy of mine, but I wish Mr. Gunn were as near to Evlyn as he would be were the brothers now at their old home. It seems to me that he would talk to him differently from what this clergyman does; perhaps not more religiously, but so-so refreshingly, strengtheningly, helpfully, in his natural, healthy, simple way. I suppose it is through its being Sunday I have thought of him to-day. It has been a very long day, as Sundays sometimes are. But how natural it is for us all to be so grave and troubled, while in our midst one we have all grown fond of is indeed, as he said, dying with the dying summer! Not that death has any terror for Evlyn. Do we not know how he has longed for it, and does he not himself remind us that it is "but a gray eve between two shining days"? But when I look into his worn young face, and think how few shining days he has known lately, I may well feel heavy hearted. And death is so lonely!

Tuesday, September 13. How strange that I should have written as I did on Sunday, for it was on that day that Mr. Gunn determined to come to Mary, and see if he could be of any help to her. And all through a letter Silla had written to Miss Brock! What trifles sometimes bring about events that are-so

This morning he came in, and if no one was more surprised than Mary, no one was more glad,

He must be back in Rocklands for next Sunday, but I fancy he will stay to the limit of his opportunity. It is good to us all to see and hear him, and already—yes, indeed, already—death wears a different aspect in his presence. It can not pain us, or make us afraid, when we look on Evlyn's face, although we know so well that

"Soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed."

That was all I wrote last summer, and it is of that time that Mary has bidden me tell. I kissed

her, as I said, without a word, but I felt it was a promise, and I took out the diary I had locked away a year ago, and have relived that summertime.

Oh me! how vividly those troubled days came back to me! though I can see now—as I have wished—a glory shining on the darkest hour of all. Surely only a few words need I add.

There is still a shadow of the old gravity on Mary's lovely face, but her husband understands; and it can not give back the old cynicism, or prevent every one reading in the beautiful eyes the deep, sweet happiness of her love for him, her trust in him, and her perfect, perfect confidence in his great love for her. Steadily, and even rapidly, Denis rises in his profession, while Mary's wealth is destined by them both for a noble pur-pose by-and-by; and I would like to feel that there are many such homes as theirs. In all his holidays this home is Ernest Discombe's too, and scarcely less a guardian than an elder brother is Denis to the lad whose own brother died so peacefully on the very day after that last entry in my diary. And what a home Mary makes for him! Sister, mother, friend-not one, but all, she seems to this boy whom she had never seen a year ago.

My mother and sisters are abroad now with Uncle Steven and Archie, and they write very happily and cheerily to me—for I am not with them, but in a beautiful old brown parsonage among the cliffs not far from Westercombe. Somehow my heart seems too full to writehere, and even now—of my own complete happiness, for I have not grown familiar with it yet. The cheery, brave, and tender voice that com-forted us all in our most troubled time is ready always now to comfort me. The hand-clasp I thought always so strengthening is mine when I will. And the kind, good face I never forgot from the first instant I saw it looks its kindest and smiles its cheeriest upon me.

I could not believe it at first-why should he care for me? But I knew it gradually, and I think he knows how grateful and how glad I was. And surely, if he knows it, that is enough.

Only one thing troubles me. I have still no power of inspiring awe in those sturdy little fellows whom I love almost as their father does, for they call us John and Barbara!—they even call me Barry sometimes; but that, I think, is their father's fault, and though I know it is quite wrong, I am sadly afraid that I like it.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

Author of "Patricia Kemball," "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," "Under which Lord?" "My Love," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.) A STEP ONWARD.

Some rebellions must be met by interdict; some victories must be celebrated in silence; and this was one of them. Wherefore Monica sat peace-ably by the side of Edward Formby, the man designated by the fitness of things to be her husband, talking without interest on matters without vitality, chiefly occupied in crumbling her bread into dust, which she piled into heaps with her little finger, while Armine St. Chaire sat immediately opposite, making talk for the florid matron whom he had taken down, and longing for one lookonly one-from the lady of his love, in vain.

Once and only once she looked directly at him. This was when Theodosia said, in her sharp, audacious way:

"I hear that you are going to leave Oakhurst,

Dr. St. Claire. Is it true?"
She had not heard this; but she wanted to say something that should startle him, and turn his whole attention on herself. He was almost too conscientiously attentive to that florid matron assigned to him.

He flushed deeply and laughed lightly.

True?-no, indeed; not that I know of," he

"Oh, but I heard it," she persisted, in that obstinate way of silly people, who think if they can say, "I heard it," "I was told so," they have sufficiently established their case and refuted your disclaimer. "Some one told me—I forget now who it was. It was a lady, but I quite forget who. And she said that you told her you were going to leave because you did not find the place or people sufficiently interesting," she went on, her audacity of invention increasing with her fluency. "It was not a very flattering compli-ment to poor little us," she continued, with a lit-tle grimace. "But I dare say you are right, and that we are a stupid set. I sometimes think so myself."

"Do you?" answered Dr. St. Claire, again laughing lightly. "I do not agree with you, Mrs. Barrington. On the contrary, I think the society at Oakhurst very interesting indeed some members of it especially so—and I have not the smallest intention of leaving."

He looked at her while he spoke, and his misleading eyes lured her on the same pathless way as before. No man, she thought, could look like that who did not feel. But what an imprudent young fellow he was! She wished now that she had left the still lake undisturbed, and had not flung that stone into the waters which might create a stronger ripple than she desired. Really those eyes of his were scarcely proper! As Jane Wintergreen said in her sharp way, they suggested the Divorce Court; and so they did.

Then it was, while Dr. St. Claire was looking at Theodosia and Theodosia was looking at him, that Monica raised her dark gray dreamy orbs and glanced across the table at the man who loved

her, and whose love she knew. She just glanced at him, no more, when he said that he found some members of Oakhurst society specially in-teresting, and that he did not intend to leave. But he, looking at her sister-in-law-that laughing, flushed, audacious, and vivacious little sinner, who liked nothing so well as to play with edged tools and to scatter wild-fire all abroad-he did not see that one swift rapid look for which all through the dinner he had been longing in vain. When he brought back his eyes from Theodosia by way of Monica and his own partner, Monica's were once more fixed on Edward Formby's shirt front, and she was saying in her sweet, limp, patient way, as one fulfilling a duty which must be performed at all cost:

"Have you any favorite horses now, Edward?

Are you going to win the Derby?"
When the dinner was over, and the "gentlemen had joined the ladies," the open order of the drawing-room allowed of new combinations; and Armine took advantage of the greater liberty of association permitted to go up to Monica, as she sat by a small table set in the corner of the room, turning over that everlasting resource of ennui, a book of photographs, which she had seen at the least twenty times from end to end. He drew a low chair near her and sat down, beginning his conversation by the safe generalities of inquiring how was her mother, and how the maid seemed to be going on. She was getting better by now, but she was still in his hands, and legitimately in-

quired after.
"Mother is pretty well, and Grace is getting on well," said Monica, doing her best to be as quiet and limp with Armine St. Claire as she had been with Edward Formby. But, in spite of herself, she felt as if she had suddenly received some accession of strength; as if her blood had been warmed by wine; as if her backbone had become stiffened, her muscles more elastic, her whole being, moral and physical, enlivened, braced, invigorated. The gray clouds of her normal atmosphere lifted themselves in one swift breath of glory, and the sunshine gilded the whole earth in which she lived with beauty and radiance. There was nothing either novel or interesting in Dr. St. question, but the tones of his voice roused her as if this inquiry after her mother's health and the servant's condition had opened vistas of illimitable pleasantness across the dead dullness of her ordinary life. Try as she would, she could not retain her usual passive and uninterested bearing. Her pale lips smiled with frank delight and gra cious tenderness, and the soft, sweet, dreamy eyes, which raised themselves as if suddenly waking out of sleep, had in them a certain something which Edward Formby had never seen, and which no man save St. Claire had ever called forth. It was only for a moment that she looked, in this strangely responsive and awakened way, into the face bending forward on a lower level than her own; only for a moment that she smiled as we do smile when we have attained our desire, and the circle of our joy is complete. But that short instant was gladness enough for St. Claire, living on low diet as he was, uncertain of everythingfrom her heart to his chances, from her circum-

stances to his own powers. "And how gets on the work?" he said, after a short pause. He had to make conversation only of commonplaces, while his whole being was strung with passion, his whole heart throbbing with emo-"Have the little boy and girl completed their courtship, and joined hands among the flowers ?

This was in allusion to the subject of a woodwork frame which he himself had designed for Monica—a quaint little couple of Dresden china figures done in cherry-wood for pâte tendre.

"Not quite," she said, with another smile, and something almost like a faint blush on her color-less face. "The boy is done, but the little maidless face. "The boy is done, but the little maiden is still only in the sketch. She is not carved into individuality."

"She takes longer to create than he," said St. Claire, with affected carelessness. "This too is

" He is simpler and stands freer," said Monica. "She is more entangled in the flowers."

"How pleasant it is to work at these fanciful things!" said St. Claire. "When the realities of life go wrong, what a relief it is to be able to lose one's own identity, as it were, in pretty little graceful pictures which amuse, or in deeper poems which absorb! What a joy it is to turn to a world where the sun always shines, where the flowers never fade and the birds ever sing, where life is always young, beauty unspoiled, and love always blessed! Do you not feel this, Miss Barrington? I know you do."
"Yes," she said, fervently; then, dropping her

lids, she added, with a faint sigh, "In one's own world one is at least free and happy."

"And loved and loving," said St. Claire in a low voice.

She did not answer, but somewhat nervously turned over the leaves of that everlasting book of photographs, and made believe to find contentment in a little person in a large crinoline, her head turned back over her shoulder, her foot on a footstool her hand on the back of a chair, the other holding a fan with languid grace, according to the favorite pose and accessories of a fashionable artist some five-and-twenty years ago.

"In one's own world at least one is above circumstance," he continued.

Yes," she answered; "in one's own world

"And the doctrine that will is power?" he asked.

"It is a good phrase for that kind of vague excitement which helps young people," said Monica, as staidly as if she had been sixty years old. "But will is not always power," she added, with a slight negative movement of her head and hand, "and circumstances do and must master us.

"No; not if we will that they shall not," he Digitized by

persisted.

"But when they represent duty?" asked Mon-a, not looking up. "Then you will allow they ica, not looking up. are imperative.

"Not above love," was the rash reply, made in so low a voice that the very softness of the sentence attracted more attention than if it had been spoken freely and in an ordinary tone.

Three pairs of eyes were at this moment turned

on these two as they sat rather in the corner of the room, fencing with the subject that lay be-tween them as a sleeping child which they must not waken and could not leave. Edward Formby, who liked Monica very well indeed-quite sincerely and unaffectedly, as a man likes a sweet and placid sister—though he had not the least objection to see her absorbed by the handsome doctor, was yet frankly surprised by the roused interest of her face. He had never called forth such vitality of feeling, such latent power of enthusiasm; and for a moment he felt somehow as if he had lost the chill companion of his future the nun-like sister of his affections—and had found her again as the passionate priestess of an un-known cult, the torch-bearer of a new light. He was at the other end of the room, talking to Lucy Lester, to whom he had just been presented; but he was not so fascinated by his pretty companion as not to see what was going on elsewhere, and the revelation given by Monica's face-which however, he did not for an instant connect with St. Claire—startled him almost painfully. Theodosia too was watching them, half in displeasure, half in amazement, thinking what could those two be talking about, and why was Monica all at once so much interested and excited? Such a once so nuch interested and exercity. Such a stick as she was in general, why should she have brightened up into vivacity now? Was St. Claire looking into her eyes as he had looked into her own? and were two chords vibrating to the same delusive breath?

But when Anthony, looking about him as became the giver of the feast and the master of the house, spied out the one obnoxious guest in familiar converse with his sister, and that sister more animated, more vivacious, more alert, than was her wont, then the pleasant little drama came to an end, the lights were quenched, the music was hushed, and a rude hand tore down the graceful draperies which had clothed the stern realities of life with momentary beauty and illusion. Striding across the room, he rather roughly told Monica that she ought to go and talk to Lucy Lester; she had not spoken to her yet, he said, with a sullen frown on his heavy face, and she was the guest of the evening and Theodosia's old

friend.
"Very well, dear," said Monica, meekly. "I will go."

She looked with a swift and yet pathetic look at St. Claire, making a slight inclination with her head, as she left him to follow her brother. The wine had gone out of her veins, and she was once more limp and nerveless as she sat down by pretty Lucy and the man whom the fitness of things had designated as her own husband when the times were ripe, and talked in her sweet dreamy way on matters wherein she felt no kind of interest, and of which her companions had no kind of knowledge.

Soon after this the carriage came for Miss Barrington, and the party dissolved as if by magic. St. Claire was the first to go after Monica, and all the rest filed out as if a general order had been given for dispersion, leaving the Anthony Barringtons alone with Miss Lester. When she went to her own room, which she did almost immediately, then they were alone with each

Theo was a little cross to-night. Somehow things had not gone quite as she had expected, and she was uncomfortable in consequence. She could not say what had gone wrong; but she had the bitter flavor of disappointment in her mouth, and she was both peevish and petulant. Anthony was cross too; but his little wife did not perch herself on his strong knees, nor join his broad hands together by the palms, nor call him her dear old bear, nor fatigue her eyelids by giving him a butterfly kiss to bring him back to goodhumor. She did none of these things. On the contrary, she yawned in his face when he spoke to her, and said, irritably, "Don't, Anthony, be so silly! I don't like it!" when he would have put his arm round her waist-as the process by which he thought to get rid of some of his superabundant bile.

Nothing was said that could be called a quarrel, but an acrid kind of small sparring went on between them, about irrelevant trifles for which neither cared a straw; while the name of the ob-noxious young man, who was the secret sore on either side, was not mentioned in their little tourney. This is always the way. Straight hit-ting is the exception and side cuts are the rule. Once only did Anthony make a somewhat direct thrust when he said with a sneer.

"Well, Theo, I hope you are satisfied, now that you have had your apothecary friend to the house like an equal. You really must put some curb on your fancies, Theo. I indulge you too much, and make myself ridiculous as well as you.

"I do not see anything ridiculous in having Dr. St. Claire to dinner," said Theodosia, pertly. "He is a very pleasant, handsome, well-bred young man-worth twenty of your dull Edward Formbys and your vulgar Frank Meades! And

if I choose I shall ask him again."
"Theo!" said Anthony, in a warning voice.

"Well?-and what after Theo?" she retorted. "That is not the tone to take with me, Theo-

dosia," said Anthony, slowly, with grave severity and deep displeasure. "It is the tone I mean to take when I like."

replied Theodosia, looking up into his face with a rebellious look on her own.

And Anthony felt as men do when they are defied by their wives-helpless, tongue-tied, and hand-fast. -{to be continued.}

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Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 2, Vol. XVL.

Flowers for Ball Dresses.-Figs. 1-3.

Figs. 1 and 2 show skirt and corsage bouquets of roses, pale yellow and deep red combined, with velvet leaves; a humming-bird is fastened in the skirt bouquet. Fig. 3 shows a bouquet for a skirt garniture, composed of water-lilies in white satin, with stamped plush leaves.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A FRESH visit to the rooms of our great dressmaker, Worth, enables us to give you the earliest information of a number of dresses designed for magnificent occasions, but some of which, nevertheless, will furnish suggestions for toilettes more modest, yet with that stamp of good taste which characterizes everything devised by this artist.

We will begin with the description of an extremely elegant house dress. This was of wood-colored glacé levantine, brocaded with large branches of leaves and flowers. It was in princesse shape, and was closed in front by tabs of velvet to match, tied on one side and buttoned on the other. Straight cut-away collar of the same velvet. Sleeves bouffant at the top, forming a slight gigot, with satin cuffs, and velvet bows at the

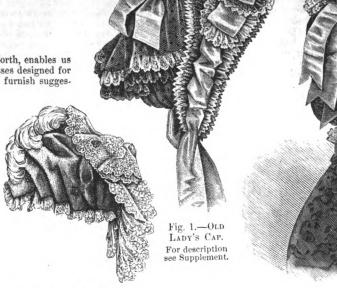
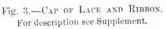


Fig. 5.—Dress Cap for Elderly Lady.

For description see Supplement.







Figs. 1 and 2.—Plain and Spotted India Pongee Dress.—Front AND BACK.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3392: BASQUE, 20 CENTS; TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11–17.

bottom. The seams of the train were mounted in hollow pleats to the waist, and fastened at the top by a velvet bow; they spread apart slightly, showing a velvet foundation. Aumônière pockets of satin and velvet, with cords arranged beneath so as to form a slight puff. With this toilette are worn collar and cuffs of pleated lace.

A much more splendid toilette was a magnificent ball dress designed for receptions at the Russian court. Of white tulle, spangled with silver, and satin, it was charmingly effective. The skirt, of plain white tulle on an invisible foundation, was ornamented with simulated spangles of white satin, diminishing in size, to eight inches from the waist; these spangles were



GAUZE AND LACK FICHU-COLLAR, -[For description see Supplement.]



Fig. 1.—GAUZE BALL DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Brocade and Satin Reception Toilette. For description see Supplement.

BAZAR. BALL DRESSES

For description see Supplement.



CAP. For description s Supplement. finished at the bottom with bows with buckles and flowing ends, falling over a deep flounce of tulle, spangled with silver, which bordered the bottom of the skirt. A broad scarf of the same tulle, edged with silver fringe, was simply draped twice in an irregular fashion, the left draping being fastened at the waist by a bow. The white satin corsage was low on the shoulders, with a drapery of tulle spangled with silver forming a bertha; the drapery was looped on the shoulders, and fastened with a camellia. A camellia was also worn in the hair. The large court mantle designed to cover this toilette was in the Russian shape, rounded and very long, and trimmed all around with shells of satin and tulle, covering the heading of a silver fringe. The lining had a wide border of palm leaves embroidered in silver. Leaving for a subsequent letter the description of other ball toilettes, we will only speak of a very elegant and original dinner dress. The skirt of pink faille was finished on the bottom with a lambrequin flounce, the heading of which was ornamented with a cordelière. The over-skirt, of gros blue and wood-colored satin, embroidered all over with old tapestry flowers, was arranged in short paniers, with the edges turned back and lined with pink satin. Two straight detached panels fell on the skirt, formed a sort of revers, covering the train, which was of amaranth velvet, turned back here and there to show a pink satin lining, and edged all around with a ruche of pink faille, from beneath which peeped narrow Valenciennes edging. Low square corsage of amaranth velvet, trimmed around the neck with shells lined with pink satin, and finishfinished at the bottom with bows with buckles and flowing ends, falling over



Figs. 1 and 2.—Cheviot Dress.—Back and Front.—Cut Pattern, No. 3393: Polonaise, 25 Cents; Skirt, 20 Cents. For description see Supplement.

ed with a Henri II. collar. Similar shells trimmed the bottom of the short flat basques. As an interesting item concerning ball dresses, we may mention that Worth makes great use in these of tulle, spangled, embroidered, sprinkled with flowers, etc. He obtains charming effects by studding tulle with tiny blossoms, such as lilies-of-the-valley, violets, periwinkles, etc., which also serve to form the fringes. Quilles, set on a tulle foundation, and covered with draped tulle which veils the whole, are also much used, and are very elegant.

Although we have lately spoken of sorties de bal, we will describe a large pelisse of velvet, striped with three or four bright colors mixed with gold,



PLASTRON OF SILK MUSLIN AND LACES



Fig. 5.—Satin Merveilleux Bridal Toilette. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29-37.

Fig. 6.-WHITE MULL EVENING DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.

that we saw at Worth's. This was designed to be thrown over a concert or evening toilette, a well as a ball dress. The front was trimmed with two bands of the same stuff, but of different colors. Another broad band, eighteen or twenty inches wide, bordered the bottom, but the stripes in this ran in an opposite direction from those in the body of the pelisse. The back was trimmed at the waist with butterfly bows. The lining, of course, was bright-colored.

We do not forget those ladies who, while unable to buy at the great houses which dictate the laws of fashion, are still anxious to be elegantly dressed. For their comfort we are glad to say that the present style enables them to devise charming costumes by the combination of stuffs which is now almost obligatory. For instance, we will describe a new combination, by which a lady may convert an old-fashioned dress into the fourreau toilette, which is one of the newest styles, and which requires little stuff. It is indispensable that this stuff should be heavy, but it matters little whether it is plain, striped, or brocaded. This fourreau skirt is cut in points; it has little fullness, but is trimmed on the bottom with a thick puffing or a very voluminous ruche. With it is worn a panier corsage of different material, which is plain if the skirt is figured, or figured if the skirt is plain, for contrast is obligatory. If any one has a little damassé stuff, and a plain silk dress, all the visible parts of the foundation skirt may be covered with a series of narrow, scanty, gathered flounces, made of the plain material. On the sides are panels of the damassé. The corsage is plain, as well as the vertugadins, a kind of short and very bouffant, retroussé paniers; these meet the pouf, which is pleated in fan shape. The vest and cuffs are of damassé.

As a detail of dress we may mention that we see much fewer bows and jabots of lace or muslin, though they have not entirely disappeared. In their place is worn a velvet ribbon, set flat on the neck of the corsage, and fastened either with a metal buckle or a brooch.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.

RTICULATED animals, according to natu-A RTICULATED annuals, according a ralists, are divided by structure into at least three classes - crustaceans (crabs, etc.), insects,

The first of these belong to sea foods, to be treated of in another article. Land-crabs and cray-fish are beloved by many people, however, in both hemispheres, the former furnishing a festival to the islanders of the Antilles at the season when these creatures swarm down from their holes in the highlands to lay their eggs at the shore of the sea.

Insects furnish us with a great variety of food, though honey is perhaps the only viand of their production accepted by the refined. Honey affords some tropical savages a large proportion of their daily fare, while other wild races refuse it altogether. It is their honeyed contents, doubtless, that makes bees, wasps, and certain ants palatable to some children of nature. Waterton tells of one wasp, blue, which makes its nest among the drooping leaves of trees along the Amazon, whence it is driven by a fire built un-derneath. After killing or expelling the old wasps, the Indians roast the young grubs in their comb and eat them.

In the southwestern part of the United States dwells the honey-making ant, whose history is most singular. A portion of the members of each colony while yet alive serve as receptacles for the honey gathered by the rest, their throats becoming distended until the whole ant seems merely a pellucid bag of sweets. The liquid is almost pure sugar, and is vastly relished in its unbroken and animate packages by both Indians and Mexicans.

No excuse like this, however, can be found for the eating of ants as practiced by some of the root-digging Indians of our West and by East Africans. White ants, for example, caught upon the surface of a piece of fresh bark or green hide, are put in a bag and dried "for future refer-" Pinto, speaking of the Bihenos of the Zambezi country, says they "hunted out and devoured termites with as insatiable an appetite as an ant-bear, gathering them as they ran, and cramming them by handfuls into their mouths." Burton, in Zanzibar, attributes this outlandish habit to that craving for animal food "which in these regions becomes a principle of action, a passion." The Dokers are reputed to let their nails grow aigging hard-crusted nests of these white auts.

This is frightful fare; but the Esquimaux enjoy the maggots found in decayed fish, the Papuans (like the Europeans) prefer cheese filled with mites," and wormy apples are thought to crush into the best cider; caterpillars are eaten by California Indians, the eggs of flies laid on water-weeds by Mexicans, moths by Bushmen, and grubs from decayed logs by various races. Mr. F. Ober, camping one night in Dominica, was offered by his Carib servant a "luscious morsel," extractfrom a palm trunk, "in the shape of a great white grub"-the larva of a black beetle-which was soon browning on the coals for the boy's supper. Only a few days ago we saw a letter from Morocco in a daily newspaper telling how the famine-stricken Moorish peasantry were digging poisonous roots and searching for "large white poisonous roots and searching for grubs" as the only help against starvation.

Our next item is earth-worms, the bait of the rural angler. In his ethnology of Northern California Stephen Powers notes: "When rain falls in autumn enough to give the earth a thorough soaking, and the angle-worms begin to come to the surface, then the Yuki housekeeper turns her

mind to a good basket of worm soup. Armed with her woman-stick, the badge of her sex, which is a pole about six feet long and one and a half inches thick, sharpened and fire-hardened at one end, she seeks out a piece of rich moist soil, and sets to work. Thrusting the pole into the ground about a foot, she turns it around in every direction, and so agitates the earth that the worms come to the surface in large numbers from a radius of two or three feet around. She gathers and carries these home, and cooks them into a rich and oily soup—aboriginal vermicelli." Adjacent tribes have the same habit.

Hastening over the "manna in the wilderness" produced by a gall insect, over the spiders said to be devoured by Bushmen, and over some other oddities of articulated nutriment, let us bring this catalogue to an end with the "national dish" of Bechuana land-locusts. That is the name given by Dr. Halub, who saw his men made happy by a flock of them, from which a quantity were captured and thrown on the embers. "A good many of the men took them and devoured them entire; others pulled off the feet and the wings; the more fastidious staid to take out the insides. In flavor I should consider them a dried and strongly salted Italian anchovy." Substantially the same story comes from elsewhere in Asia and Africa. In Morocco a flight of locusts is a welcome visitation; the insects are brought into market by the bushel, and sold as cheap food to the poor.

The native races of the New World also eat these and allied insects. An account of Nevada in 1845 mentions as a part of the fare of the redskins a compound "prepared from roasted grass hoppers and large crickets, pounded up and mixed with, when procurable, some kind of animal grease." The Indians of Central California treat grasshoppers elaborately, after driving them into big pitfall by beating the surrounding grass or burning it. "When for winter use, they are dried in the sun; when for present consumption, they are either mashed into a paste, which is eaten with the fingers, ground into a fine powder and mixed with mush, or they are saturated with saltwater, placed in a hole in the ground previously heated, covered with hot stones, and eaten like shrimps when well roasted. Dried chrysalides are considered a bonne bouche, as are all varieties of insects and worms."

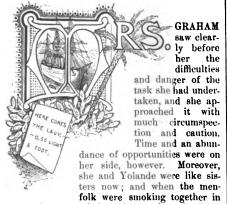
This, however, is a very ancient food. Locusts and wild honey were the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness; Aristotle gives advice about eating grasshoppers; and the Persians, Arabians, and other people of the dry Middle East have always included them, and do yet, in their bill of fare.

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MacLEOD OF DABE," "WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. INTERVENTION.



some other part of the dahabeeyah, and talking about public affairs or their chances of having a little shooting in the neighborhood of Merhadj, these two were most likely seated in the cool shade of the Belvedere, having a quiet and confidential chat all to themselves, the while the slow-moving panorama of the Nile stole stealth-

And gradually Mrs. Graham got Yolande to think a good deal about the future, which ordinarily the girl was loath to do. She had an admirable capacity for enjoying the present mother not a long way off. She had never experienced any trouble, and why should she look forward to any? She was in perfect health, and consequently her brain was free from morbid anprehensions. Sometimes, when Mrs. Graham was talking with the sadness begotten of worldly wisdom, the younger woman would laugh lightly, and ask what there was on earth to depress her-except, perhaps, the absence of dear Baby. In short. Yolande could not be made anxious about herself. She was content to take the present as it was, and the future as it might come. She was far more interested in watching the operations of this or that African kingfisher, when the big black and gray bird, after fluttering in the air for a while in the manner of a hawk, would swoop down and dive into the river, emerging with a small silver fish in its beak.

But if she could not easily be made anxious about herself, she very easily indeed could be made anxious about her father; and Mrs. Graham quickly discovered that anything suggested about him was instantly sufficient to arouse her interest and

Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

concern. She played upon that pipe skillfully, and yet with not the faintest notion that her siren music was anything but of the simplest and honestest kind. Was it not for the welfare and hap-piness of every one concerned? Even Jim, with his faculty for looking at the sardonic side of things, had not a word to say against it. It would be a very good arrangement, that oracle had de-

"Do you know, dear," said she, one morning, to Yolande, "what Jim has just been saying? that he would not be surprised if, sooner or later, your father were offered some place in the Government.'

Yolande opened her eyes wide with surprise. But then she laughed, and shook her head.

"Oh no. It is impossible. He is not good friends with the Government. He has too many opinions to himself."

"I don't know," said pretty Mrs. Graham, looking at one of the little French mirrors, and smoothing her curls. "I don't know. You should hear Jim, anyway. Of course I don't mean a post with a seat in the Cabinet: but office of some kind-an Under-Secretaryship or something of that sort. Jim says he heard just before he left town that the Government were going to try to conciliate the Radicals, and that some member below the gangway would most likely be taken in. It would please some of the northern towns; and Slagpool is an important place.'

"Oh, do you think it is possible?" cried the "My papa in girl, with a new light in her eyes. the Ministry—and always in town?"

"That's just it, Yolande dear," said Mrs. Gramm. "If your papa were a member of the Government, in whatever place, he could not go gal-livanting about like this—"

'Oh, of course not, certainly not," the girl said, eagerly. "He would live in London. He would have a house—a proper home. Do you think it is likely? I never heard of it before. But why should it not be ?--why should it not be, dear Mrs. Graham? There are very few members in the House of Commons—why, scarcely any at all-who are returned by such a number of persons. Look at the majority he always has: does it not say that those people respect him, and believe he is working for the good of the country? Very well; why should it not be?"

I quite agree with you; and Jim says it is not at all unlikely. But you are talking about a house, Yolande dear: well, it would scarcely be worth your papa's while to take a house merely for you; though it is certainly of importance for a member of the Government to have a town house, and entertain, and so forth. You could are rather young; but if you know, my dear; you are rather young; but if your papa were to marry again?"
"Yes?" said Yolande, without betraying any

dismay.

"In that case I have been wondering what would become of you," said the other, with her eyes cast down.

"Oh, that is all right," said the girl, cheerful-"That is quite right. Madame has directed me to that once or twice-often; but not always with good sense, I consider. For it can not always happen that step-mother and step-daughter do not get on well—if there is one who is very anxious to please. And if my papa were to marry again, it is not that I should have less of his society; I should have more: if there was a home, and I allowed to remain, I should have And why should I have anything but kindness for his wife, who gives me a home? Oh, I assure you it is not I who would make any

'Oh no: I dare sav not-I dare sav not, Yolande dear," said the other, with a gracious smile. "You are not terribly quarrelsome. But it seldom answers. You would find yourself in the way. Sooner or later you would find yourself

'Then I would go." "Where?"

The girl made a little gesture by turning out

the palms of her hands ever so slightly.
"I will tell you, my dear child, of one place where you could go. If you came to us at Inverstroy-now, or then, or at any time-there is a home there waiting for you; and Jim and I would just make a sister of you."

She spoke with feeling, and, indeed, with hon-esty; for she was quite ready to have welcomed Yolande to their northern home, wholly apart from the projects of the Master of Lynn. And Yolande for a second put her hand on her friend's hand.

"I know that," said she, "and it is very kind of you to think of it; and I believe it true-so it at once. And it is a very nice thing to think of; that there are friends who would take you into their own home if there were need. Oh, I assure you, it is pleasant to think of, even when there is no need at all."

"Will you come and try it? Will you come and see how you like it?" said pretty Mrs. Graham, with a courageous cheerfulness. "Why not? ham, with a courageous cheerfulness. Your papa wants to be back in time for the Budgct, or even before that. They say that it will be a late session—that if they get away for the twelfth they will be lucky. Now you know, dear Yolande, between ourselves, your father's constituents are very forbearing. It is all very well for us to make a joke of it here; but really-really-

really—"
"I understand you very well," said Yolande, quickly; "and you think he should remain in London till the twelfth, and always be at the House? Yes, yes; that is what I think too. Do you imagine it is I who take him away on voyage after voyage? No! For me, I would rather have him always at the House. I would rather read his speeches in the newspaper than see any more cities, and cities, and cities."

"Very well; but what are you going to do, Yolande dear, between the time of our getting back and the twelfth?"

"Oh," said Yolande, with her face brighten. ing, "that will be a busy time—no more of going away—and I shall be all the time in the hotel in Albemarle Street—and papa and I dining together every night, and having a chat before he goes to the House."

"I am sure you are mistaken there," said Mrs. Graham, promptly. "Your father won't let you stay all that time in town. He hates the very name of town. He is too fond of you, too care ful of you, Yolande dear, and too proud of the roses in your cheeks, to let you shut yourself up in a town hotel."

"But look at me!" the girl said, indignantly.
"Do I look unwell? Am I sick-looking? Why should not I live in a town hotel as well as oth-Are all unwell who live in London? No; it is folly to say that. And if anything were likely to make me unwell, it is not living in London; but it is the fretting, when I am away from London, that I can be of no use to my papa, and that he is living alone there. Think of his living alone in the hotel, and dining alone thereworse than that still, dining at the House of Com-mons! Why, it was only last night Colonel Graham and he were speaking of the bad dinnam and ne were speaking of the bad din-ners there—the heat and the crush and the badly cooked joints—yes, and I sitting there, and saying to myself, 'Very well, and what is the use of having a daughter if she can not get for you a pretty dinner, with flowers on the table?'"

"I understand you so well; when you speak it is like myself thinking," said Mrs. Graham, in her kindly way (and not at all imagining that she was anything of a hypocrite, or talking for a purpose); "but you may put it out of your head. Your father won't let you stay in town. I know

that."
"Then I suppose it will be Oatlands Park," said Yolande, with a bit of a sigh.

"No. Why should it?" said her friend, brisk-"Come to Inverstroy. Go back with us. Then we will see about the cook and the housemaid in Inverness; and Archie will get the dog-cart and horses for you; and we might even go down to Allt-nam-ba, and see that the keeper has kept on fires during the winter, and that the lodge is all right. And then we will all go on to Inverstroy—Archie as well; and he will take you out salmon-fishing, for I shall have my own house to attend to for a while; but we will make you just one of the family, and you will amuse yourself just as you think best; and if we don't pet you, and make you comfortable, and as happy as ever you were in your life, then my name isn't Mary Graham. You will just see what a Highland welcome we will give you!"

"I know—I know," said the girl. "How can I thank you for such kindness? But then to think of my papa being all that time left by him-

self in London—"
"My dear Yolande, I must speak frankly to you, even if you fancy it cruel. Don't you imagine your father would stand a little better with his constituents, and consequently be more at ease in his own mind, if he were left by himself a little more than at present? Don't you think it might be prudent? Don't you think it would be better for every one if he were left a little

Yes, yes-it is so-I can see it." "And if you were with us, he could give his

whole time and attention to Parliament. "Yes, yes-though I had other wishes as well," the girl said, with her lips becoming a little trem-

"It is a very awkward situation." said Mrs. Graham, with abundant cheerfulness; "but I see the natural way out of it. Perhaps you don't, dear Yolande; but I do. I know what will happen. You will have a house and home of your

own; and your father will be very glad to see you happy and settled; and he will give proper attention to Parliament while Parliament is sitting; but when Parliament is not sitting then he will come to you for relaxation and amusement, and you must have a salmon-rod ready for him in the spring, and in the autumn nice luncheons to be sent up the hill, where he will be with the others. Now isn't that something to look forward to?"
"Yes—but—a house of my own?" the girl

said, bewildered.

"Of course when you marry, my dear. That is the obvious solution of the whole difficulty: it will put every one in a proper position."

She said neither yea nor nay; there was no affectation of maiden coyness; no protest of any kind. But her eyes were distant and thoughtmemories—probably memories of her own futile schemes and hopes.

That afternoon they came in sight of some walls and a minaret or two, half hidden by groves of palms lying along the high banks of the river; and these they were told belonged to Merhadj; but the Reis had had orders to moor the dahabeeyah by the shore at some short distance from the town, so that the English party should not be quartered among the confusion and squalor further along. The consequence of this was that very soon they found themselves the practical owners of a portion of Africa which seemed to be uninhabited; for when the whole party got ashore (with much excitement and eager interest), and waded across the thick sand, and then entered a far-stretching wood of acacia-trees, they could find no trace of human occupation; the only living things being an abundance of hoopoes— the beautiful red-headed and crested birds were so tame that one could have flung one's cap at them—and wood-pigeons, the latter of a brilliant blue and gray and white. But by-and-by, as they wandered along—highly pleased to be on shore again, and grateful for the shelter of the trees

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they met a slow procession of Arabs, with donkeys and camels, wending their way through the dry rushes and hot sand; and as the animals dry rusnes and not sand, and as the animals were heavily laden, they made no doubt that the natives were carrying in farm produce to sell at Merhadj. Then when they returned to the daha-Merhadj. Then when they returned to the dana-beeyah, they found a note from Ismat Effendi, written in excellent English, saying that his fa-written in excellent from the interior and that ther had just returned from the interior, and that they both would do themselves the honor of pay-

ing a visit the following morning.

But what to do till dinner-time—now that the dahabeeyah was no longer moving past the familiar features of the Nile? Ahmed came to the rescue. The chef was anxious to have some pigeons: would the gentlemen go ashore and shoot some for him? The gentlemen flatly refused to go and kill those half-tame creatures; but they discovered that Abmed could shoot a live go and kin those discovered that Ahmed could shoot a little; so they lent him a gun, and offered to beat the wood him. It was an occupation, at least. And so the two women were left by themselves again, with nothing before them but the choosing of a costume for dinner, and the donning of the same.

It was an opportunity not to be missed; and yet Mrs. Graham was terribly nervous. She had an uncomfortable suspicion all day that she had not been quite ingenuous in her conversation of the morning; and she was anxious to confess and clear her mind, and yet afraid of the effects of her confession. But Yolande had spoken so reasonably and sensibly; she seemed to recognize the situation; why should she be startled?

For good or ill, she determined to plunge in medias res; and she adopted a gay air, though her fingers were rather shaky. She put her arm within Yolande's arm. They were slowly walking up and down the upper deck, under the awning. They could just see the gentlemen of the party, along with Ahmed, disappearing into the

grove of dark green acacias. "Yolande, I am a wicked woman," she said, addenly. "Hear my confession. I was not suddenly. "Hear my confession. I was not quite frank with you this morning, and I can't rest till I have told you. The fact is, my dear child, when I spoke to you about the possibility of your marrying, I knew of the wishes of one or two others, and I ought to have told you. And now I wish to confess everything; and you will forgive me if I say anything to offend or alarm

"About my marrying?" said the girl, looking rather frightened. "Oh no; I do not wish to rather frightened. "Oh no; I do not wish to know. I do not wish to know of anything that any one has said to you."

'Then you have guessed ?"

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The mere question was an intimation. The girl's face flushed; and she said, with an eager haste, and in obvious trouble:

Why should we speak of any such thing? Dear Mrs. Graham, why should I be afraid of the future? No; I am not afraid."

But there are others to be considered-one, at least, whose hopes have been clear enough to the rest of us for some time back. Dearest Yolande, am I speaking too much now?"

She stood still, and took both the girl's hands in hers.

"Am I telling you too much? Or am I telling you what you have guessed already? I hope I haven't spoken too soon. If I have done anything indiscreet, don't blame him! I could not talk to you just like sister to sister, and have this knowledge in the background, and be hiding it like a secret from you.

Yolande drew her hands away; she seemed scarcely able to find utterance.

"Oh no, Mrs. Graham—it is a mistake—it is all a mistake-you don't mean what you say-

"But indeed I do!" the other said, eagerly. "Dearest Yolande, how can I help wishing to have you for a sister? But if I have revealed the secret too soon, why, you must forget it altogether, and let Archie speak for himself. But you know I do wish it. I can't help telling you. I have been thinking of what we might be to each other up there in the Highlands; for I never had a sister, and my mother died when I was quite young, like yours, dear Yolande. You can't tell how pleased I was when Archie began to—to show you attention; and I made sure you must

have seen how anxious he was to please you—"
She paused for a second here, but there was no answer: the girl was too bewildered.

"Why, Jim would be like a big brother to you; you can't tell how fond he is of you; and your father approving too-"

The girl started as if she had been struck, and her face became quite white.

"Did you say-that my father wished it?" she said, slowly.

"Oh yes, oh yes," Mrs. Graham said. "What more natural? What should he wish for more than to see you happily married? I wouldn't say that he would be more free to attend to public affairs; I wouldn't say that was his reason, though it might be one of several reasons; but I can very well understand his being pleased at the notion of seeing you married and comfortably settled among people who would make much of you, as I really and truly think we should. Now, dear Yolande, don't say anything in haste. I am not asking you on behalf of Archie; I am telling you a secret to clear my own mind. Ah, and if you only knew how glad we should be to have you among us!"

The girl's eyes had slowly filled with tears, but she would not own it. She had courage. She looked her companion fair in the face, as if to gay, "Do you think I am crying? I am not." But when she smiled, it was a very strange sort of smile, and very near crying.

"Then if it is a secret, let it remain a secret, dear Mrs. Graham," said she, with a sort of cheerfulness. "Perhaps it will always remain one, and no harm done. I did not know that my papa wished that; I did not suspect it. No: how could I? When we have talked of the years to come, that was not the arrangement that seemed

She paused for a while.

"Now I remember what you were saving in the morning. And you knew then also that my papa wished it?"

"Oh yes, certainly-not that he has spoken directly to me-"

But Yolande was scarcely listening. Rapid pictures were passing before her—pictures that had been suggested by Mrs. Graham herself. And Yolande's father, not her future husband, was the central figure of them.

Then she seemed to throw aside these speculations with an effort of will.

"Come," she said, more cheerfully, "is it not time to dress? We will put away that secret; it is just as if you had never spoken; it is all away in the air-vanished. And you must not tell your brother that you have been talking to me; for you know, dear Mrs. Graham, he has been very kind to me, and I would not give him -oh, not for anything-

"My dear Yolande, if he thought there was a chance of your saying yes, he would be out of his senses with joy!" exclaimed the other.

"Oh, but that is not to be thought of!" said e girl, with quite a practical air. "It is not to the girl, with quite a practical air. be thought of at all as yet. My papa has not said anything to me. And a little talking between as two—what is that? Nothing—air—it goes away; why should we remember it?"

Mrs. Graham could not understand this attitude at all. Yolande had said neither yes nor no; she seemed neither elated nor depressed; and she certainly had not-as most young ladies are supposed to do when they have decided upon a refusal-expressed any compassion for the unfortunate suitor. Moreover, at dinner, Mrs. Graham observed that more than once Yolande regarded the young Master of Lynn with a very attentive It was not a conscious, furtive scrutiny; it was calm and unabashed. And Mrs. Graham also noticed that when her brother looked up to address Yolande, and met her eyes, those eyes were not hastily withdrawn in maiden confusion but rather answered his look with a pleased friendliness. She was certainly studying him, the sister thought.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SETTLEMENT.

Next morning there was much hurrying to and fro on board the dahabeeyah in anticipation of the visit of the Governor; so that Mrs. Graham had no chance of having an extended talk with her brother. Nevertheless, she managed to convey to him a few covert words of information and

"Archie," said she, "I have spoken to Yolande

I have hinted something to her."
"No!" he said, looking rather frightened.

"Oh, you need not be much alarmed," she said, with a significant smile. "Rather the other way. She seems quite to know how you have wished to be kind and attentive to her—quite sensible of it, in fact; and when I hinted something—"

"She did not say 'no' outright ?" he interrupted, eagerly; and there was a flush of gladness on his face.

"I thought there could be no harm if I told her that Jim and I would like to have her for a sister," she answered, demurely.

"And she did not say 'no' outright?" he re-

"Well," Mrs. Graham said, after a second, "I am not going to tell you anything more. It would not be fair. It is your business, not mine. I'm out of it now. I have intermeddled quite enough. But I don't think she hates you. And she seems rather pleased to think of living in the Highlands, with her father having plenty of amusement there, you know; and perhaps she might be brought to consider a permanent arrangement of that kind not so undesirable; and—and—well, you'd better see for yourself. As I say, Jim and will be very glad to have her for a sister; and I can't say more, can I?"

She could not say more then, at all events, for at this moment Colonel Graham appeared on the upper deck with the intelligence that the Governor's barge was just then coming down the river. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande were instantly summoned from below; some further disposition of chairs and divans was made; some boxes of cigarettes were sent for; and presently the sound of oars alongside announced the arrival of the chief notables of Merhadj.

The Master of Lyun saw and heard little of what followed; he was far too busy with the glad and bewildering prospect that his sister's obscure hints had placed before him. And again and again he glanced at Yolande, timidly, and yet with an increasing wonder. He began to ask himself whether it was really true that his sister had spoken to her. The girl betrayed no consciousness, no embarrassment; she had greeted him on that morning just as on other mornings: at this moment she was regarding the arrival of those grave officials with an interest which seemed quite oblivious of his presence. As for him, he looked on impatiently. He wished it was all over. He wished to have some private speech with her, to have some inquiry of her eyes—surely her eyes would make some tell-tale confession? And in a vague kind of way he grew to think that the Governor's son, Ismat Effendi, who was acting as interpreter, and who spoke English excellently, addressed a little too much of the conversation to the two ladies. Moreover, it was all very well for him, on coming on board, to shake hands with Mrs Graham for he had known her in India, but why with Yolande?

The Governor—a corpulent and sallow-faced old gentleman who looked like a huge frog—and his companions sat in solemn state, while young Ismat, with much grace of manner and remarkably eloquent eyes, hoped that the visitors were comfortable on board the dahabeeyah, and so forth. He was a well-dressed young gentleman; his black frock-coat, white waistcoat, and red tarboosh were all of the newest and smartest, and his singularly small feet were incased in boots of brilliant pol-The Master of Lynn considered him a coxcomb, and also a Frenchified semi-theatrical cox-comb. But the women-folk liked his pleasant manners and his speaking eyes; and when he said that he had never been to England, but intended to go the next year, Mrs. Graham made him definitely promise that he would pay them a visit at Inverstrov.

"And Miss Winterbourne," said the young gentleman with the swarthy face and the brilliant

white teeth, "does she live in Scotland also?"
"Well, no," said Mrs. Graham, placidly; "but I hope you will find her there when you come. We want her to go back with us when we go back and if she likes her first visit, perhaps she will come again. I hope you will find her with us.'

"And I also, madam, hope to have the felicity of the visit that you propose," said he, "if poli-tics will permit me."

He directed an inquiring and rather curious glance at Colonel Graham.

"You did not hear anything very remarkable

in Cairo, sir?"

"Well, nothing remarkable," said the stout soldier. "Lots of rumors. Always plenty of that in politics, Mostly lies. At the Consulate they thought we were safe enough.'

The young man turned to his father, who was silently and solemnly sipping his coffee, apparently quite uninterested in what was going on, and spoke in Arabic to him for a second or two. The

old gentleman appeared to grunt assent.
"My father says he will have much delight in sending two or three soldiers to accompany your party if you are making excursions into the inte-There is no danger, except that some bad men will try to rob when they can. Or if you will permit me—if you will have the grace to per-

t me—I will accompany you myself."
"But to take up so much of your time—" said pretty Mrs. Graham, with one of her most pleasant smiles.

He waved his hand in a deprecatory fashion. "It will be too charming for me. Perhaps your dragoman does not know the district as well as I. Do you permit me? Shall I come to-mor-

row, with everything prepared?"

"Look here, Mr. Ismat," said Colonel Graham, "you'd better come along and dine with us this evening; then we can talk it over. In the mean time we can't keep your father and the other gentlemen waiting while we discuss our rambles. Will you please tell his Excellency once more how much obliged we are, and honored by his visit, and that we will do ourselves the pleasure of coming to see him at Merhadj to-morrow, if that will suit his Excellency's convenience ?"

This was the final arrangement-that young Ismat Effendi was to come along to dinner in the evening—a prospect which seemed to please him highly. Very soon after the grave company was seated in the stern of the barge, and the big oars were once more at work. The dahabeeyah returned to its normal state of silence; the little party of Europeans were left again to their own society; and the Master of Lynn, a little anxious and excited, and almost fearing to meet Yolande's eves, and vet drawn toward her neighborhood by a secret spell, declined to go ashore with the other two gentlemen, and remained with his sister and Yolande in the Belvedere, in the cool shade of the canvas awning.

No, she betrayed not the slightest embarrass-

ment at his sitting thus quite near her; it was he who was nervous and awkward in his speech. She was engaged in some delicate needle-work: from time to time she spread it out on her lap to regard it, and all the time she was chatting freely with Mrs. Graham about the recent visitors and their grave demeanor, their almost European costume, their wonderfully small feet, and so forth.

"Why do you not go ashore?" she said, turning with frank eyes to the Master of Lynn. so interesting to see the strange birds, the strange plants.

"It is cooler on the river," said he.

He was wondering whether his sister would get up and go away and leave them together, and he was half afraid she would and half afraid she would not. But at all events he was now rewould not. But at an events he was now re-solved that on the first opportunity he would speak to Yolande himself. He would not trust to any go-between. Was it not enough that she had had some intimation made to her of his wishes and hopes, and yet showed no signs of fear at his approach?

The mid-day went by, and he found no chance of addressing her. His sister and she sat together, and sewed and chatted, or stopped to watch some passing boat, and listen to the boatmen singing a long and melancholy chorus to the clanking of the oars. At lunch-time Mr. Winter-bourne and Colonel Graham turned up. Then in the afternoon the whole of them got into a boat. and were rowed away to a long and flat and sandy island on the other side of the Nile, which they explored in a leisurely way: and then back again to the dahabeeyah for a draught of cold tea in the

welcome shade of the awning.

It was not until near the end of the day that the long-looked-for opportunity arrived: indeed, nearly every one had gone below to get ready for dinner; but Yolande had lingered above to watch the coming over of the twilight. It was a strange enough sight in its way. For after the yellow color had died out of the bank of bearded corn above the river's edge, and while the strip of acacia-trees over that again had grown solemn and dark against the clear, pallid, blue-gray sky of the south, far away in the northwestern hea vens there still lingered a glow of warmer light, and a few clouds high up had caught a saffron tinge from the sinking sun. It seemed as if they here were shut in with the dark, while far away in the north, over the Surrey lanes, and up among the Westmoreland waters, and out amid the distant Hebridean isles, the summer evening was still fair and shining. It led one to dream of home. The imagination took wings. It was pleasant to think of those beautiful and glowing scenes, here where the gloom of the silent desert was gathering all around.

She was standing by the rail of the deck; and when the others had gone he quietly went over to her, and began talking to her-about the Highlands mostly, and of the long clear twilights there, and how he hoped she would accept his sister's invitation to go back home with them when they returned to England. And when she said something very pretty about the kindness of all of them to her, he spoke a little more warmly, and asked if there was any wonder. People got to know one another intimately through a constant companionship like this, and got to know and admire and love beautiful qualities of disposition and mind. And then he told her it would not be honest if he did not confess to her that he was aware that his sister had spoken to her—it was best to be frank; and he knew she was so kind she would not be angry if there had been any indiscretion; and he begged for her forgiveness if she had been in any way offended. spoke in a very frank and manly way; and she let him speak, for she was quite incapable of saying anything. Her fingers were working nervously with a small pocket-book she held, and she had turned partly away, dreading to lift her eyes, and yet unable to go until she had answered him somehow. Then she managed to say, rather hurriedly and breathlessly:

"Oh no, I am not offended. Why, it is—a

great honor-I-I knew it was your sister's kindess and friendship that made her speak to me. Please let me go away now-

He had put his hand on her arm unwittingly. "But may I hope, Yolande? May I hope?" he said, and he stooped down to listen for the faintest word. "I don't want you to pledge yourself altogether now. Give me time. May I try to win you? Do you think some time—some time of your own choosing, as far ahead as you may wish—you will consent? May I hope for it? May I look forward to it—some day?"

"Oh, but I can not tell you-I can not tell you now" she said in the same breathless way. am sorry if I have given any pain-any anxietybut-some other time I will try to talk to you-or my papa will tell you-but not now. You have always been so kind to me that I ask it from

She stole away in the gathering darkness, her head bent down: she had not once turned her eyes to his. And he remained there for a time, scarcely knowing what he had said or what she had answered, but vaguely and happily conscious that she had not, at all events, refused him. Was it not much? He was harassed by all kinds of doubts, surmises, hesitations; but surely prevailing over these was a buoyant hope, a touch of triumph even. He would fain have gone away for a long stroll in the dusk to have reasoned out his hopes and guesses with himself; but here was dinner-time approaching, and young Ismat was coming; and he—that is, the Master of Lynn—began to have the consciousness that Yolande in a measure belonged to him, and that he must be there. He went down the steps with a light and a proud heart. Yolande was his, he almost felt assured. How should she regard him when next they met?

And indeed at dinner there was no longer any of that happy serenity of manner on her part that had so puzzled him before. Her self-consciousness and embarrassment were so great as to be almost painful to witness. She never lifted her eyes; she ate and drank next to nothing; when she pretended to be listening to Ismat Effendi's descriptions of the troubles in the Soudan, any one who knew must have seen that she was a quite perfunctory listener, and probably understood but little of what was being said. But then no one knew that he had spoken but himself, and he strove to convince her that he was not regarding her by entering eagerly into this conversation about the False Prophet; and though now and again her trouble and confusion perplexed him
—along with the recollection that she had been so anxious to say nothing definite-still, on the whole, triumph and rejoicing were in his heart.

And how beautiful she looked, even with the pensive face cast down! No wonder young Ismat had admired her that morning; the very Englishness of her appearance must have struck him -the tall stature, the fine complexion, the ruddy golden hair, and the clear, proud, calm, self-confident look of the maidenly eyes. This was a bride fit for a home-coming at Lynn Towers!

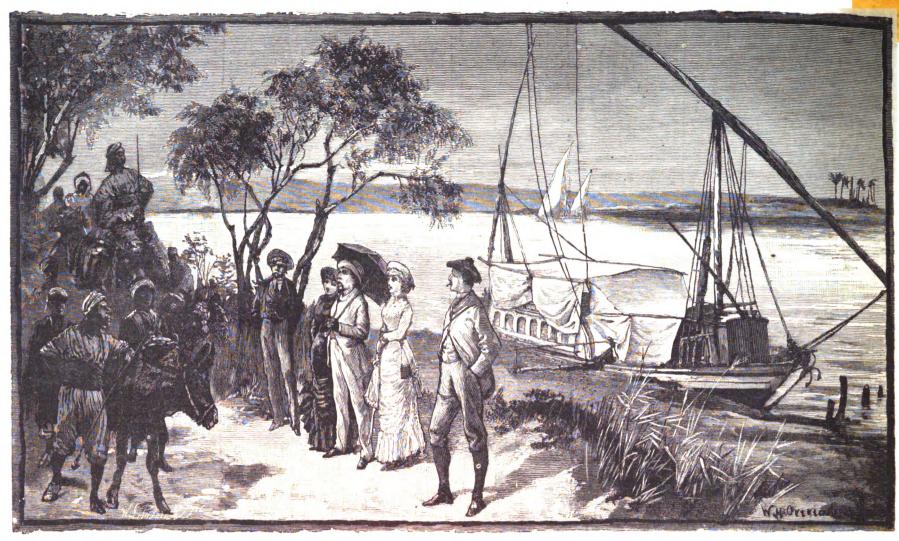
But, alas! Yolande's self-confidence seemed to have strangely forsaken her that evening. they were all up on deck, taking their coffee in the red glow shed by the lanterns, she got hold of

her father, and drew him aside into the darkness.
"What is it, Yolande?" said he, in surprise. She took hold of his hand; both hers were

trembling. "I have something to tell you, papa—something serious."

Then he knew, and for a moment his heart sank; but he maintained a gay demeanor. Had he not reasoned the whole matter out with himself? He had foreseen this crisis; he had nerved himself by anticipation.

"Oh, I know—I know already, Yolande," said he, very cheerfully. "Do you think I can't spy secrets? And of course you come to me, with your hands trembling, and you think you have something dreadful to confess, whereas it is nothing but the most ordinary and commonplace thing in the world. You need not make any fession. Young Leslie has spoken to me. Quite right-very right; I like frankness. I consider him a very fine young fellow. Now what have



"BY-AND-BY, AS THEY WANDERED ALONG, THEY MET A SLOW PROCESSION OF ARABS WITH DONKEYS AND CAMELS."

you got to say? Only I won't listen if you are going to make a fuss about it, and destroy my nervous system, for I tell you it is the simplest and most ordinary affair in the world."

"Then you know everything—you approve of it, papa—it is your wish?" she said, havely.
"My wish?" he said. "What has my wish to do with it, you stupid creature!" But then he added, more gently: "Of course you know, Yolande, I should like to see you married and settled. Yes, I should like to see that; I should like to see you in a fixed home, and not liable to all the

changes and chances of the life that you and I have been living. It would be a great relief to my mind. And then it is natural and right. It is not for a young girl to be a rolling stone like that; and, besides, it couldn't last: that idea about our always going on travelling wouldn't answer. So whenever you think of marrying, whenever you think you will be happy in choosing a husband—just now, to-morrow, or any time—don't come to me with a breathless voice, and with trembling hands, as if you had done some wrong, or as if I was going to object, for to see you happy

would be happiness enough for me; and as for our society together, well, you know, I could pay the people of Slagpool a little more attention, and have some more occupation that way; and then you, instead of having an old and frail and feeble person like me to take care of you, you would have one whose years would make him a fitter companion for you, as is quite right and proper and natural. And now do you understand?"

"Oh yes, I think so page" said she said

"Oh yes, I think so, papa," said she, quite brightly; and she regarded him with grateful and

loving eyes. "And you would have ever so much more time for Parliament, would you not?"

"Assuredly."

"And you would come to see me sometimes; and go shooting and fishing; and take a real holiday—not in towns and hotels?"

"Oh, don't be afraid. I will bother the life out

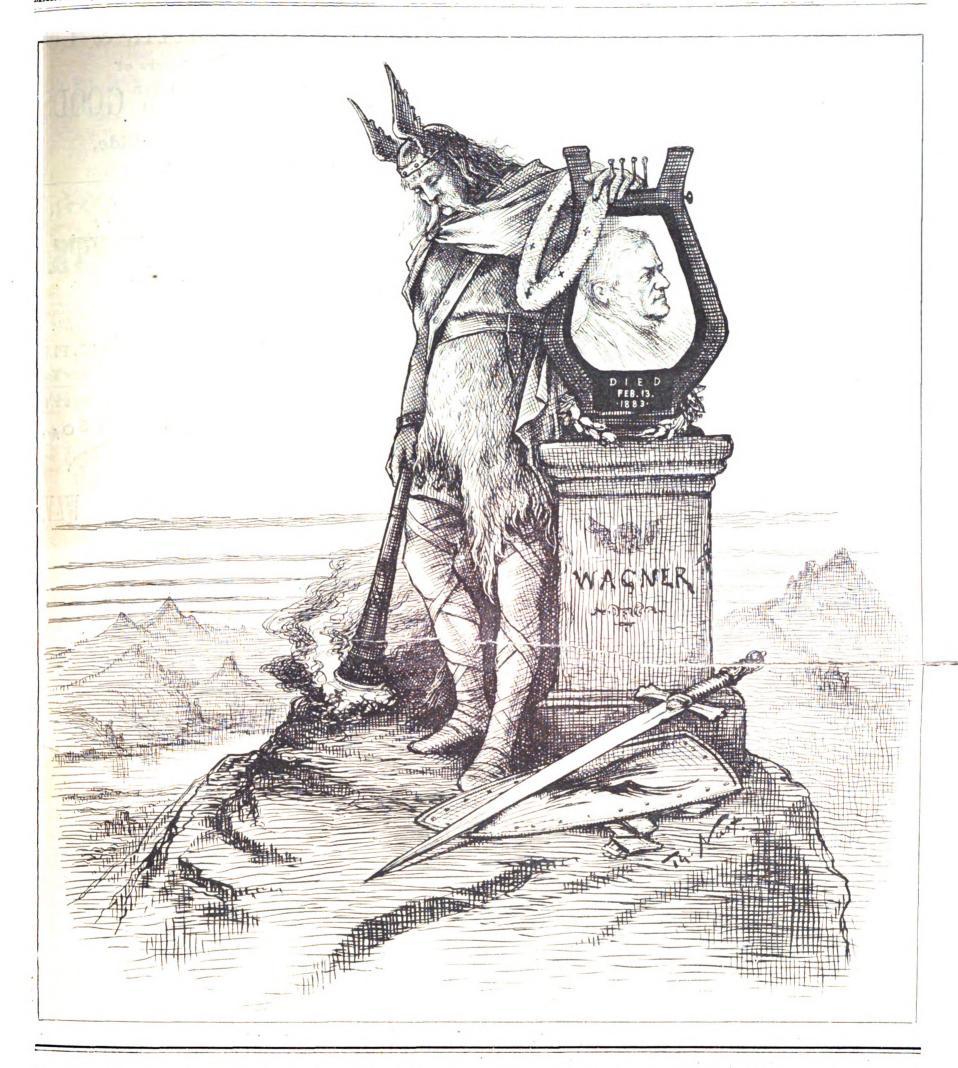
"On, don't be arraid. I will obther the file out of you. And there are always fishings and shootings to be got somehow."

"And you would be quite happy, then?"

"If you were, I should be," said he; and really this prospect pleased him so much that his cheer-



"THEY FOUND THAT THE ARAB SAILORS WERE HAVING A LITTLE CONCERT AMONG THEMSELVES, AND THEY STOOD FOR A WHILE TO LISTEN." Digitized by GOOGIC



fulness now was scarcely forced. "Always on this distinct and clear understanding," he added, "that, when we are coming back from the shooting, you will come out to meet us and walk back

with us the last half-mile."
"I should be dressing for said, "and just worrying my head off to think what would please you."
"You will be dressing to please your husband, you foolish creature, not me."
Then

"He won't care as much as you, papa." Then she added, after a second: "I should get the London newspapers, ves? Quite easily? Do you know, papa, what Colonel Graham believes?—that they are going to take one of the extreme Liberals into the Ministry, to please the northern

"But what has that got to do with you, child?" said he, with a laugh. "Very likely they may. But you didn't bring me over here to talk politics?"
"But even if you were in the Government,

papa, you would have your holiday-time all the same," she said, thoughtfully.

"I a member of the Government!" said he.

"I a member of the Government:" said he.
"You may as well expect to hear of me being
sent to arrest the False Prophet in the Soudan.
Come away, then, Yolande; your secret is not a
secret; so you need not trouble about it; and now

that I have expounded my views on the situation, you may as well go and call to Ahmed that I want another cup of coffee."

And then he hesitated.

"You have not said yes or no yet, Yolande?"
"Oh no; how could I, until I knew what you might think?" said she, and she regarded him now with frank and unclouded eyes. "How could I? It might not have been agreeable to your wishes. But I was told that you would approve. At first-well, it is a sudden thing to give up visions you have formed; but when you see it is not practicable and reasonable, what is it but a small struggle? No; other plans present themselves. Oh yes, I have much to think of now that looks very pleasant to anticipate. Very much to look forward to—to hope for."

He patted her lightly on the shoulder. "And if you make half as good a wife, Yo-lande, as you have been a daughter, you will do

They went back to their friends, their absence scarcely having been noticed, for Ismat Effendi was a fluent and interesting talker. And whether Mr. Winterbourne had been playing a part or not in his interview with Yolande, that cheerfulness of his soon left him. He sat somewhat apart, and silent; his eves were fixed on the deck; he was not listening. Yolande herself brought him the coffee; and she put her hand on his shoulder, and stood by him; then he brightened up some-But he was thoughtful and distraught for the whole of the evening, except when he hap-pened to be spoken to by Yolande, and then he would summon up some of his customary humor, and petulantly complain about her un-English

And she? Her anxiety and nervousness seemed to have vanished. It is true she rather avoided the Master of Lynn, and rarely ventured to look in his direction, but she was in good spirits, cheerful, practical, self-possessed; and when Ismat Effendi, on going away, apologized to her for

having talked tedious politics all the evening, she said, with a charming smile:

"No, not at all. How can politics be tedious?

Ah! but we will have our pevenge, perhaps, in Scobland. Mrs. Graham says that in their house it is nothing but deer that is talked of all the

evening. That will not interest you?"
"I shall rejoice to be allowed to try," said the polite young Egyptian; and then he shook hands with her, and bowed very low, and left.

During the rest of the evening the Master of Lynn, seeing that Yolande seemed no longer in any trouble, kept near her, with some vague hope

that she would herself speak, or that he might have some chance of re-opening the subject that engrossed his mind. And indeed, when the chance arrived, and he timidly asked her if she had not a word of hope for him, she spoke very frankly, though with some little nervousness, no doubt. She made a little apology, in very pretty and stammering phrases, for not having been able to give him an answer; but since then, she said, she had spoken to her father, without whose approval she could not have decided.

"Then you consent, Yolande; you will be my wife?" he said, in a low and eager voice, upsetting in his haste all the continuity of those

hesitating sentences.

"But is it wise?" said she, still with her eyes cast down. "Perhaps you will regret—"

He took her hand into his, and held it tight. "This has been a lucky voyage for me," said he; and that was all that he had a chance of saying just then; but it was enough.

Colonel Graham heard the news that same evening. He was a man of solid and fixed ideas. "A very good thing too," said he to his wife.
"A very good thing. Now they'll take the sheep
off Allt-nam-ba, and make Corrievreak the sanctuary. Nothing could have happened better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Digitized by

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. A. C .- If you do not plaster your hair down too closely, and hold it there by a net, there is no ob jection to using a net on the front hair; but it is more

Btylish to have the hair fluffy and natural-looking.

Esmé.—Get the green Surah silk, but you will not need green lace to trim it. Use self-trimmings, and make it by the designs for spring dresses illustrated in Bazar No. 6, Vol. XVI.

EGLANTINE.—Get some écru cashmere for a basque and over-skirt to wear with a box-pleated skirt and vest of your golden brown silk.

Augusta.—Your letters are good for marking bed linen. On the pillow-cases they should be just above the hem, with the lowest part of the letter next the hem. On the sheets they are put below the hem of the

пррег, and with the tops of the letters next the hem. Мвв. Е. L. F.—The black Astrakhan fur is worn as trimming by young ladies on their black cloth or camel's-hair garments.

Quebro.—The train is not de rigueur at weddings this

season, as short evening dresses for bridemaids and other young ladies, and walking costumes also, are much used.

Mss. J. W. H.—The working apron may be of a single width of linen or of pongee, with the lower end turned up for pockets, and the upper end falling over a ribbon waistband, or it may be sewed to a belt of the material. The edges are then ravelled to form a

FORTY YEARS.—Your ideas about the English greatcoat are good.

PATTY.-Embroider your cashmere wrapper with a single shade of darker tone than that of the cashmere. Cheviot is pronounced as if it began with S. Select dark well-mingled colors for your India shawl, with the prevailing hues of olive or dark blue with deep India

GEBALDINE.—Get ottoman reps silk in preference to gros grain. You will find questions about cosmetics, washes, and other remedies answered in The Ugly Girl Papers, a volume sent by mail from this office on receipt of \$1.

M. P. W.-Read all about doylies in an article called M. F. W.—Acad an about doynes in an arrice caned
"Napkins and Table-Cloths," in Bazar No. 40, Vol. XV.
LITTLE NELL.—As your white fiannel dress is to be
worn in the evening, you should brighten it up a little
with a scarf of shirred satin on the waist and sleeves,
or else use some strawberry red or sapplife blue velvet for a vest, collar, and cuffs. Have fan-pleatings on the skirt, stitched rows above the hems, short apron drapery, and full back drapery. Deep sagging puffs

are still worn on dress skirts.

E. L. S.—Your tan kid gloves will be stylish with your evening dresses of pink and white silk, and also with your red velvet costume.

S. H. E.—You should not inclose return postage stamps to such a person as you describe. If you are sending manuscript to an editor, which you wish returned, you should inclose stamps.

A SUBSORIBER.—Of course you put on mourning on hearing of the death of your parent, and wear your vell over your face for three months.

A SUSSCRIBER.—On returning to your native place send your cards to those whom you wish to have call upon you. You should have no social intercourse with any one who has ignored you in a general invita-

Young Housekerper.—If you intend to remain in the town where you are, send out your cards to every one whom you wish to know, mentioning the day and hour at which you will be at home to receive them. and offer some light refreshment, like tea and cake, at five o'clock. For the portières of which you speak use plush on rings, hung from rods. The handsomest rods are of brass.

Kokonoko.-Musk is an undesirable perfume, being offensive to many. It is in better taste to use only delicate essences.

Puzziko Subsoriber.—Ladies do not give tossis, and it is quite sufficient for them to say "Thank you" in return for the compliment.

MAUD.—A postillion basque and fan-pleated skirt of plain velvet with panels of figured velvet will be the best design for a young lady's velvet dress.

KATE.—Have a vest and skirt of plush, with the basque and apron over-skirt of silk. See an excellent

design in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XV.

INQUIRER.—There are heavy qualities of satin Surah suitable for winter dresses, but the repped ottoman silks are newer and more fashionable.

Daisy .- Your questions about colored spreads and bolsters have been answered more than once; but white counterpanes have not gone out of use, and it is not probable that they ever will be entirely abandoned, so you can continue to use them.

PARISIENNE.—You do not head a note with the date to a person in the same ...,.
your number after the name, as,
Truly yours, to a person in the same city. You put the date and

Mary Smith.

18 N. Pearl Street. Thursday, 20th.

The bride does not give the groom a wedding ring in the country or anywhere else. She gives him a seal ring, a cat's-eye, or a broad gold ring with gems sunken in it. The groom wears frock-coat and gray pantaloons for a morning wedding. The bride, if a widow, wears anything but white or black. Garnet velvet would be handsome, but must not have been worn before. You could select articles of American silver-ware, American jewelry, or American silks for your French friends. You should not wear at a wedding anything that has worn before, unless it be some trifle to conform with the superstition that a bride, for luck's sake should wear

"Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue."

A CONSTANT READER.—Your one bow, if gracious will do for all three persons. Smile, and glance at all as you do so. Always present every one to your mother with the greatest respect, treating her as the person to whom all must be polite. If your friends are at a distance apart, of course you must greet each with a separate bow.

ANXIETY.—Questions on card etiquette are answered in an article in Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV. The Bazar Book of Decorum is still useful.

AMATRUR, AND OTHERS.—We have no further details to give concerning remunerative art work for women, and can not dispose of any art work or make suggestions as to its sale.

B. C.—Gentlemen wear with dress suits a white lawn tie, folded narrowly, with square ends—not pointed. The stud is a single large one, merely of gold hammered, but more often with a jewel, such as a cathers or star apphirs, or a diamond. meets at the throat or is it may be a turned-over

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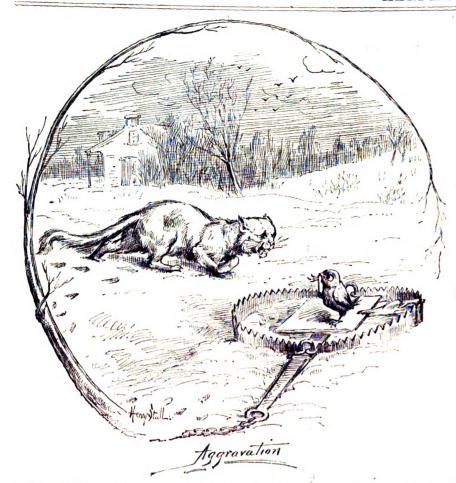
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BOUND TO BE USEFUL.

PAPA. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS VERY DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH FIRE? YOU MIGHT BURN UP, AND BECOME NOTHING BUT ASHES, LIKE THOSE ON THE HEARTH."

BOY. "AND THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH ME?—SCATTER ME ON THE SIDEWALK?"

FACETIÆ.

FACETIZE.

As Indian merchant took an elephant to a fair. No sooner had he arrived than he noticed a European, who, without saying a word, walked round and round the elephant, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant addressed several questions to him without eliciting a reply. An intending purchaser appeared on the scene, and the merchant turned eagerly to the European and whispered in his ear, "Don't say a word till I have sold the elephant, and I will make you a handsome present." The stranger nodded assent, and remained mute as before. When the bargain was concluded and the money pand, the merchant handed over ten per cent. of the purchase-money, and said to the mysterious personage, "Now you can speak; I want you to explain how you came to notice the blemish in the left leg of my clenhant which I thought I had managed entirely to conceal?"

"A blemish!" replied the silent one. "I discovered nothing; it is the first time I ever saw an elephant in my life, and I examined it out of sheer curiosity."

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish. "I was going to take that myself."

"What is the national fishery question?" pompously exclaimed an orator; and a squeaking voice in the audience said, "It is, Have you got a bite?"

A little boy in school gave one of the best definitions ever given of economy: "Paring potatoes thin."

During a discussion of religious topics young Brown said: "I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and a beast."
To which good old Jones mildly replied, "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."



THEN AND NOW.

FIRST DISENGAGED YOUNG LADY. "Now, AUNTIE, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THE WALL DECORATIONS OF THE PRESENT RE FAR SUPERIOR TO THOSE OF THE PAST."

MRS. OLDBELLE. "AS TO THAT I CAN NOT SAY, GIRLS—I NEVER WAS A WALL-FLOWER."

"Who is the wisest man mentioned in the Scriptures?" asked a young lady of one of her Sunday-school class.
"Paul" exclaimed the little fellow, confidently.
"Oh no, Johnnie. Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is mentioned as the wisest man."
"Well, my father says Paul was the wisest man, because he never married; and I fancy father ought to know!" replied the boy, rather emphatically.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS-Cider.

Why are boots like door mats?—Because they are worn by the feet.

A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

A little fellow three years old, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of that "cake with plastering on it."

"I aim to tell the truth," said a man.
"Yes," interrupted an acquaintance,
"and you are probably the worst shot in
the neighborhood."

During Charles Kean's management at the Princess's Theatre there was an actor who was continually grumbling about his parts.

"What has Mr. Kean ever done for me?" he said one day to another member of the company.

"Done!" was the reply, "why, he is very kind to you."

"Oh, is he?" responded the discontented one. "He never gives me any good parts."

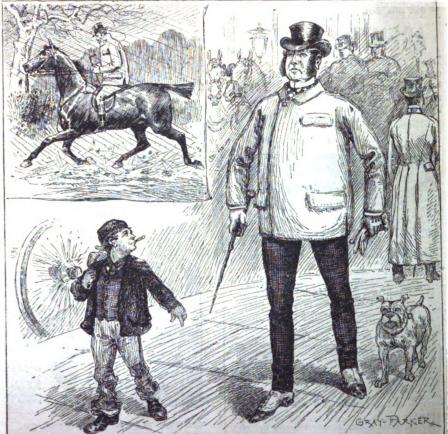
"Ah," answered the other, "that's where the kindness is. He never gives you any good parts, because he doesn't wish to see you make a fool of yourself."

The following legend is written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."



10 P.M.

STOUT GUEST. "I REALLY CAN NOT SEE THE SENSE OF MAKING THESE BOUILLON CUPS SO INFINITELY SMALL; SUPPER NOT BEFORE HALF PAST ELEVEN, I SUPPOSE!"



THE COVERT COAT.

PERFECTLY ADMISSIBLE AND SENSIBLE WHEN GOING TO THE MEET, BUT WHAT NEED OF SUCH A GARMENT WHEN YOU'RE WALKING IN THE STREET?

Vol. XVI.—No. 11. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

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YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.



CHAPTER XV.
NEW PLANS.

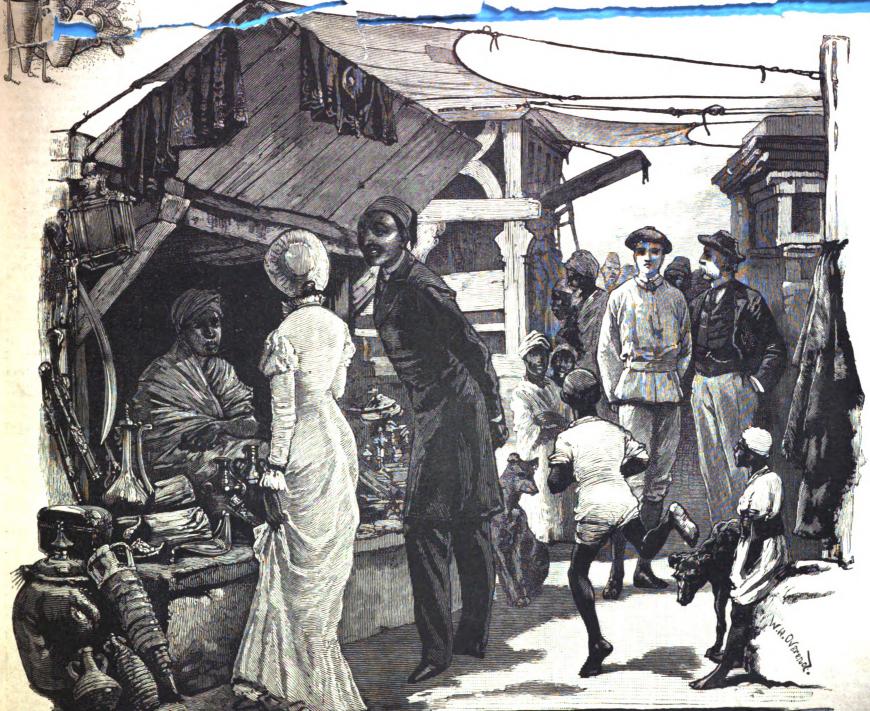
EXT morning, and long before any one on board the dahabeeyah was awake, Mr. Winterbourne was seated in the quiet little saloon writing the following letter;

"Near Merhads, 6.1" The Nile, May 13.
"Dear Shortlands,
—I have news for you.
You will be glad to learn that Yolande is engaged to be mar-

ried—I think with every prospect of happiness; and you will also be glad to know that I heartily approve, and that so far from viewing the coming change with dread, I rather welcome it, and look on it as the final removal of one of the great anxieties of my life. Sometimes I wonder at myself, though. Yolande and I have been so much to each other. And I dare say I shall feel her absence for a while. But what does it matter? My life has been broken and wasted; what remains of it is of little consequence if her life be made the fuller and happier and more secured; and I think there is every chance of that. After all, this definite separation will be better than a series of small separations, haunted by continual fears. She will be removed from all the possibilities you know of. As for me, what does it matter, as I say? And so I have come to regard the handing over of my Yolande to somebody else as not such a hard matter after all; nay, I am looking forward to it with a kind of satisfaction. When I can see her securely married and happily settled in a home, that will be enough for me; and maybe I may have a chance from time to time of regarding the pride and pleasure of the young house-mistress.

"The accepted suitor is Mrs. Graham's brother (I think you know we came away with Colonel Graham, of Inverstroy, and his wife), and the only son of Lord Lynn. I have had a good opportunity of studying his character; and you may imagine that, when I saw a prospect of this happening, I regarded him very closely and jealously. Well, I must say that his qualities bore the scrutiny well. I think he is an honest and honorable young fellow, of fair abilities, very pleasant and courteous in manner (what I especially like in him is the consideration and respect he pays to women, which seems to be unusual nowadays; he doesn't stand and stare at them with a toothpick in his mouth); I hear he is one of the best deer-stalkers in the Highlands, and that speaks well for his hardihood and his temperance; he is not brilliant, but he is good-natured, which is of more importance in the long-run; he is cheerful and high-spirited, which naturally follows from his excellent constitution—deer-stalking does not tend to congestion of the liver and bilious headache; he is good-looking, but not vain; and he is scrupulously exact in money matters. Indeed, he is almost

[Continued on page 166.



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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and Harper's Bazar may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS, HARPER & BRO-THERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 27, contains a thrilling short story by Eliot McCormick, entitled "Pawnee Joe"; Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX. of the serial story Nan," by MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; and another one of Jimmy Brown's exciting adventures, in connection with "Traps."

There is an interesting article on "Bible-Reading," by the REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D., that will appeal to parents as well as to little folk; Mr. James Payn, in the "Peril and Privation" series, contributes an account of that terrible marine disboys will be greatly interested in "A Boy's Skating Match."

The artists represented in this Number are W A. ROGERS, THULSTRUP, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, J. O. DAVIDSON, E. J. MEEKER, W. L. SHEPPARD, and

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EXCESSIVE MOTHERHOOD.

WHEN the moral tale was in fashion, readers of fiction were familiar with the frivolous mother returning from the ball which her superior husband had forborne, in the name of their drooping child, to find that impossible prodigy just taking flight to another and a better world, with a prayer for its beautiful but heartless parent trembling on its pallid lips. Or perhaps the devoted father, worn out by the fatigue and anxiety which should have been her portion, fell a second innocent victim to the Destroyer, leaving her in childless widowhood to the bitter retribution of a vain re-

Our notions of literary art have advanced, and painting with this sort of blunt stick is out of vogue. But the feeling which inspired it lives on in a modified form, and there is still a general though unformulated belief that a good mother must needs be head nurse and social recluse. Probably no women in the world are so absorbed in their motherhood as the women of America, and there is no doubt that the highest interests of both child and parent would be subserved if these devotees could be made to abate their zeal.

From the advent of the baby almost to the period of full-grown youth most mothers are constantly anxious and busy. In many families the nurse's function is a merely ceremonial one. The mother supervises, directs, alters, does over again, until she really takes the servant's place, without her pay, her assured time of rest, or her afternoon out. If a nurse is incompetent or untrustworthy, she should be dismissed. But no more certain method of spoiling a really good servant than this perpetual interference with her methods and assumption of her work could be devised.

Besides, it is not well for the child that it should be constantly tended. A baby ought not to be handled too much. It grows heated, restless, and excitable. Allowed to roll on a bed or sit up among pillows, it is more at ease than in the fondest arms. Nor should a young child be incited to look at objects, or listen to sounds, or handle toys by way of amusement. Life is a very stunning sort of experience to befall one suddenly, and it takes a baby a great many months of semi-stupefaction to recover from the shock.

Until the ignorant mind begins to arouse and ask questions concerning the riddle of the universe which only an intelligent mind can answer it is usually far better that

children should be left to the nurse's care, with only such enlightened supervision on the part of the mother as shall insure their physical well-being. For the chance is that in proportion as the conscience and the maternal instinct are strong, the maternal nerves are weak, easily disturbed, and certain to communicate their disturbance to the sensitive organization of an infant. The nurse, however, with her few anxieties, her limited interests, her calm stupidity, brings a sort of bovine tranquillity to her charge, which is the condition it thrives upon.

Children of three and four are, indeed, insatiable in their desire for occupation and amusement, which to them are synonymous terms. But even then the society and suggestions of a cultivated mother are apt to be too stimulating and exacting for the baby temperament. In most cases the unimaginative play of the nurse, and always the frolic of other children, when such companionship is possible, are a more wholesome influence. But even an only child, with the least entertaining of nurses, can be taught to amuse itself by the hour together with blocks, dolls, soap-bubbles, dissected pictures, or the innumerable delights of out-of-door recreation. To know that it is the subject of constant care, to find its little wants always anticipated, its small whims always sacrificed to, its difficulties always smoothed away, is to make the most generous and capable child selfish, dependent, arrogant, and dull of expedient. To encourage it to help itself, to solve its own puzzles, invent its own amusements, and earn its own satisfactions is to inculcate habits of usefulness, self-reliance, and unselfishness.

Oddly enough, this extreme devotion which the average mother exercises toward her babies and young children seems to relax at the very period of greatest need-their approach to maturity. For the duties of child's nurse have so worn her out and hemmed her in that when Jane begins to choose confidential friends of her own sex, and to have dim visions of a future which shall include admirers of the other, when John is ready to find his ideal in some Steerforth among "the fellows," the faded woman feels herself unequal to the guidance of these strong-willed, well-taught, superior young people, who seem to know more of life by instinct than she has gathered from experience. And in those hours of possible danger, when she should be her hopiclosest

intimate, or judgment serving her girl's chosen counsellor, of wisdom assured as her tenderness, neither of them thinks of confiding in her.

All gifts and graces, all knowledge and accomplishments, are not too costly to be spent in the rearing of a child. But they must be spent wisely, or the giving is profligacy, not consecration. Let overanxious mothers save themselves from the nursery for society, for books, pictures, music, for whatever signifies the freshest thought and brightest spirits. The hour is coming when they will need all they can harvest if they would keep their place undisputed in their children's hearts. The head nurse is soon outgrown, but the mother may be longed for by the man and woman as the baby could not long for her.

IN BONDS.

WITH the exception of the moccasin of the North American Indian, and the shoes of the islanders of the extreme Orient, we doubt if the foot of humanity has ever had a really comfortable chaussure, the stocking being about as objectionable as the shoe, as every one is able to attest who has received as much discomfort from shrunken and contining hose as from any other stringent compress. Not even the loose-fitting sandal of the Greek and Roman is free from objection, as a thing of strings and thongs, as separating the toes disagreeably, and as uncleanly. We have seen the feet of an old pauper in an almshouse wrapped about with strips of cloth and tied with rags, and have thought that doubtless his feet were more comfortable in their degraded dress than they were when glorious in the patent-leather of prosperity.

We look back and laugh at the long pointed shoes that we have noted in pictures of the early English kings and their courtiers, where the toes turned up and were tied back at the garter, and we wonder how men could have made themselves so absurd as to wear such idiotic machinery; and then we complacently put on our own boots, whose square straight ends have thrown out the great joint of our foot, and have squeezed the remaining bones of the member out of recognition of its original shape, whose high heel has sprained the instep and deposited the weight of the body upon the ball of the foot, with its sensitive nerves, and which altogether keeps the whole foot in a fevered and burning condition, and we go to the chiropodists to have

our corns and bunions treated, and our ingrowing nails extracted, lucky if we get off without an amputation of some small part or other, and we think knowledge began with us and will die with us. And at the same time, very likely, we give a contemptuous glance at the state of the Chinese lady's foot, cramped to a helpless club, a mere bulb of flesh, and thank our stars that we live in a free country, where rights of women are protected, and where there is nothing of that torturing and crippling kind to hinder our walking to the ends of the earth, if we will. As if we could walk at all! As if in the fashionable shoe or boot we really got the exercise necessary to bodily health! As if any but those partially indifferent to appearances pretended to walk half a mile at a time without limping!

What ever led to the contrivance of such a foot-gear as the modern is something that it exceeds the acuteness of the intellectual powers to discover-why it came to be considered that there was any especial beauty in two slim tips at the ends of our feet, instead of a presentation of the perfect outlines that are seen in the foot of the newborn child or the young barefooted savage, or why, in this age of reason and enlightenment, it is allowed to pass that a Paris bootmaker knows better about what is fitting to represent the shape of the human foot, or to support the human frame, than nature, which made something absolutely different from the desired effect of that Parisian boot, and the supposed shape inside it. And still more wonderful is it that we endure bondage if we really recognize the superiority of nature to the craftsman, while we also know that the uncompressed foot is more wholesome and more levely than one the result of bandages and bindings; that we ourselves confess to feeling exquisite sweetness and charm in a baby's dimpled, rosy, shell-like sockless foot, and disgust at the grown-up foot; that the artist who comes nearer to the knowledge of positive and incontrovertible beauty, by instinct, by natural bias, and by education, than any other, prefers the lines of the unconfined foot, and not only that, but prefers a foot of size equal to the proper carriage of the body, condemning too small a foot as unfit, unsymmetrical and ungraceful: and that, lastly, the design er of the frame where all the rest is so adjusted and so adapted, and so fair in its original intent, designed the foot as it is, and as it is best i should be, and not in the outlines of the last of the best Parisian boot-

maker that ever waxed an end.

It is in view, then, of the disregard both of nature and art in the present boot and shoe that we are glad to hear that out of all the interest in Japanese manners and customs, paintings and decorations, an interest is also to be taken in the Japanese shoe, which is, it must be confessed to our shame, when all is said, altogether the most sensible and suitable dressing for the foot yet found. According to our present ideas of the fit and becoming in relation to the foot, it is not beautiful; yet if fashion really takes it up, and in connection with things that we all admit to be beautiful, we shall soon accommodate ourselves to it, and get to see that our feet are shod like the feet of angels in old pictures-a shoe whose broad round toe gives perfect ease and freedom, and whose close-fitting heel holds up the ankle, and affords the needed support and help. And presently we shall see also far more beauty in completing the curves of all the rounding outlines of the body by a rounded and goodly sized foot in its new array than in the costliest narrow-pointed, dwarfed, and spindling arrangement of kid and satin that can be conjured off a last. It really seems too good to be true: to tread in comfort, to walk in peace, to know no anguish as we step, as we sit, no agony of relief as we take off the pinching instrument of torture at night or noon, no piercing pain of joint or callous or corn. We fear mightily that the fancy for the true

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

and beautiful in Oriental art will pass, and

leave us still transfixed on the awl of the

Parisian bootmaker.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, as there seems no prospect of an extra session of Congress, is anticipating after March 4 the dullest season, for eight months at least, which it has known since 1875. In 1876, Congress did not adjourn until the middle of August. In 1877, when Congress adjourned on March 4, a new administration came in, and the Senate, of course, had an extra session, which continued a month, and both Houses were called to meet in extra session October 15 of that year, which session lasted until the regular one began, In 1878, Congress sat until near the end of June. In 1879, there was an extra session of Congress. which met in March, and continued until July. In 1880, Congress sat until the middle of June, and in 1881, the extra session of the Senate, lasting until late in May, and the new administration,

kept things lively through the spring, and of course President Garfield's long illness in Wash. ington brought many people there. The extra session of the Senate in October, 1881, and the visit of the French and German national guests, made the autumn of that year lively, while in 1882 Congress sat until near the middle of August. Except a brief extra session of the Senate, called for the special purpose of electing a presiding officer, who, in the event of a vacancy in the office of President, could succeed thereto, nothing will probably be going on in the legislative chambers at the Capitol for nine long months. The Supreme Court, which has had a recess from Feb. ruary 4 to March 5, will as usual sit in its chambers until May.

As there will be nothing to call many people

to Washington before October, the keepers of hotels are anticipating a very poor business. They have not been nearly so full during the present session of Congress, for any length of time, as is usual in January and February, and have not had nearly so many gala occasions as usual. Those living in other cities where such scenes are not witnessed, and who have not been in Washington during its gay season, when the first duty in life apparently is visiting and re-ceiving calls, would be amused and amazed to see the scenes in Washington hotels on a day when a number of ladies residing therein are known to be at home to visitors. Hotel reception days of this kind are probably unknown elsewhere.

As all the ladies living in a hotel, whether they are there for a week or several months, who care to visit, have called at all the residences of high officials in the city, and on all the married members of the diplomatic corps, they invariably have numerous visitors on the day they have selected to receive calls themselves; so on that day the street in front of the ladies' entrance of the hotel is blocked with carriages. In the entrance hall, in full dress, and wearing white gloves, stands the man on duty at this door, who is nearly distracted by the number and variety of questions asked him as to who is receiving, and where the ladies will be found, and the directions given him as to taking care of the cards left, and making sure that they reach those for whom intended.

He has a list, with the names of some fifteen or sometimes twenty ladies who are receiving, most of whom are in one parlor. He also has envel-opes marked with these ladies' name, or baskets or boxes similarly labelled, in rows before him, intended to hold the cards received for the sever al ladies. Sometimes during the height of the season all these receptacles overflow, and, in spite of all the care possible, cards get mixed, and those for whom they were meant never see them.

Some of those who call have never been called upon by the ladies of the hotel, but are themselves strangers in the city, who want to be amused with as little expense as possible; so they go to make visits daily and when they so to a hotel leave cards for every lady who receiving that day, whether acquainted with my of them or not.

Having left their cards, the visitors hurry to the elevator, if the parlor, as is generally the case, is above-stairs, and crowd it to suffocation. The man who runs it is even more annoyed during a reception afternoon than the man who has charge of the cards, as the elevator is kept constantly in motion, and those who call for it don't like to be kept waiting, since the time of ladies making calls, as has been previously noted in the Bazar, is of inestimable value during the season, and they can not bear to lose a minute.

In the parlor, where fifteen or more ladies are found together, there is great confusion, for visitors sometimes know only one person in the room, and do not care to call on all, yet of course do not wish to offend the others by omitting them. Occasionally there is some one in the room whom one has reasons not to wish to meet at all, and of course that is embarrassing all around. very amusing contretemps have occurred in this way. Very often the ladies receiving do not know, or fail to recognize, those who enter, and the visitors stand for a time in a most embarrassing silence, not knowing whom to approach, as they have perhaps not previously met those they wish to see. The ladies receiving are puzzled to know whether to address those thus situated or not, each fearing lest she might seem to appropriate a call not meant for her.

Bewildering as it is for visitors to go into a parlor under the circumstances indicated, most ladies prefer to make fifteen calls in the same room to going often to a hotel, or going to the private parlors on upper stories. Sometimes, in the latter case, they have to walk up more than one long flight of stairs, as there are some otherwise choice apartments in several Washington hotels which are not accessible by an elevator, owing to being in houses, once private dwellings, which have been attached hap-hazard to the

There are six or seven hotels in Washington where, during the season, such receptions as above indicated are held every week.

It is only within twelve years that this has become customary to the same extent.

Speaker Keifer's wife last winter and this received on Wednesdays in January and February in one of the public parlors at the Ebbitt House. How long it has been customary for the wife of a Speaker always to have Wednesday for her reception day no one seems able to say, but it has been the case for over twenty years, when a Speaker has had a lady in his family. One who was in Congress while Hunter of Virginia, White of Kentucky, Jones of Virginia, and Davis of Indiana were successively Speakers of the House of Representatives—that is, from 1839 to 1847—says that they had no houses of their own, but lived in boarding-houses with others, and had no salaries, but received sixteen dollars for each day of a session of Congress—twice the pay of other THE MLY

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members of the House. They had no reception

When Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, who succeeded those named, was Speaker, he kept house, and en-tertained invited company at dinner and evening parties, but being without a wife at the time, had no day receptions at his house. Mr. Colfax was a widower while Speaker, during most of the time, if not all. He married a second wife just after he was elected Vice-President. But he, as was the case with Speakers immediately before him, and with his successor, Mr. Blaine, had evening receptions on Friday of each week, which were announced in the newspapers as those of the President were, and which were equally free to the public. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Randall have been the only Speakers in many years who have kept house, but the latter had so small a house that he personally held no receptions while Speaker, and did not entertain. The wives of both these gentleman had receptions on Wednesdays, however, as did Mrs. Kerr during the session her husband was Speaker, immediately succeeding Mr. Blaine. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr lived at Willard's Hotel, and she used to have dancing at her Wednesday receptions, until her husband's failing health forced her to give up society.

The Speakers for many years now have received salaries of \$8000 per annum, the same as

a member of the cabinet.

Refreshments are by no means obligatory at the day receptions, but cake, crackers, and tea are usually offered at them. Tea is as invariable a refreshment as punch once was, though the latter is sometimes provided also.

By way of contrast with these customs of more

recent times a sketch of society at an earlier date in Washington may prove of interest. In a volume called A Description of the District of Columbia, printed in Paris in 1816, and dedicated to Mrs. Custis by D. B. Warden, a foreigner, under the head "Peculiar Customs" he writes: "Both sexes, whether on horseback or on foot, wear an umbrella in all seasons-in summer, to keep off the sunbeams; in winter, as a shelter from the rain and snow; in spring and autumn, to intercept the dews of the evening." (During the present wet winter, by-the-way, this custom of "wearing an umbrella" has been quite as general, owing to the frequent rains and snows.)

"Persons of all ranks canter their horses, which movement fatigues the animal, and has an ungraceful appearance.

"At dinner and at tea parties the ladies sit together, and seldom mix with the gentlemen, whose conversation naturally turns upon political subjects. In almost all houses today is offered to guests a few minutes before dinner.

Gentlemen wear the hat in a carriage with a lady as in England. Any particular attention to a lady is readily construed into an intention of marriage.

"Boarders in boarding-houses or in taverns sometimes throw off the coat during the hear of summer, and in winter the shoes, for the purpose of warming the feet at the fire-customs which the climate only can excuse.

"In summer, invitation to tea parties is made verbally by a servant the same day the party is given. In winter the invitation is more ceremo-

"The barber arrives on horseback to perform the operation of shaving, and here, as in Europe, he is the organ of all news and scandal."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW POLONAISES.

POLONAISES made of the light-weight wool-P len stuffs used for spring suits are more bouffantly draped than the pelisse-like garments of heavy cloths or velvets worn during the winter. In some cases this fullness is made entirely by additional breadth below the waist, laid in hollow pleats in the three seams of the back, but in others there is the cross seam, called the Newmarket seam, curved across the hips in a way that gives fuller drapery. The fronts of the polonaises are quite plain, single-breasted, and usually slope away toward the sides to disclose a pleated skirt beneath. The waist is fitted as smoothly as a cuirass, and extends low and smooth over the hips in Jersey style, giving the becoming effect formerly so popular in the Marguerite polonaise. A youthful-looking over-dress called the revers polonaise has each front turned back below the hip area. below the hip seam, and this revers extends all around the sides quite plainly to meet the seams next the middle forms of the back, where there is additional fullness held in two great double box-pleats. The revers slope narrower as they pass backward and extend upward to meet the back drapery. A lining of thin crinoline muslin supports the revers, and the trimming is placed along both edges, top and bottom, but not down the fronts, where it must appear to be turned back from the skirt beneath. This graceful polonaise completes a young lady's suit of plain blue beige over a plaid wool skirt of three or four shades of the new corn-flower blue in broken bars on white. Three rows of darker blue velvet ribbon trim the polonaise; they outline a square yoke on the shoulders, and two rows trim the sleeves, passing around the wrists and extending up the slightly opened part of the outer seam; three rows also pass across the top and bottom of the revers. The standing high military collar with slightly slanting fronts-not rounded fronts-is of velvet the shade of the ribbon velvet, and the very small flat buttons are of blue enamelled steel. The plaid skirt beneath is an excellent model for any wool skirt, hence the details are noted carefully There is first a foundation skirt of blue wool made of four narrow breadths faced deeply with crinoline lawn, and with two steel springs in casings across the back breadth in the way worn during the winter; this skirt is entirely concealed by the pleated plaid skirt and the polonsise

drapery, the latter serving to hide the upper part of the back breadth. The blue plaid wool then forms twelve lengthwise triple box pleats that are shown nearly their whole length in the front, but only half their length is seen below the drapery of the back. The box pleat which is the middle of each of the triple pleats is four and a half inches wide, and the two pleats folded under this on each side are each an inch wide, and so deeply lapped under the box pleat that they are scarce ly visible, indeed they are meant merely to make fullness. The space left plain between these triple pleats is a trifle more than an inch. These pleats are pressed flatly, and are held in place by being tacked to four rows of tapes that pass around underneath them; they are sewed to the foundation skirt at the top only, and thence fall loosely to the foot. The lowest edge of the pleats is turned up in a hem two inches wide, and a further trimming is added of three strips of the velvet ribbon placed across the box pleats that are in the middle of each cluster.

Another polonaise, giving much greater fullness, has the Newmarket seam across the hips, and its fronts slope away from this, not by being turned heads in payors but he heige descriptions. back in revers, but by being drawn upward and back in a full cluster of pleats on the tournure in the seams that join the side forms to the middle back; the middle seam of the back has similar fullness, and this gives a very bouffant over-dress. The waist is left perfectly plain over the hips, and is the objective point for trimming, as the skirt is merely hemmed or deeply faced with silk. This trimming on the waist may be of passementerie, or of soutache braid, in leaves, palms, wheels, or Gothic points that extend down each side of the fronts and across the hips to the seams next the middle back forms, where there may be rosettes or tassels of braid, or else merely the plain box-pleating is left there without being crossed by trimming. Such an over-dress is prettily illustrated in dark blue or in the new stem green wools of cashmere, or else the light alba-tross or Virginie cloth like fine French bunting; that used for the skirt has large balls in cashmere colors woven in the fabric, or it may be plaided, and this skirt is box-pleated without other trimming. An English standing collar of the wool material is made to these polonaises; this is a high band with the corners slightly turned over in points, and there may be a lining of gay satin inside, either orange-color or strawberry pink, and a fine wire is placed inside this little collar to hold it erect. The skirt may have only five sets of box pleats its entire length, looking, in their unusual breadth, like panels with side pleats between.

CASHMERES, BORDERED WOOLS, ETC.

Correspondents who ask how to make the black cashmere suns that season will find sug tons and details in the New York Fashions of the Bazar of last week.

There can be no prettier simple model than that
of the basque with box-pleated back, trimmed on the bust with a plastron of six palm leaves of passementerie or of braid, a wrinkled over-skirt, and a box-pleated skirt of ottoman silk with satin blocks upon it, or else with one of the deep gathered flounces of this silk (or of plain gros-grain) with two erect headings. This design is being made up in colors for young ladies' first spring suits, for brides' travelling dresses, and for church and visiting costumes. Stem - ofpink green cashmere is one of the novelties for such costumes, and it has pale strawberry pink or, perhaps, mandarin-orange-colored ottoman silk for facing its collar, sleeves, etc., and there are blocks or bars of these soft bright colors introduced in the plaid ottoman and satin of the skirt. The corn-flower blues have darker red and orange blocks, and also réséda green lines. The contrasts of color are very marked, and there are touches of the new red shades used with most of the new colors. For the bordered dresses that come with Oriental palm leaves embroidered on the selvedges, or else stamped there in all the colors of India cashmere, the reader is advised to copy literally the simple yet stylish pictures of such a dress on pages 69 and 73 of Bazar No. 5, Vol. XVI. For those who prefer the slender effect given by side panels there is a most graceful design—of which a cut pattern is given—on page 100 of Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI.

YELLOW SHADES.

The fancy for the new yellow shades is seen in the sudden appearance of clusters of three or six silk pompons of bright pepita yellow on the left side of the dark blue, green, brown, or black velvet turbans worn by young ladies; or of a yellow panache of ostrich feathers, with an aigrette of heron feathers erect in its centre, as a trimming for small velvet capotes; the dark nasturtium and mandarin orange shades are used in the same way. Gold cord and gold braid are laid in straps amid the puffs of velvet on the front of these small bonnets, or else there are loops of mandarin velvet ribbon in the box-pleated fullness of the brim. A rosette of gold braid with a gold-colored heron aigrette is on the left side of black lace canotes that have flowers and scallops wrought in golden threads. Yellow silk squares of the soft tussore silk, or of twilled Surah, are also worn folded around the neck inside of dark velvet or seal-skin cloaks, and only the merest fold is visible above the wrap. Anoth er caprice is for a tiny neck ribbon, scarcely half an inch wide, of yellow ottoman ribbed ribbon tied high about the throat, with many long loops hanging on the left side. A touch of yellow is added to the corsage bow of many-colored ribbon that now brightens dark dresses; and there are two or three yellow blossoms added to the clusters of artificial flowers used for trimming the spring bonnets. Sashes of yellow ribbon with white muslin dresses are in true æsthetic taste, and these are worn not alone by brunettes, but by blondes, who quote Worth as saying there

is no more reason why a blonde should not wear yellow than that she should not sit in the sun-

Persian and other Oriental colorings appear in the new palm-leaf patterns that are seen in very rich yet soft silks and satins that cost from \$4 to a yard. There are the choice brocades for this season, and as the designs are very large, only a small quantity is purchased, and is used for the plastron and petticoat front of dresses of a single

NEW WOOLLENS.

Smoothly woven wool stuffs, like tamise cloth of very firm quality, are imported in plain colors, and in plaids, blocks, checks, and stripes, for spring dresses. There are dresses made entirely of the plaids in very dashing styles, but it is more usual to buy the plain goods for the over-dress, and plaid or stripes for the skirt. The straw-berry plaids are fashionable for these, combining all the pink and red shades that are now called strawberry with either deeper red shades, or with the new greens—stem-of-pink, réséda, and sage or with the dark ivy greens, also with navy or with corn-flower blue. There are also very finely checked wools showing all the new red shades with white, blue with white, green with white, brown with white. These are \$1 25 a yard for twills of nice quality, and are being made up for young ladies in the simple designs used for cloth notably the first suit illustrated in Buzar No. 7, Vol. XVI., of which a cut paper pattern is published. If it is desired that these be made with more trimming, velvet ribbon is used on the pleated skirt and on the over-skirt, while the pretty Byron collar is of velvet, and velvet cuffs may be added. Nuns' veiling and cashmere dress patadded. Ivans vening and casimere diess parterns, with embroidery on the selvedges for trimming, come in all the new green, pink, and blue shades for \$12 to \$20 the dress. There are the new palm-leaf patterns embroidered in long loose India stitches on India camel's hair in dress lengths for \$15 to \$30, and there are printed palm designs of quaint Oriental colorings like faded tapestries that are more costly than all; \$5 or \$6 is sometimes asked for a tablier breadth of this camel's-hair only long enough to cover the front of the skirt, with but a single row of palms printed across the foot.

NEW LINEN LAWNS.

Something new is at last seen in the designs for linen lawns that have hitherto been commonplace and stereotyped. Now the designs of satteens with large flowers are copied on tinted linen grounds of ecru or gray, while white grounds have large linked rings, blocks, stripes, bars, and balls, as well as sprays of flowers. Thicker gray have small white designs in the patterns

For information of the Control of Taylor; Lond & Taylor; James McCreery oo.; and Stern Brothers.

PERSONAL.

A NEW serial story by Mr. James Otis is announced as about to appear in Harper's Young People. As a writer for little folk Mr. Otis has achieved a reputation that places him in the front rank of those who succeed in that extremely difficult department of literature—juvenile fiction. His new story, the "Raising the 'Pearl,'" is an account of the experiences and adventures of a party of boys who raise a sunken yacht to the surface, and, after repairing her, make in her a voyage through the waters of Southern Florida. The story is told in Mr. Otis's most happy manner, and is full of interest to young readers. The opening chapter will appear in the number of Young People issued A NEW serial story by Mr. JAMES OTIS is anappear in the number of Young People issued

-Henry Villard began life as a reporter.

March o.

—Henry Villard began life as a reporter, Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice, Rufus Hatch's first dealings were in "garden sass," Jay Gould was a cow-boy, and James Watson Webb a country clerk.

—Mr. Longfellow's daughter Alice is a regular visitor at one of the Boston hospitals.

—The elder of the Misses Hastings, who are now visiting Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander in Washington, is thought to look very like her uncle, Senator Sumner. They have spent most of their lives in San Francisco.

—On the 3d of February the one-hundred-and-second birthday of Charles Foote, of Ionia, Michigan, was celebrated, when he, being able to go about the house, held a three hours' reception, besides writing his autograph repeatedly. He was born in Massachusetts.

—At the recent sale of Edwin Forrest's theatrical wardrobe in Philadelphia the bright green

—At the recent sale of EDWIN FORREST's the-atrical wardrobe in Philadelphia the bright green velvet robe of Othello, trimmed with gold bull-ion and lined with yellow satin, was bought for fourteen dollars by the agent of Mr. Thomas

In the letters of Josian Quincy he says that Emerson as a poet and essayist was rated sixth or seventh in his class at Harvard.

-Mrs. Bloomfield Moore recently loaned a painting, by ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING, called a "View on the Meuse in Belgium," a large and interesting canvas, to the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York.

—The statue of Liberty on the Capitol dome

—The statue of Liberty on the Capitol dome at Washington was designed by Thomas Craw-Ford, and cast in bronze by the late Clark MILLS in 1863. The design has been erroneously attributed to Hiram Powers. Mr. Jefferon Davis had something to do with suggesting the head-dress.

—A cherub-faced young man of medium height, with small black eyes and dark mustache, is the way they describe Mr. George Gould, the son of the railroad king. He is a thorough busi-

ness man.

—The wife of Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN. United States consul to Persia, will accompany him to

—CLESINGER, the sculptor, who carved colossal statues with amazing speed, once said, "Let forty cart-loads of clay be brought to the Champ de Mars for the members of the Institute and forty loads for me, and I will have my forty stat- rest of London.

ues finished before they have sketched theirs." He was called the ALEXANDRE DUMAS of modern sculpture, and died in Paris, the other day, at the age of sixty-eight.

—Dr. Walcott says he knows a fraxinella plant seventy years old which blows as well as

ever.
—Mrs. Blains has sent for her second daugh-

ter, Miss Magole, now in Paris.

No wine or other inebriating drink was upon the table at Governor CLEVELAND's first state dinner.

—Father and son are sitting, for the first time

in the history of the Canadian Parliament, as members of the same House. They are Sir Charles Topper and Mr. Charles H. Tupper. -Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS says he sees no coun

try which charms him so much as his own. He spent his Christmas in Bombay.

—James Russell, Lowell's late lecture in

—James Russell. Lowell's late lecture in London upon Don Quixote earned him there the title of "a humorist of the first rank." He had the title long ago here.

—Peter Wendling, of Bismarck, Pennsylvania, is reported by the Philadelphia County Medical Society to have neither hair nor teeth, nor the sense of smell, and no pores to his skin. But he has had good health, and a wife and eight children.

children.
—The "August Moon," which was pulnted near TENNYSON'S house in Surrey by

near TENNYSON'S house in Surrey by CECIL LAWSON, has been given to the English nation by the artist's widow.

—Mr. HOWARD, of the British legation, is thought to look like the Marquis of Lorne, who is decidedly handsome.

—The one-bundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Walker homested on North Main Street

the Walker homestead, on North Main Street, Concord, New Hampshire, which was built by the first minister of Penacook, Parson Walker, in 1733, will be celebrated during the coming

Mrs. BRUCE, wife of Register BRUCE, is a

summer.

—Mrs. Bruce, wife of Register Bruce, is a tall, finely shaped woman, so light in complexion that no one would suspect her race. She dresses elegantly, is well-educated, and a lady.

—At the Brodhead House, so called, in Washington, which Professor Alexander Grahmee Bell is furnishing superbly, he has invented an elaborate system of electrical bells and wires, which connect every door and window with his office, so that if a door opens but partially he knows it by looking at the electric dial.

—The only daughter of the Congressional Librarian, Miss Florence Spofford, gave a charming and novel St. Valentine's lunch to thirty-two young ladies, where flowers in various original and quaint devices, and illuminated cards at each plate, carrying an impromptu verse by the young hostess, formed a delightful feature.

— Vince Kalarana's head has been so turned.

feature.

-King Kalakaua's head has been so turned by his European tour that he sneers at the free government of the United States, and is loading his people with taxes to spend on gaudy finery. As his people have no wealth, it is an impost on the American merchants in Honolulu.

-A great-great-grandmother seventy-one years old, a great-grandmother fifty-six, a grandmother thirty-eight, a father twenty-one, and a daughter of six months. I met recently at the

nouse of the grandmother, Mrs. R. E. Arnold, on Valencia Street, San Francisco. Almost as remarkable a family—the great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Hendley, mother of the late Nathaniel Adams, being ninety-five years older than her descendant of the fifth generation—live under one roof in Boston Highlands.

—At the annual funeral service in memory of Victor Emanuel, held in the Pautheon in Rome, the temple was hung with black, the ambassadors and consuls, ministers, senators, and Parliamentary deputies, were in full evening dress with white cravats, and the ladies were in black. The catafalque was covered by gigantic wreaths sent from the towns and patriotic societies, the handsomest being of laurel leaves of green metal with gold flowers from Turin.

—Wagner was a head shorter than his wife. He often wore a velvet coat and breeches, black silk stockings, and fine lace at neck and wrist. The rooms the family used were never cleaned or dusted while they were at home. A scene from one of his operas is frescoed on the front of his house in Baireuth, in which his wife's face is seen. His object in life was to make music itself dramatic.

—The Russian Empress has had a pink recep-

face is seen. His object in the was to make music itself dramatic.

—The Russian Empress has had a pink reception gown made by Worth, with three flounces of illusion embroidered in gold, and two garlands of red velvet roses across the front, with a train of illusion lined with ottoman silk and added with forthers.

a train of illusion lined with ottoman silk and edged with feathers.

The site of the temple of Cybele at Sardis, Asia Minor, has been purchased by Mr. Dennis, the British antiquarian, and great expectations are entertained of discoveries among the ruins.

The husband of Modjeska, Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, was formerly a journalist in Poland. He would like to settle in San Francisco, but feels it his duty to live in Poland. He is, however, an American citizen. He has a son in school in Paris.

It is suggested, since the bestowal of decorations upon servants who have kept their situations for a great while, that a similar recognition should be conferred upon the masters and mistresses who retain their servants for an unusual period.

usual period.

—Liszr's fingers are exceedingly long and

ugly, with iron strength in the joints; chords which Von Bi Low and Wagner and others were obliged to run or help out with the other

hand Liszt gives with full and even precision.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany are provided with a suite of rooms at Buckingham Palvided with a stitle of rooms at Buckingnam Parace, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at St. James's Palace. When Prince Leopold's rooms were moved to a higher floor, to accommodate the then just wedded Prince ARTHUR, an elevator was built for him at an expense of seventhousand flux hundred dollars. en thousand five hundred dollars.

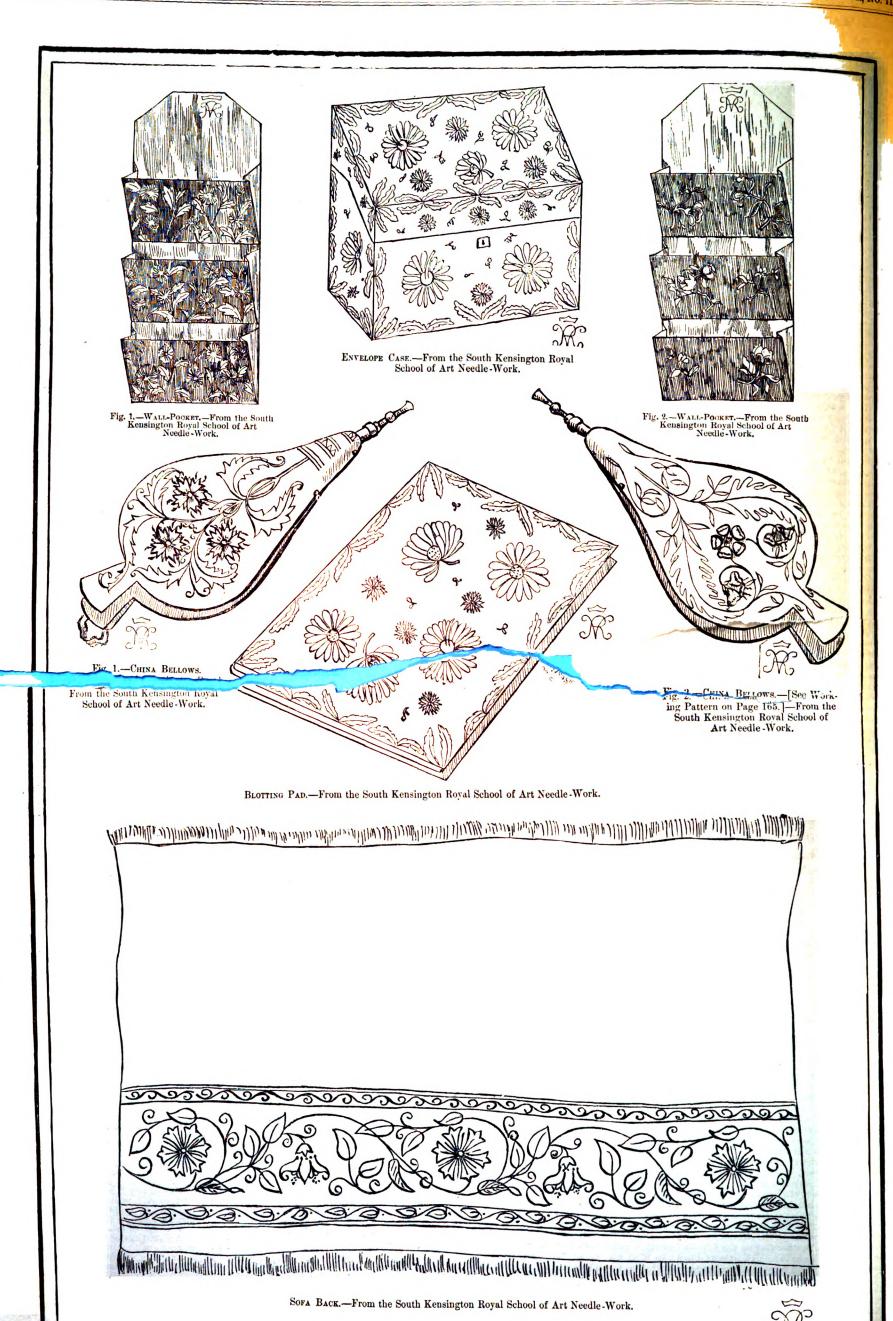
en thousand five hundred dollars.

—The Duke of Westminster owns the greater part of the city of Westminster, Grosvenor Square, and Belgravia. The Duke of Portland owns Cavendish Square, Portland Place, Bentwick, Welbeck, Harley, Cavendish, Vere, Holles, and Bolsover streets. The Duke of Bedford owns all the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden and market, Tavistock, Russell, and Bedford streets, and Bedford, Russell, Tavistock, and Woburn squares. The boy Marquis of Camden, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Craven, and Viscount Portman own a good part of the rest of London.

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ing Pad and Envelope Case.—[See illustrations on page 164.]

polite fictions of English aristocratic existence that a desire to write letters is liable polite fictions of English aristocratic existence that a desire to write letters is liable one at any moment, and lest hinderance should provoke it into becoming something into or perfore the fire-place of every guest-chamber, at which the guest, as soon as he supposed to establish himself, and send off word to his friends at home that no casualty ret happened to him. Of late years the development of artistic taste, which goes about like a rot g philanthropist, seeking what it may reform, has set its mark upon the two modest articles here represented. There is something a trifle incongruous to the untrained mind in the abstract conception of an embroidered box, but in the concrete it may be made to have a very pleasant appearance. The pattern we give is the one most often called for at the Royal School of Art Needle-Work, the design being unobtrusive, and the coloring pitched in a key to harmonize with almost any kind of (æsthetic) furniture. The background is generally olive green satin, or fine gray satteen, and velvet is also used; but we prefer the former two, as looking neater and being less liable to get defaced. The daisies, or marguerites as we call them nowadays, are worked in satin stitch, in various gradations of white,

less hable to get detaced. The dashes, or marguernes as we can them nowadays, are worked in satin stitch, in various gradations of white, gray, and grayish-green, shading down to the hue of the background. The dull yellow stamens and the gray and olive green stems complete a very quiet and pleasing scheme of color. The coverings when embroidered must be mounted by a professional hand, for no degree of culture on the part of the amateur would usually suffice to keep away wrinkles and rings from the articles.

China Bellows.-Figs. 1 and 2 .- [See illustrations on page 164.]

The refinement of modern porcelain, or of modern notions as to its value, has led to the use of bellows for dusting it, and it would be well could has led to the use of belows for dusting it, and it would be well could modern house-maids be persuaded to make use of them. We give two patterns, one of them enlarged to working size. They may be treated in two ways: the design may be dark upon a light background, or the reverse. Sir Francis Bacon has affirmed his preference for the latter arrangement, and we are inclined to agree with him; but both are pretty. One, which we saw at the school, was on gold-colored silk sheeting; the flowers were in pink shaded into dark reddish-brown or brown-red, the leaves being in shades of gray-green. Distinctness was given by outlining the flowers a leaves (after working) with black silk, and the stems were black silk also. Another had a ground of dark olive satin, upon which the leaves and stems were worked in a more "yallery-greenery" style than the former one. The flowers were in three shades of red-purple, the tendrils and stamens being picked out in gold thread, and the black silk outlining was omitted. In both designs the flowers were in silks, and the leaves in fine crewels. The other design for a bellows, like a politician at a convention, speaks for itself, and being of a conventional character, can easily be reproduced on any scale, and colored in harmony with the hue of the background chosen.

Wall-Pockets.-Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 164. THESE South Kensington wall-pockets have a back of stained wood, to which the three thin boards that form the fronts are attached by means of leather sides. The fronts are faced with silk serge, decorated with embroidery. In Fig. 1 the olive ground is irregularly covered with dark red chrysanthemums and dull green foliage, the latter worked in crewels, and the flowers in crewels and silks. The dark claret-colored ground of Fig. 2 is ornaented with scattered sprays of roses of different colors, worked in filoselle.

Sofa Back.

See illustration on page 164.

Here we have the descendant of the antimacassar of Lord Byron's day. Gentlemen's hair is less unctuous now than at that epoch, and they are presumed to be aware that protectors of this kind are quite as much in need of protection as the things they pro-The material used in our example is cream satin sheeting, and the design is always worked in one or more shades of the same color. Terra-cotta, peacock blue, old blue, and Persian pink are the tints most frequently selected, and lengths of the silks or crewels are knotted into the fringed-out edges of the sofa back. The work is done in crewel, satin, and chain stitch, with the embellishment of here and there a French knot.

ON SOME FRENCH CHEESES.

UR readers need hardly be told that one of the richest and most nutritive articles of human food is undoubtedly cheese. Physiologists assert that, caten at a meal with its own constituent principles, milk and butter, but to which vegetables in suitable or water. suitable, or rather in large, proportions, and eggs should be added, it renders meat of all sorts absolutely unnecessary. No adult individual, say they, who consumes per day four ounces of either Roque-fort, Parmesan, fresh Dutch, or some of our English or American cheeses, mixed with nitrogenous vegetables, will ever need flesh, or fish, or poultry, for his perfect and vigorous support. And the French savants demonstrate this fact by pointing to the Trappist monks, the strictest of all so-called vegetarians, who, upon a diet, seant even as regards the produce of the dairy, but abundant in that of the garden, are enabled to begin a hard day's work, sometimes at midnight, sometimes at one or two o'clock in the morning, continuing it, with little intermission, until dusk, and accomplishing an amount of farm or manufacturing labor which, if exacted from the most sturdy of peasants or artisans, would result in an immediate strike. whether home or foreign, those of France are most remarkable for their nutritious properties, and at the head of them in this respect stands the Roquefort.

Roquefort is but a petty town, thinly inhabited, in the Department of Aveyron, in the south of France; but the celebrity of its cheese—which, need it be said, is made from the milk of sheep and goats—gives the place a worldwide importance. It first came into epicurean reputation at a dinner given by M. Talleyrand, minister of Napoleon I., to Prince Metternich and the whole diplomatic body then residing in the French capital. That dinner was intended partly to be what we should in these days call "A Universal Cheese Exhibition." partly to be what we should in these days call "A Universal Cheese Exhibition," each guest having been requested to bring with him, for gustatory trial and decision, the very best samples of the very best cheeses his own country was famed for famed for. No matter what the convives produced, the host submitted first the

cheese known as Crème de Brie, and just when this had been pronounced unrivalled, Roquefort was introduced, tasted, and judged infinitely superior to Brie itself—"quite the cheese," as the slang phrase goes, and which saying, by the way, among other derivatives, has been traced to the Hindoostanee word "cheez," meaning thing.

Roquefort cheese is not only notable for its flavor and for its rich nutritive pâte, but also for a peculiarity in its composition which was brought to notice by a French scientist, Professor Blondeau, who had a government mission to investigate and report upon the process of fabrication. Before stating what this peculiarity is, it may be as well to recall to the reader's mind that milk is composed of three elements—an oily one, which forms butter, and rises to the top of the fluid by reason of its lesser gravity; a serous liquid, known as whey; and a semi-solid matter, to which the name of caseine, or curd, has been applied, and which becomes separated from the milk either by the action of vegetable or mineral acids, or by the well-known and universally applied "rennet," the lining membrane of the stomach of the calf, and itself containing a strong acidulous solvent. In the first stage of the manufacture of the Roquefort cheese there is nothing very widely different from that of other cheeses; that

there is nothing very widely different from that of other cheeses; that is to say, the curd having been obtained, is pressed between layers of is to say, the curd having been obtained, is pressed between myers of plaited straw with heavy weights superimposed, so as to squeeze out every drop of the remaining serum. This done, the cheese is perfected, and "ripened" by being exposed to currents of air sweeping through natural caverns, known as "The Caves of Roquefort," under the action of which the caseine, according to Professor Blondeau, becomes gradually converted into a sort of animal fat, and thus obtains its highly alimentary properties. into a sort of animal fat, and thus obtains its highly alimentary properties. That curious metamorphosis is attributed to the development of a microscopic fungus of the wholesome mushroom species, which slowly spreads through the whole cheese, beginning at the superficies and reaching the centre, atom by atom, thus assimilating with and transforming the entire substone of the except of the superficies. substance of the caseine into the fatty matter alluded to. The air of these Roquefort caves has been proved to be surcharged with the germ of these peculiar fungi; it has been shown that they, so to speak, begin the attack and feed upon the curd so soon as it is placed within their influence, and that, if allowed to continue, their ravages would by and by be succeeded by the germination of other fungi more complete in their organization, less deleterious in their properties, and these would keep on developing and increasing until every portion of the nutritive matter had disappeared, and the cheese crumbled into dust. So soon, however, as certain conditions (difficult to describe, except by going deeply into organic chemistry, but known to the expert fabricators by a rule-of-thumb experience) are observed the cheeses are at once removed from the caves, are placed elsewhere, and in due course are brought into the market in those pale lemon-colored flattened cakes, streaked with bluish veins, of that pasty consistence which epi-cures love, and to preserve which ach cheese is closely enveloped in tin-foil. The fact of the de-velopment of the fungoid growth, related by M. Blon-deau in his official report about twenty-five years ago, has given rise to much curious and interesting speculative hypothesis, foreign

> to deal with. Cheese has been men-tioned as the chief food of those religionists and others who, in European countries at least, object to the consumption of animal

to the object of this paper

their diet eggs, milk, but-ter, and other produce of the dairy. The cheese manufac-tured by the Trappists of the monastery of Port du Salut, near Laval, in Mayenne, and which is now used by most of the monastic communities in France, is one of the most perfeet substitutes for the said animal food. Its employment was confined to the locality where it is produced until the time of the French Universal Exhibition in 1867, where it was then publicly shown, and a gold medal awarded to it. After the exhibition immense orders were sent to the monastery for this produce, and since then its success has been so great that the monks not only use all the milk of their own cattle, but have been compelled to purchase every drop they can get from the farms within a considerable radius of their habitat.

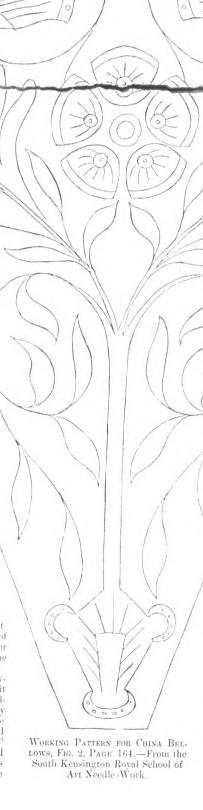
There is something well worth noting connected with the manufacture of this cheese, and it is this, that the whey remaining after the separation of the caseine, instead of being thrown away, is placed in large metallic tanks, where it is allowed to stand for several weeks, during which time a rich cream from two to three fingers thick accumulates upon the surface, forming a sort of skin, converted subsequently into excellent butter. More, the remaining liquid, far from being considered refuse and lost, is boiled in an immense caldron with the chopped-up leaves and stalks of the common furze, and made into what we may call a kind of "Julienne" or spring soup, which the cows greatly relish, drink greedily, and which not only imparts to their milk a peculiar flavor, disand which not only imparts to their finite a pecunar havor, distinguishable, gastronomes say, in the cheese, but also most wonderfully increases the diurnal lactation. The Trappist brother dairyman, an expert in these matters at Port du Salut, states that his method of utilizing a generally rejected fluid is unknown beyond his precincts, and its discovery was partly due to the neglect of one of the monks, and partly to the ingenuity of another, who, coming to accomplish the duty of throwing the whey aside, saw with wonder the thick cream floating upon it, and experimenting therewith made the admirable butter told of. The hint may be useful to our own dairymen.

The cheese we are now mentioning is hardly as well known among us as are the Roquefort and other French cheeses. It is, when fresh, a soft, pasty, mild, most palatable cheese, generally made in round cakes of from five pounds to eight pounds in weight, and stamped with a cross and words showing its place of manufacture.

Crème de Brie has been alluded to as once the crème de la crème of cheeses, and even now "running a good second" to Roquefort. La Brie is situated near Paris in the Department of Seine et Marne, which proximity, together with the difficulty of distant transport and the fondness of the Parisians for the thing itself, causes the dainty to be almost entirely eaten in the gay meby its two millions of inhabitants, and its legions of visitors, who daily fill the restaurants. Imitations of it are many, and, as a rule, as worthless as is the genuine article valuable, for of all the French cheeses it is the most expensive, by reason of its not keeping sound beyond a few days, and the large quantities in which it is partaken of at a meal, Roquefort and others, per contra, satisfying their consumers with the finiest morsels. Brie is a soft, creamy cheese, made in rounds of large size but of little thickness.

Camembert, a small village in the Department of Orne, near Alençon, pro-

duces a cheese pasty in composition, small in size, flat in shape, and seldom



weighing more than one pound. It is much more highly flavored than Brie, or Roquefort, or Port du Salut; its bouquet, especially when not perfectly new, is disagreeable, and it stands Al among the types of the French cheese genus of strong taste and odor. But, these objections notwithstanding, Camembert is popular, as it is considered greatly inducive to digestion, and one rarely sees the menu of a restaurant dinner deficient in it. Before the completion of railways, and thus the means of rapid transport, this cheese wasted its sweetness on the desert air of its own province, and was rarely met with beyond it, but nowadays it may be found everywhere.

Space prevents us from saying more anent the family of French cheeses, which is almost in-numerable. There are, for instance, the Livarot, the Mont d'Or, the Marolles, and a host besides, some old-fashioned, with their gustatory prosperity greatly diminished or lost, others still more or less in vogue. But the four we have briefly sketched are the prime favorites of gourmants and gourmets.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

too exact, if criticism were to be so minute, for it looks just a little bit odd, when we are playing cards for counters at threepence a dozen, to see the heir of the house of Lynn so very particular in claiming his due of twopence-halfpenny. But this little weakness is forgivable: to be prudent and economical is a very good failing in a young man; and then you must remember his training. Leslies have been poor for several generations; but they have steadily applied themselves to the retrieving of their condition and the bettering of the estate, and it is only by the exercise of severe economy that they now stand in so good a position. So, doubtless, this young fellow has acquired the habit of being particular about trifles, and I don't object; from my point of view it is rather praise-worthy; Yolande's fortune—and she shall have the bulk of what I have—will be placed in good

and careful hands.
"So now all this is well and happily settled, and as every one bids fair to be content, you will ask what more we have to do than to look forward to the wedding, and the slippers, and the handfuls of rice. Well, it is the old story, and you, as an old friend, will understand. That is why I write to you after a wakeful enough nightfor the sake of unburdening myself, even though I can't get a word of your sturdy counsel at this great distance. As I say, it is the old story. For the moment you delude yourself into the belief that the time of peril and anxiety is past; everything is safe now for the future: with Volande's life made secure and happy, what matters what happens elsewhere? And the next moment new anxieties present themselves; the old dread rewhether you have acted for the

best, and fears about this future that seemed so bright. There is one point about these Leslies that I forgot to mention: they are all of them apparently—and young Leslie especially—very proud of the family name, and jealous of the family honor. I do not wonder at it. They have every right to be, and it is rather a praiseworthy quality. But now you will understand, old friend, the perplexity I am in—afraid to make any revelation that might disturb the settlement which seems so fortunate a one, and vet afraid to transfer to the future all those risks and anxieties that have made the past so bitter and so terrible to me. I do not know what to do. Perhaps I should have stated the whole matter plainly to the young man when he came and asked permission to pro pose to Yolande; but then I was thinking, not of that at all, but only of her happiness. It seemed so easy and safe a way out of all that old trouble. And why should he have been burdened with a secret which he dared not reveal to her? I thought of Yolande being taken away to that Highland home, living content and happy all through her life, and it did not occur to me to imperil that prospect by any disclosure of what could concern neither her nor him. But now I have begun to torture myself in the old way again, and in spite of myself conjure up all sorts of ghastly anticipa-The fit does not last long; if you were here, with your firm way of looking at things, possibly I could drive away these imaginings altogether; but you will understand me when I say that I could wish to see Yolande married to-morrow, and carried away to the Highlands. Then I could meet my own troubles well enough.'

He was startled by the rustling of a dress; he looked up, and there was Yolande herself, regarding him with a bright and happy and smiling face, in which there was a triffe of surprise, and also perhaps a faint flush of self-consciousness; was but the previous evening that she had told him of the engagement. But surely one glance of that face, so young and cheerful and confident, was enough to dispel those dark fore-bodings. The page of life lying open there was not the one on which to write down prognostications of trouble and sorrow. His eyes lit up with pleasure; the glooms of the night were suddenly

Writing? Already?" she said, as she went forward and kissed him.

"You are looking very well this morning, Yolande," he said, regarding her. "The silence of the boat does not keep you from sleeping, apparently, as it sometimes does with older folk. where is your snood?—the color suits your hair."
"Oh, I am not in the Highlands yet," she said,

lightly. "Do you know the song Mrs. Graham sings?

'It's I would give my silken snood To see the gallant Grahams come hame.'

That was in the days of their banishment." "But what have you to do with the home-coming of the Grahams, Yolande?" her father said, to tease her. "You will be a Leslie, not a GraShe changed the topic quickly.

"To whom are you writing?"
"To John Shortlands."

" May I see?" She would have taken up the letter had he not hastily interposed.

"Ah! it is about business. Very well. But

may I put in a postscript?"
"What do you want to write to Mr. Shortlands about?" her father said, in amazement.

"Perhaps it will be better for you to write, then. I was going to ask him to visit us at Allt-

"Well, now, Yolande, that is a most excellent idea!" he exclaimed. "You are really becoming quite a sensible and practical person. We shall want another gun. John Shortlands is just the

"We can give him," said she, sedately, "the bedroom over the dining-room; that will be furthest away from the noise of the kennels.'

Then he stared at her.

"What on earth do you know about the bedroom over the dining-room, or the kennels

"Mr. Leslie," said she, with a momentary flush, gave me a plan of the house—there it is, papa Oh, you shall have no trouble; it is all quite easily arranged."

She took out a piece of paper from her note-book, unfolded it, and put it before him.

"There," said she, with a practical air, "is a very good room, that looks down the glen—that That one is for a visitor-yes, Mr. Shortlands, if he will come—so that he shall not be disturbed by the dogs. That one for me—" "But why should you be disturbed by the

dogs?"
"Me? Oh no! I shall be used to it. Besides," she said, with a laugh, "there is nothing that will disturb me—no, not the cockatoo at the Chateau that Madame did not keep more than

three days."
"But look here, Yolande," said he, gravely, "I am afraid you are going to attempt too much.
Why should you? Why should you bother? I can pay to get somebody to do all that. It's all very well for Mrs. Graham, who has all her servants about her, trained to help her. And she has been at the thing for years. But really, Yolande, you are taking too great a responsibility. And why should you worry yourself when I can pay to get it done? I dare say there are people who will provision a house as you provision a yacht, and take back the surplus stores. I don't know I suppose so. In any case I can hire a house-

She put her hand on his mouth.

No, no, no," she said, triumphantly. "Why, it is all arranged, long ago-all settled-every small point. Do I not know what cartridges to buy for you, for the rifle that Mr. Leslie is to lend

you-do I not know even that sman point?" She referred to her note-book.

"There it is," she said. "Eley-Boxer, 500 bore, for express rifle—"

"Well, you know, Yolande," said he, to test her, "I should have thought that when the Master proposed to lend me a rifle, he might have presented me with some cartridges, instead of letting me buy them for myself."

But she did not see the point. "Perhaps he did not remember," said she, lightly. "Perhaps it is not customary. No mat-ter; I shall have them. It is very obliging that you get the loan of the rifle. Quand on emprunte,

on ne choisit pas."
"Very well, then; go away, and let me finish

my letter," said he, good-naturedly.

When she had gone he turned the sheet of paper that he had placed face downward, and

"When I had written the above Yolande came into the saloon. She has just gone, and everything is changed. It is impossible to look at her -so full of hope and life and cheerfulness—and be downcast about the future. It appears to me now that whatever trouble may befall will affect me only, and that that does not much matter, and that she will be living a happy life far away there in the north without a care. Is it not quite simple? She will no longer bear my name. Even if she were to come to London—though it is far from probable they will ever have a London house, even for the season-she will come either as the Hon. Mrs. Leslie, or as Lady Lynn; and nothing could occur to alarm her or annoy her husband. Everything appears to have happened for the best, and I don't see how any contretemps could arise. When we return to England the proposal is that Yolande should go on with the Grahams to Inverstroy, until I go down to a shooting that I have rented for the season from Lord Lynn-Allt-nam-ba is the name of the place—and there we should be for the following three months. I don't know how long the engagement of the young neonle is likely to last; but I should say they new each other pretty well after being constant ly in each other's society all this time; and I, of course, could wish for nothing better than a speedy marriage. Nor will there be any risk about that. Whether it takes place in the Highlands, or at Weybridge, or anywhere else, there need be no great ceremony or publicity; and I would gladly pay for a special license, which I could fairly do on the plea that it was merely a whim of my own.

"Now as for yourself, dear old boy. Would vou be surprised to hear that Yolande has just suggested—entirely her own suggestion, mindthat you should come and pay us a visit at that shooting-box? She has even decided that you are to have the bedroom farthest removed from the noise of the kennels. I do hope you will be able to go down with me for the Twelfth. With decent shooting, and if the moor is in its normal state, they say we should get 1000 or 1200 brace; and, besides that, the moor abuts on three deer forests, and there is no reason, moral or legal, why you shouldn't have a shot at such ferce natura as may stray on to your ground. And then (which is, perhaps, a more important thing—at all events, you would be interested, for I think you rather like the child) you would see what kind of a choice Yolande has made. I hope I am not blinded by my own wishes; but it seems as if everything promised well.

"There is another thing I want to mention to you before I close this screed-which more resembles the letters of our youth than the staccato notes they call letters nowadays. I have talked to you about this engagement as if it were a good arrangement—a solution, in fact, of a very awkward problem: but don't think for a moment that, when they do marry, it will be anything but a marriage of affection. Mr. Leslie is not so poor that he need to marry for money; on the contrary, the family are fairly well off now, and the estates almost free; and Yolande, on the other hand, is not the sort of creature to marry for title or social position. I saw that he was drawing toward her a long time ago—as far back, indeed, as the time of our arriving at Malta; and as for her, she made a friend and companion of him almost at the beginning of the voyage in a way very unusual with her; for I have noticed again and again, in travelling, how extremely reserved she was when any one seemed anxious to make her acquaintance. No doubt the fact that he was Mrs. Graham's brother had something to do with it; for the Grahams were very kind to her at Oatlands, and have been ever since, I need hardly say. It will be very pleasant to her to have such agreeable neighbors when she marries. Mrs. Graham treats her like a sister al-She will not be going among strange kinsfolk, nor among those likely to judge her harshly.

"So far we have enjoyed the trip very well, though, of course, to some of us its chief interest lay in this little drama that now points, I hope, to a happy conclusion. We have had the whole Nile to ourselves—all the tourists gone long ago. The heat considerable: yesterday at mid-day it was 108 degrees in the shade; but it is a dry heat, and not debilitating. Of course we keep under shelter on the hottest days. I hear that the wine at dinner is of a temperature of 90 degrees, there being no ice; so that we abstainers have rather the best of it, the water, kept in porous jars, being much cooler than that. We visit Merhadj to-day, and thereafter begin a series of excursions in the neighborhood-if all goes well. But we heard some ugly rumors in Cairo, and may at any moment have to beat a swift retreat.

"As soon as I get back I shall begin my Parliamentary attendance again, and stick close to work until the end of the session, and I have no doubt the Government will give me plenty of chances of reminding the Slagpool people of my

would have a p put in one of the London papers to the effect that the health of the member for Slagpool being now almost re-established by his visit to Egypt, he will in a few weeks be able to take his place again in the House. Then the Slagpool papers would copy. They have been very forbearing with me, those people; I suppose it is because I bully them. They would have turned out any more complaisant person long ago.

"Yolande—still harping on his daughter, you will say; but it is only for a little while: soon I shall see and hear little enough of her-has undertaken the whole control and household management of the shooting-box, and I dare say she will make a hash of it; but I don't think you will be severe on her, if, as I hope, you can come to us. It will be an occupation and amusement for her while she is in the Highlands; and I am very glad she is going to be with the Grahams during that interval. She wearied a good deal at Oatlands Park, though she tried not to show it; and as for ever having her in London again—no, that is impossible. Mrs. Leslie or Lady Lynn may come and live in London when she leases—though I hope it may be many a year before she does so—but not Yolande Winter-bourne. Poor child, she little knows what kind of a shadow there is behind her fair and bright young life. I hope she will never know: I am beginning to believe now that she will never know; and this that has just happened ought to give one courage and strength.

"Do not attempt to answer this letter. The writing of it has been a relief to me. I may be back in town very shortly after you get it; for we shall only stay in Cairo a few days to get some things for Yolande that may be of service to her after.

Always your friend, "G. R. WINTERBOURNE. "P.S .- I should not wonder at all if, before this letter gets posted even, that torment of fear and nervous apprehension should again get pos-I wish the marriage were well over, and I left alone in London."

The various noises throughout the dahabeevah now told him that all the people were stirring; he carefully folded this letter and put it in his pocket (that he might read it over again at his leisure), and then he went out and up the stairs to the higher deck. Yolande was leaning with her elbows on the rail, gazing out on the wide waters and the far wastes of sand. She did not hear him approach; she was carelessly singing to herself some snatch of a French song, and doubtless not thinking at all how inappropriate the words were:

"Ohé!...c'est la terre de France!
Olie!...Garçons! bonne esperance!
Vois-tn, là-bas, sous le ciel gris
À l'horizon?...C'est le pays!
Madelon, Périne
Toinon, Catherine..."

"Yolande," said he; and she started and turned round quickly.

"Why, you don't seem to consider that you have taken a very serious step in life," he said, with a smile. " Moi ?"

Then she recalled herself to her proper tongue, "I think it pleases every one; do you not?" she said, brightly; and there were no more fore-bodings possible when he found himself, as now, face to face with the shining cheerfulness of her

CHAPTER XVI.

OBEDIENCE.

YOLANDE was right on that one point, at least: every one seemed greatly pleased. There was a new and obvious satisfaction permeating all through this little party in exile. Mrs. Graham was more affectionate than ever—it was "dear Yolande" every other minute; Colonel Graham was assiduous in giving her perfectly idiotic advice about her housekeeping at Allt-nam-ba; and the Master of Lynn sought, but sought in vain, for opportunities of having little confidential talks with her. And the most light-hearted of them all was Yolande herself. Her decision once given, she seemed to trouble herself no more about the future. Every one was pleased; so was she. She betrayed no concern; she was not embarrassed by that increase of attention and kindness which, however slight, was easily recognizable and significant. To all appearance she was occupied, not in the least with her future duties as a wife, but solely and delightedly with preparations for the approaching visit to Merhadi; and she was right thankful that they were going by water, for on two occasions they had found the sand of the river-bank to be of a temperature

of 140° in the sun, which was not very pleasant for women-folk wearing thin-soled boots When they had got into the stern of the big boat, and were being rowed up the wide, yellowgreen river, her father could not help regarding this gavety of demeanor with an increasing won-der, and even with a touch of apprehensive doubt. And then again he argued with himself. Why should she anticipate the gravities of life? should she not be careless and light-hearted, and happy in the small excitements of the moment? Would it not be time to face the evil days, if there were to be any such, when they came? And why should they come at all? Surely some lives were destined for peace. Why should not the story of her life be like the scene now around them-placid, beautiful, and calm, with unclouded skies? To some that was given, and Yolande (he gradually convinced himself) would be one of those. To look at her face-so full of life and pleasure and bright cheerfulness—was to acquire hope; it was not possible to associate misery or despair with those clear-shining, confident eyes. Her life (he returned to the fancy) was to be like the scenery in which the courtship and engagenent passage of it had chanced to occur-pretty, placid, unclouded, not too romantic. And so by the time they reached Merhadj he had grown to be, or had forced himself to appear, as cheerful as any of them. He knew he was nervous, fretful, and liable to gloomy anticipations; but he also had a certain power of fighting against these, and that he could do best when Yolande was actually beside him. And was she not there now-merry and laughing and delighted; eagerly in-terested in these new scenes, and trying to talk to every one at once? He began to share in her excitement; he forgot about those vague horoscopes; it was the crowd of boats, and the children swimming in the Nile, and the women coming down with pitchers on their heads, and all the other busy and picturesque features along the shore that he was looking at, because she also was looking at them; and it was no visionary Yolande of the future, but the very sensible and practical and light-hearted Yolande of that very moment, that he had to grip by the arm, with an angry remonstrance about her attempting to walk down the gangboard by herself. Yolande laughed; she nev-

er believed much in her father's anger. They got ashore to find themselves in the midst of a frightful tumult and confusion-at least so it appeared to them after the silence and seclusion of the dahabeevah. Donkeys were being driven down to the river, raising clouds of dust as they came trotting along; the banks swarmed with mules and camels and water-carriers; the women were filling their pitchers, the boys their pig-skin vessels; the children were diving and splashing and calling; and altogether the bustle and clamor seemed different enough from the or-dinary repose of Eastern life, and were even a trifle bewildering. But in the midst of it all appeared young Ismat Effendi, who came hurrying down the bank to offer a hundred eager apologies for his not having been in time to receive them; and under his guidance they got away from the noise and squalor, and proceeded to cross a large open square, planted with a few acacia-trees, to the Governor's house just outside the town. The young Ismat was delighted to be the escort of those two English ladies. He talked very fast; his eyes were eloquent; and his smiling face showed how proud and pleased he was. And would they go through the town with him after they had done his father the honor of a visit?

"The bazars are not like Cairo," said he.
"No, no; who could expect that? We are a small town, but we are more Egyptian than Cairo; we are not half foreign, like Cairo.'

"I am sure it will be all the more interesting on that account," said Mrs. Graham, graciously; and Yolande was pleased to express the same opinion; and young Ismat Effendi's face seemed to say that a great honor had been conferred on him and on Merhadi.

And indeed they were sufficiently interested in what they could already see of the place—this wide sandy square, with its acacias in tubs, its strings of donkeys and camels, its veiled women and dusky men; with the high bare walls of a



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mosque, the tapering minaret, some lower walls of houses, and everywhere a profusion of palms that bounded the further side.
"Hillo, Mr. Ismat!" called out Colonel Graham,

as two gangs of villainous-looking convicts, all chained to each other, came along under guard of a couple of soldiers. "What have these fellows been doing?"

"They are prisoners," said he, carelessly.
"They have killed somebody or stolen something. We make them carry water."

The next new feature was a company of sol-

diers, in white tunics and trousers and red tarbooshes, who marched quickly along to the shrill sharp music of bugles. They disappeared into the archway of a large square building

"That is my father's house," explained young Ismat to the ladies. "He looks to your visit with great pleasure. And the other gentlemen of the town, they are there also, and the chief engineer of the district. Your coming is a great

"I wish I knew a little Arabic," said Mrs. Graham. "I am sure we have not thanked his

Excellency half enough for his kindness in lending us his dahabeeyah."

"Oh, quite enough, quite enough," sa'd the polite young Egyptian. "I assure you it is nothing. Though it is a pity my father does not understand English, and not much French either. He has been very busy all his life, and not rrav-

He has been very busy all his fife, and not fravelling. The other gentlemen speak French, like most of the official Egyptians."

"And you," said Mrs. Graham, regarding him with her pretty eyes, "do you speak French as well as you speak English?"

"My English!" he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "It is very bad. I know it is his shoulders. "It is very bad. I know it is very, very bad. I have never been in England; I have had no practice except a little in India. But, on the contrary, I have lived three years in Paris; French is much more natural to me than

English."
"It is so with me also, Mr. Ismat," said Yo-

lande, a trifle shyly.
"With you!" he exclaimed.

"I have lived nearly all my life in France. But your English, that you speak of, is not in the least bad. It is very good—is it not, Mrs.

Nothing further could be said on that point, however, for they were just escaping from the glare of the sun into a cool high archway; and from that they passed into a wide, open court-yard, where the guard of soldiers they had seen enter presented arms, Then they ascended some steps, and finally were ushered into a large and lofty and barely furnished saloon, where the Groernor and the notables of Merhadj received them with much serious courtesy. But this interview, as it turned out, was not quite so solemn as that on the deck of the dahabeeyah; for, after what Ismat Effendi had said to the two ladies without, it was but natural that the conversation should be conducted in Franchis and to the coffee and cigarettes which were brought in by two young lads were partaken of in anything but silence. And then, as little groups were thus formed, and as Ismat's services as interpreter were not in such constant demand, he somehow came to devote himself to the two ladies, and as Yolande naturally spoke French with much more case and fluency than Mrs. Graham, to her he chiefly addressed himself. The Master of Lynn did not at all like this arrangement. He was silent and impatient. He regarded this Frenchified Arab, who seemed to consider himself so fascinating, with a goodly measure of robust English contempt. . And then he grew angry with his sister. She ought not to e, and she ought not to permit Yolande to be, so familiar with this Egyptian fellow. Did she not know that Egyptian ladies studiously kept their faces concealed? And what must be be thinking of these two English ladies, who laughed and chattered in this free and easy fashion?

Then, as regarded Yolande, his gratitude for the great gift she had given him was still full in his mind, and he was willing to make every excuse for her, and to treat her with a manly forbearance and leniency; but at the same time he could not get rid of a certain consciousness that she did not seem to recognize as she ought that he had, in a way, a right of possession. She bore herself to him just as she bore herself to the others; if there was any one of the party whom she seemed specially to favor that morning as they came up the Nile, it was Colonel Graham, who did nothing but tease her. She did not seem to think there was any difference between yesterday and to-day, whereas yesterday she was free, and to-day she was a promised bride. However, he threw most of the blame on his sister. Polly was always trying the effect of her eyes on somebody, and this Egyptian was as good as another. And he wondered how Graham allowed it.

But matters grew worse when this ceremonious

interview was over. For when they went to explore the narrow, twisting, mud-paved, and apparently endless bazars of Merhadj, where there was scarcely room for the camels and donkeys to pass without bumping them against the walls or shop doors, of course they had to go two and two: and as young Ismat had to lead the way, and as he naturally continued to talk to the person with whom he had been talking within, it fell out that Yolande and he were the first pair, the others following as they pleased. Once or twice the Master struggled forward through the crowd and the dust and the donkeys, and tried to detach Yolande from her companion; but in each case some circumstance happened to intervene, and he failed; and the consequence was that, bringing up the rear with Mr. Winterbourne, who was not a talkative person, he had abundant leisure to nurse his wrath in silence. And he felt he had a right to be angry, though it was not perhaps altogether her fault. She did not seem to understand that there were relations existing between engaged people different from those existing be-

tween others. He had acquired a certain right; so, in fact, had she; for he put it to himself whether, supposing he had had the chance of malling through these misamble little streets of walking through those miserable little streets of Merhadj with the prettiest young Englishwoman who ever lived, he would have deserted Yolande for her side. No, he would not. And he thought that he ought to remonstrate; and that he would remonstrate; but yet in a kindly way, so that no offense could be taken. It could be no offense, surely, to beg from her just a little bit more of her favor.

Meanwhile, this was the conversation of those two in front, as they slowly made their way along the tortuous, catacomb-looking thoroughfare, with its dusky little shops, in the darkness of each of which sat the merchant, cross-legged, and gazing impassively out from under his large white

"What is it, then, you wish?" he was saying to her; and he spoke in French that was much more idiomatic, if not any more fluent, than his English. "Curiosities? Bric-a-brac?" "It is something very Eastern, very Egyptian,

that I could send to the ladies at the Chateau where I was brought up," she said, as she attentively scanned each gloomy recess. "And also I would like to buy something for Mrs. Grahama little present-I know not what. Also for my papa. Is there nothing very strange—very curious?"

"But, alas! mademoiselle," said he, "we have here no manufactures. Our business of the neighborhood is agriculture. All these articles in the bazar are from Cairo; we have not even any of the Assiout pottery, which is pretty and curious, but perhaps not safe to carry on a long The silver jewelry is all from Cairo; those silks from Cairo also; those cottons from England."

At Cairo, then, one could purchase some things truly Egyptian?"

Certainly-certainly, mademoiselle, you will find the bazars at Cairo full of interest. Ah, I wish with all my heart I could accompany

"That would be to encroach entirely too much on your goodness," said she, with a pleasant smile.
"Not at all," said he, earnestly. "Ah, no; not at all. It is so charming to find one's self for a time in new society; and if one can be of a little assistance, that is so much the better. Then there is also something I would speak to monsieur vour father about, mademoiselle, before you return to the dahabeeyah. I have arranged one or two excursions for you, which may interest you perhaps; and the necessary means are all prepared; and I think it might be of advantage to begin these at once. There is no danger—no, no; there is no cause for any alarm; but always of late the political atmosphere has been somewhat disturbed; and if you were at Cairo you would find out better what was going to happen than we ourselves do here. Then, as you have said, you would wish to she you will have need of plenty of time to go through

He seemed to speak with a little caution at this point.

have heard the gentlemen speak of it," said she, with no great concern, for she was far from being a nervous person; "but they seemed to think there was no danger."
"Danger? No, no," said he. "For you there can be no danger. But if there is political dis-

quiet and disturbance, it might not be quite agreeable for you; and that is all I wish to say to monsieur your father, that he would have the goodness to make the excursions as soon as possible,

and so leave more time for judging the situation. It is a hint—it is a suggestion—that is all."

"I am sure that my papa and Colonel Graham will do whatever you think best," said she.

"You are very good, mademoiselle. "I wish to serve them," said he, with grave courtesy.

Well not only did this young mone whether

Well, not only did this young man-whether intentionally or not it was impossible to say-monopolize Yolande's society during the remainder of their exploration of Merhadj, but, furthermore, on their embarking in their boat to return, he accepted an invitation to dine with them that same evening; and the Master of Lynn was determined that, before young Ismat put foot on board the dahabeeyah, Yolande would be civilly but firmly requested to amend her ways. It was all very well for his sister, who was a born flirt, to go about making great friends with strangers; and it was all very well for Colonel Graham, who was too lazy to care about anything, to look on with good-humored indifference. But already this audacious youth had begun to pose Yolande as an

life in India. He had very considerable difficulty in obtaining a private conversation with Yolande, for life on board the dahabeeyah was distinctly public and social; but late on in the afternoon he suc-

exalted being. She knew nothing about garrison

ceeded.
"So, Yolande," said he, with an artful carelessness, "this has been the first day of our en-

gagement."
"Oh yes," said she, looking up in a pleasant

way. "We haven't seen much of each other," he suggested.
"Ah, no; it has been such a busy day. How

much nicer is the quiet here, is it not?"
"But you seemed to find Ismat Effendi suffi-

ciently amusing," he said, somewhat coldly.
"Oh yes," she answered, quite frankly. "And so clever and intelligent. I hope we shall see

him when he comes to England."
"I thought," said he, "that in France young ladies were brought up to be rather reserved that they were not supposed to become so friendly with chance acquaintances."
Perhaps there was something in the tone that

caused her to look up, this time rather seriously.
"I should not call him a chance acquaintance,"

she said, slowly. "He is the friend of Colonel Graham, and of papa, and of yourself." And then she added, speaking still slowly, and still regarding him, "Did you think I was not enough reserved?"

Well, there was a kind of obedience in her manner—a sort of biddableness in her eyes—that entirely took the wind out of the sails of his

intended reproof.
"You see, Yolande," said he, in a much more friendly way, "perhaps it was mere bad luck; but after getting engaged only last night, you may imagine I wanted to see a little of you today; and you can't suppose that I quite liked that Egyptian fellow monopolizing you the whole time. Of course I am not jealous—and not jealous of that fellow!—for jealousy implies suspicion; and I know you too well. But perhaps ou don't quite understand that people who are engaged have a little claim on each other, and expect to be treated with a little more intimacy and friendliness than as if they were outsiders."

'Oh yes, I understand," she said, with her eyes

"Of course I am not complaining," he continued, in the most amiable way. a curious thing if I were to begin to complain now, after what you said last night. But you can't wonder if I am anxious to have all your kindness to myself, and that I should like you and me to have different relations between ourselves than those we have with other people. engagement means giving up something on both sides, I suppose. Do you think I should like to see you waltzing with any one else now? It isn't in human nature that I should like it."

"Then I will not waltz with any one," she said, still looking down.

"And I don't think you will find me a tyrannous sort of person, Yolande," said he, with a smile, "even if you were inclined to make an engagement a much more serious matter than you seem to consider it. It is more likely you who will prove the tyrant; for you have your own way with everybody, and why not with me too? And I hope you understand why I spoke, don't you? You don't think it unkind?"

"Oh no, I quite understand," she said, in the same low voice

Ismat Effendi came to dinner, as he had prom-

ised. She spoke scarcely a word to him the whole evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INJUSTICE: A FEMININE POUT.

WHEN Di put dandelions in her hair, He called them lovely, that I can declare; But when I tried them, sure of admiration, He called my wreath a "floral aberration."

Di uses slang; he doesn't try to stop her, Bu: "Hang it!" To my great surprise I Kentured

Quoth he, "You a say How vexing! it you're wise. She smoked his pipe-a common ugly clay; He vowed its value dated from that day. I volunteered a puff, but that was wrong; "For you," he said, "my bird's-eye's rather strong."

Di wears a scarlet Jersey. I, less daring, Chose a dull crimson, thinking red too staring. Hers he pronounces killing: who'd have thought it? Mine simply harmless. How I wish she'd bought it!

I tak and laugh, and work quite hard to please; Di, coolly nonchalant, just takes her ease; And yet I often think I'm scarcely heard. He looks so much at her. It's quite absurd!

GELATINE AND SEA-MOSS AS

By JULIET CORSON.

MHERE is a popular belief that soups and iellies made from gelatine are nutritious. Undoubtedly they are easily prepared, and can be made very palatable; but their usefulness as food depends upon the character of the ingredients cooked in combination with the gelatine. Gelatine alone has no appreciable nutritive value, and is not easily digested. It is made from animal tendons, skin, bones, horns, and hoofs, none of which can supply the system with materials for nourishing flesh and blood. As marketed, gelatine is soluble in boiling water, and cooling, forms a transparent jelly; if the solution is colorless and free from smell, the gelatine is pure and well made; impure gelatine when melted has a yellowish color, and an unpleasant odor more or less offensive. In its demulcent character gelatine modifies the effect of irritating substances on the digestive organs, and is therefore useful after strong eathartics have been taken. But the same demulcent properties are found in ealf's feet, while jelly made from them is also slightly nutritions and very digestible; the calf's foot jelly sold by dealers is often made from gelatine, and for that reason it should be prepared at home. Two good recipes are given below, as well as several for wine jellies made from gelatine.

WINE JELLY (a bland, demulcent food, slightly stimulating, useful in irritable conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels; palatable and refreshing in those conditions of the system when but little nourishment is required).— Put two ounces of gelatine in a large bowl, add to it one pound of white sugar, a stick of thin einnamon, six whole cloves, and half a pint of cold water, and let them stand for about fifteen minutes, or until the gelatine is soft; then add a pint of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved; next put the whites and shells of two eggs into a saucepan, mix them for a minute, then pour in the dissolved gelatine, set the saucepan over the fire, stir its contents every minute until it boils and let it boil slowly until the jelly looks clear under the egg, which will rise to the

surface in the form of a scum. When the jelly is quite clear, strain it through a flannel jelly-bag dipped in hot water and wrung out: do not squeeze the bag: when the jelly is strained, add to it the strained juice of three lemons, and half a pint of good Madeira or sherry wine. Cool the jelly in tin or earthen moulds dipped in cold

CALF'S-FOOT JELLY (a demulcent food, easily digested, refreshing, and slightly stimulating, useful in most stages of illness and debility: to be used, of course, under the direction of a physician).— Clean four calf's feet by scalding and scraping them; wash them in cold water, and put them over the fire to heat gradually in four quarts of cold water; boil them slowly until the water is reduced to one quart, which will be in about six hours if the saucepan is kept covered. Then strain the broth, and cool it in an earthen bowl. When the broth, or rather jelly, is quite cold and firm, remove all fat from its surface; soften half an ounce of isinglass in half a cupful of cold water, put it into a saucepan, add to it the whites and shells of two eggs slightly beaten together, and pour in the jelly; next add one pound of white sugar, two thin sticks of cinnamon, and ten whole cloves, and boil and strain the jelly as directed in the preceding recipe for wine jelly. After the strained add to it one point of good sherry or Madeira wine, one glass of brandy, and the strained juice of two lemons, and cool it in moulds

wet with cold water.

Calf's foot Jelly with Port-Wine (a nutritious, digestible, stimulating food, useful in debility and for old persons).—Prepare and boil four call's feet in four quarts of water to one quart; strain and cool the jelly from them, and remove the fat from it as directed in the preceding recipe for call's foot jelly. When the jelly is cold, mix in the bottom of a saucepan the whites and shells of four eggs and a table-spoonful of cold water; pour the jelly on them, add half a pound of white sugar, set the saucepan over the fire, and let the jelly boil until it is clear under the egg; strain it as soon as it is clear, add to it the juice of one lemon and one pint of port-wine, and cool it in moulds wet with cold water.

SEA-Moss as a Nutrient. — The sca-mosses

most familiar in this country are Irish moss, or Carrageen, and Iceland moss. The former is gathered in abundance on the New England coast, thoroughly washed and dried, and then sold. None of the sea-mosses are poisonous, and most of them are excellent general foods, besides possessing medicinal properties. Their tonic action excites appetite and promotes digestion, while the bromine and iodine they contain make them useful in rheumatic affections, as indeed are all edible plants growing in or near the sea. The sea-mosses are generally used as demulcents in colds and irritated conditions of the mucous membrane of the digestive organs; they are digestible and nutritious, and at the same time a harmless aliment in almost every physical condi-

tion. According to the analysis of Stenberg, Iceland moss contains, when dried, more starch than potatoes, and more nitrogen or flesh food than oatmeal or Indian corn; sugar can be obtained from it to a considerable extent.

ICELAND-MOSS JELLY (a demulcent, nourishing

food, slightly stimulating, excellent in colds) .-Wash one ounce of moss in cold water, put it into a bowl, pour over it half a pint of cold water, and let it stand for an hour; then put it over the fire with one quart of boiling water and a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and stir until the moss is dissolved; then add the juice of two lemons and a glass of wine, and strain the jelly. Cool it in moulds wet with cold water.

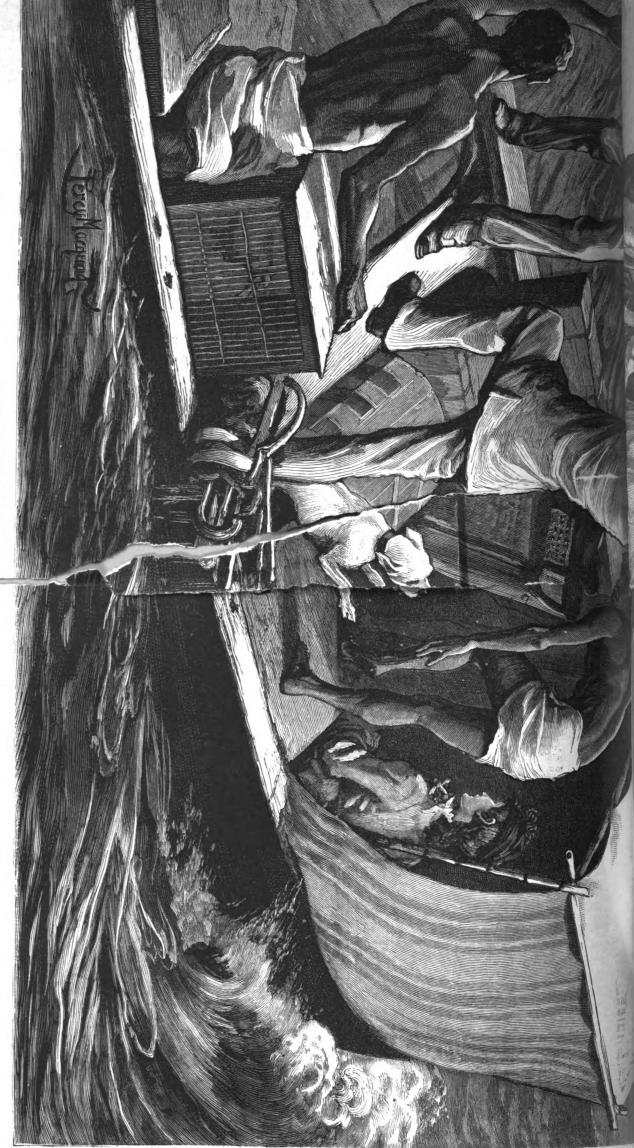
ICELAND-MOSS JELLY WITH WHITE WINE (a nutritious, digestible food, more stimulating than the preceding jelly, useful in all colds, bronchial affections, and consumption).—Soak an ounce of moss in half a pint of cold water for an hour, after washing it well with plenty of cold water. When it is soft, put it over the fire with another pint of cold water and a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and let these ingredients boil gently until the moss is quite dissolved; then strain the jelly, add half a pint of good white wine to it, and cool it in earthen moulds wet with cold water.

IRISH - MOSS JELLY (a tonic, nutritions, and digestible food, useful in conditions of debility and convalescence).—Wash the moss in plenty of cold water: put an ounce of it over the fire in a quart of cold water, and let the water get scalding hot; then pour off the water, add another quart of cold water to the moss, together with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and boil until the moss is dissolved; add a table-spoonful of the essence of almond, lemon, or vanilla, and strain and cool the jelly as directed above.

BLANC-MANGE (an exceedingly nutritions, digestible food, useful in convalescence after any illness, when sugar is suitable for the patient).—Wash three ounces of Irish or Iceland moss thoroughly in plenty of cold water, put it over the fire in a pint of cold water, and stir it occasionally until it is soft; add to it a quarter of a pound of sugar, a pint and a half of milk, and a very little grated nutmeg; set the saucepan containing these ingredients in a pan half full of boiling water, and boil them gently until the moss is entirely dissolved; then cool the blanc-mange in an earthen mould wet with cold water.

Moss and Fruit Jelly (a nontritions, digestible food for convalescents; its laxative quality may be increased by boiling with it two ounces of figs instead of using the current jelly called for in this recipe; with the figs less sugar is required than with the current jelly).—Wash two ounces of Irish or Iceland moss in plenty of cold water; soak it for fifteen minutes in one pint of cold water; then put it over the fire with another pint of water and a quarter of a pound of sugar, and boil it slowly until the moss is quite dissolved. Mix with it a heaping table-spoonful of currant jelly and cool it in earthen moulds wet with cold





DISEMBARKING FROM A

AND O. STEAMER.

or venerable judge who is coming home invalided. You are sure on the outward voyage to fall in with young officers of all arms, civil cadets, and hopeful youth who are seeking to take a pull at the Pagoda tree. Going and returning you are certain to have numbers of pretty women with you. Some with bright hopes are going out to join parents or relatives from whom the climate has forced them to be separated; some are returning to their native land with their little ones. There was a pleasant fiction that young ladies used to take the Indian voyage with the idea of making it the preliminary to a hymeneal voyage, and facetious tales have been told how bevies of damsels were consigned to experienced matrons, and married as soon as they landed. But the only grain of truth in the story is that life on board ship leads to one of two things—flirting and quarrelling. The arrival or departure of one of these huge vessels is always a picturesque sight, for on every side you see traces of the East. The crew of dark lasears on the deek and in the engine-room; Parsee merchants, in the conical caps of the same or or the deck and the design of the same or or the deck and the engine-room; the figures in the Assyrian bass-reliefs; fat Bengalee the offers a series of stopping-places that break the monotony of the passage, while at the same time the character of the passengers is more varied. You may meet on board quiet and unpretending men who when in furthest Ind are powerful proconsuls, and rule over princes whose ancestors were kings when Alexander the Great crossed the Hyphasis. You may meet some gray vectorn or venerable judge who is coming home invalided. You are sure on the outward voyage to fall in with young officers of all arms, civil cadets, and Ly known from Gravesend to Hong-Kong as the P. and O. boats, form the main link that binds India to England. Life on board a steamer is necessarily much the same on one line as on another, but the P. and O. route DISEMBARKING FROM A P. AND O. STEAMER. swarm of dusky attendants round them, who have been or are coming to travellers seek some boon or recover some claim from the imperial government; Chinese officials of high rank on diplomatic missions; settlers from Australia; me merchants from Japan; and nowadays an ever-increasing stream of travellers who perform the journey to India to see the splendor and the havoe of the Bazat mer familiar, asserts through one of its characters that a P. and O. Porge will marry any one who is willing to marry, and introduces us to a party of friends who for pleasure take the trip to visit Malta, Sucz, and Aden. He describes in his own charming style his heroine Yolande and her lover, the Master of Lynn, as they set out for the tideless waters of the Mediterranean. As Mr. Black remarks, the first thing passengers do is to speculate whether they will like the rest of the company, and then whether any friendships thus have travelled far, and who can discourse learnedly on the Rock of Gibralkar, the storching heats of Malta, or the pleasures of a trip up the Nile. The first part of the voyage, from England to Gibraltar, is usually dreaded, as the storching heats of be crossed. The Mediterranean voyage is pleasant, the ship. Passing through the Sucz Canal, the route lies through the fiery the deusual civilized modes of landing by little tug-boats, but in the Indian harbors, late ever the ladies are hoisted up or let down by a "whip," or a seat which is sus
lite the ladies are hoisted up or let down by a "whip," or a seat which is sus-

> n are brave and skillful in managing their strange craft. ded to a rope running through a pulley. The native boats in which the sit is effected are strange to the eye, but admirably adapted for the was they have to sail on and the shore they have to land at, while the boat-

ter; me

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LOED ?" "MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. UNDERSTOOD.

crington. His heart was very neavy as ne thought that this own hour—the time he should have the privilege of going to the house at his own hour—the time he should be able to feel his way, and if possible make it, with Mrs. rrington, and through her with Monica.
't was well-nigh a hopeless task altogether; but who gives up a task like A FEW days after this St. Claire went up to the Dower-house to pay his ewell professional visit. He had pulled the servant through her perilous uck, and now he must leave her to the beneficent care of nature and Mrs. rington. His heart was very hear to the beneficent that this was the last the benefit of the benefit of the benefit of the last the benefit of the be

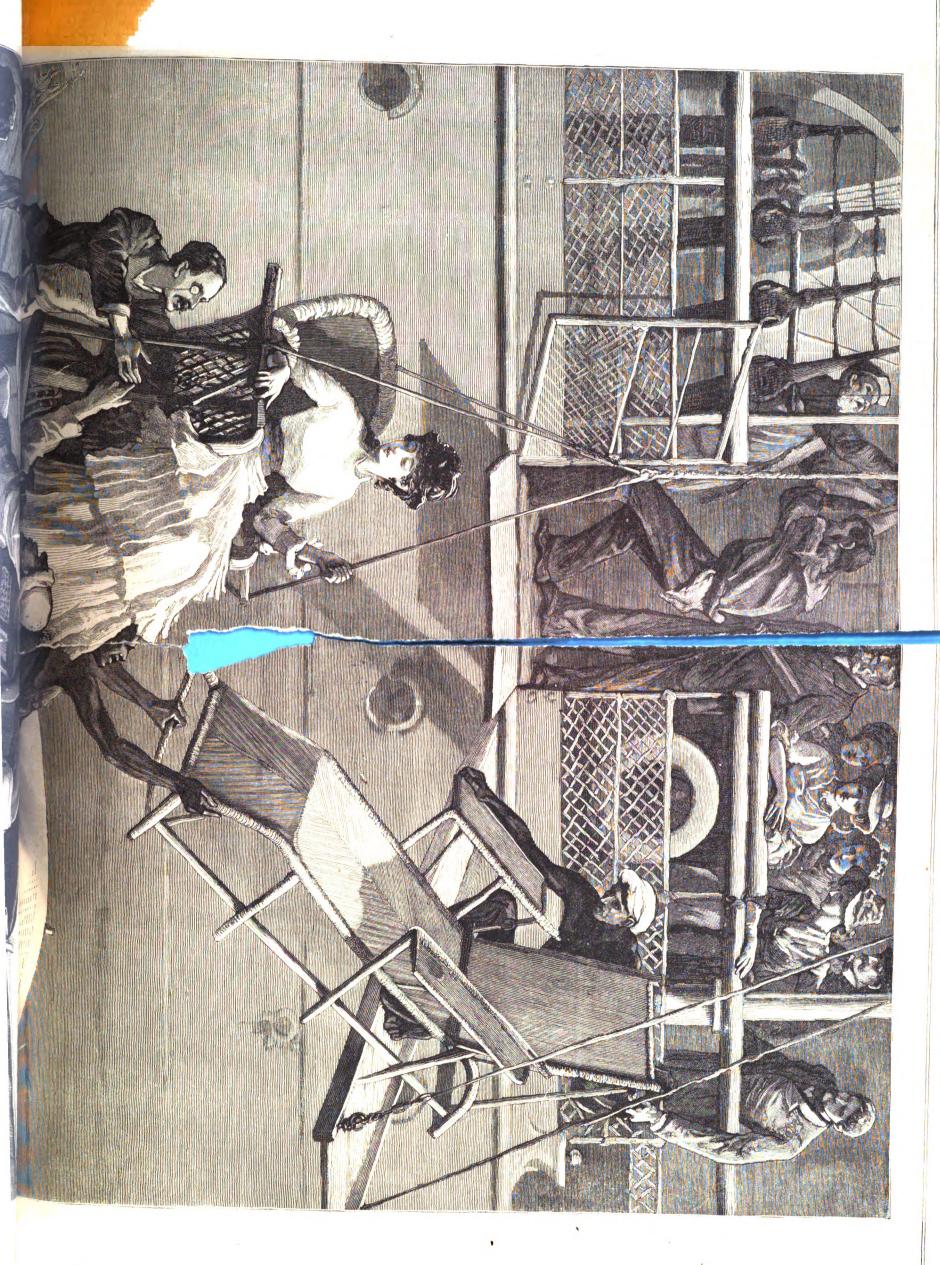
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* Begun in Harper's Bazan No. 2, Vol. XVI.

this while hope has a spark of life remaining? What is a man's love worth if it can not face obstacles? and what is his manhood worth if it can not overcome them? And yet—is there any use in struggling with the unconquerable?—in defying the inevitable? Even Thor could not overthrow Old Age, nor uproot the foundations of the earth; and how, then, should he, St. Claire, conquer those adverse social forces arrayed against him, which were as formidable as they were potent? Truly the stars in their courses had, as he said, fought against him all through; and none were on his side—no, not one! His profession; his want of fortune; his father's tragic end; Monien's social station; the quiet devotion and self-suppression of her character; her duties to her mother, to her family, to society; her assignment to Edward Formby—all were against him. And to oppose this hostile phalanx he had only his youth, his good looks, his love, himself. It was an unequal struggle. Still, he would strive to the end; and at least he would not have to reproach himself for faint, heartedness himself for faint-heartedness.

The stars, however, were doubly adverse to-day. It had been Monica's invariable habit to be at home with her mother at that five-o'clock tea to which he had been such a constant guest of late. But to-day she was absent—by accident or design? He had not seen her since the dinner party. Had too much been said and shown then for her to date to trust herself ust drain? or was it her sign to him that he had gone beyond his tether, and that she wished him to understand his place? Whatever the cause, here was the result; she was absent; and only Mrs. Barrington sat by the little oval table covered with that quaintly worked cloth which was now associated in his mind with the one charm of his existence—with the hope and the love, the sorrow, despair, and delight, of his life. How he knew every line and color of that strange border with its conventionalized flowers, its impossible

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dragons, its peacocks which were no more like the real thing than if they had been yew-trees clipped in outline! How it was the visible symbolism of the ideal land where he and Monica met and wandered through those unreal alleys, and sat hand in hand beneath those shadowy trees! He quite surprised Mrs. Barrington by the oddly intent way in which he, a man, looked at that em-

broidered border.
"He looks as if he wanted to take the pattern," she said to herself; then aloud, an elder's impatience with unexplained oddity getting the better of her, she asked St. Claire what he was studying so deeply in that border; and surely he did not do that kind of work himself?

"No," he answered, laughing, to hide his embarrassment. "I was only thinking how these mythic dragons and heraldic monsters ever took shape in the human mind-whether they were survivals in the historic memory of some lateliving pterodactyl or ichthyosaurus, or simply childish combinations, having no foundation in

"Oh, who can tell ?" said Mrs. Barrington, with the faintest accent of displeasure in her voice. Speculations of this kind were so hateful to her! she thought them so closely trenching on

No. indeed, no one can," said St. Claire, re covering his lost ground with his usual quickness. "As you say, Mrs. Barrington, speculations of this kind are mere waste of time."

She smiled pleasantly.
"Yes," she answered. "And you are not one of those dreamy unpractical creatures who waste this most valuable possession of all we have in foolish dreams and theories which are more fanciful and audacious than useful or reverent.'

"I hope not," said the young doctor, content to forswear himself if only Monica's mother would be gracious to him.

He gained his desire. Mrs. Barrington was gracious; and had he been in the modest and proper frame of mind for which she gave him credit, he would have been perfectly satisfied with things as they were. For the dear old lady took pains to show how frankly grateful she was for the care he had taken of her servant, and how frankly regretful that this was his last

"I shall quite miss you at my tea table," she said, in her sweet way. "But you must come to see me sometimes. You know where to find me, and I shall always be glad to see you.

He looked at her eagerly when she said this. With the illimitable folly of a lover he speculated on the chance of her words meaning more than they said-of the I including Monica. But he saw no trace of under-current of feeling or hidden meaning on her smooth, benevolent face in the gentle condescension of her kindly manner. She meant only what she said-that she Leen him in virtuous

would be glad to help to a paths by her mild tea and thin bread and butter; glad to minister to his soul's health, and to the maintenance of his graceful manners, by associating him with herself for half an hour at a sometimes, but not too often; glad to put up the social buckler of her patronage between him and that low company to which else she feared he might be destined. She wished him to understand that she had approved of his conduct while he had been in her temporary service, and that she was philanthropically pleased to reward him. That was all. There was no thought of Monica in the whole matter, and he was a fool and a madman for his pains!

He could stay no longer. He had exhausted all his pretexts, and had threshed out to the last fibre all his available subjects of talk. If he would not lay himself open to suspicion, he must now take his leave without being able to say good-by to Monica-without being able to look into her face and see where those few seemingly unimportant, but in reality significant, words had left her. His heart was heavy; his beautiful eyes, of which even dear old Mrs. Barrington felt the subtle charm, were sorrowful and pathetic as he stood up and thanked the lady for all her courtesy, her goodness, her kindness. She thanked him in return for his attention and care; and as they shook hands together a pleasant little interchange of friendly words passed between them—she repeating her hospitable invitation, he assuring her that he would profit by it, and both professing mutual trust, good-will, respect, and so much affection as the social abyss which separated them allowed or rendered possible.

Then he finally took his leave, bowed again as he was at the door, and so passed out into the hall, and from the hall down the broad flight of steps leading from the portico to the terracehis last visit to the Dower-house paid and ended.

He stood for a moment looking at what was before him. What an interesting place it was, with its quaint rows of clipped yew-trees, its oldfashioned close-set hedges, and its long straight -terrace on terrace—leading by steps down to the fountain and the fish-pond below The peacocks sunning themselves in the broad and screaming from the lower branches of the formal vew-trees; the pigeons fluttering about the gabled roof, and cooing to each other softly, unceasingly, with the pathetic yearning, the very remonstrance of love in their tones; the big brown wolf-hound lying tranquilly before the house door, knowing whom to trust and when to guard; the beds of fragrant flowers; the sweet long lines of Mary lilies, and colored foam of odorous sweet-pea; the chaliced clove-pinks and mignonette set about the feet of damask-roses and starry jasmine; the lazy summer sunshine lying over all, languid rather than fervid and more soothing than exciting-all added to the charm of this most delightful place, this bit of old-world beauty standing in the midst of the garish new, like a noble pearl, slightly discolored by age, set in the midst of Palais Royal jewelry.

And the ladies themselves, with their sugges-

tion of dried rose leaves and odoriferous gums they were in keeping with the house; out of the run of daily life as we have it now; something purer and more lovely, more modest and more gentle; something apart and sacred. And Monica, that crown of gracious womanhood, that flower of sweet unsullied maidenhood! Ah, how pure and beautiful she was! How well he understood now all that poets had ever written of their Beautiful Ladies, their Madonnas, their Lauras, their Beatrices, their Leonoras Maries! How well he knew the empire that lies in a saintly woman's life-the majesty of her faith, the nobility of her thoughts, the grand dominion of her purity. Before he came to Oak-burst he thought he had mastered some of life's most sacred secrets, and had touched the chords of some of its deepest melodies. Now he knew that he had known nothing, felt nothing; that his whole world had lain in the cold and colorless twilight of the early dawn before the sun had touched the mountain-tops with glory, or struck its warmth down to the roots of the forest trees. or shed its radiance on the way-side flowers. Neither of woman nor of man had he learned the deepest things; neither of life nor of death had he seen the truest meaning. His eyes had been blind, his mind obscured, until he came to where his Lady had awakened him with the living light of love. And now he knew all-but most of all he knew the infinite grandeur of woman, the infinite power of love, and the force of deathless

All this was in his mind as an impression rather than as a conscious thought while he stood for a moment on the terrace, facing the downward lines, and noting the fountain sparkling in the sun as the closing point of all.

Suddenly Monica came into view. She turned the corner of the lowest avenue, and came up the steps leading from the fish-pond and the fountto the house, through the garden and its quaint-cut alleys. She carried her hat in her hand, and her heavy hair, which had fallen a litloose from its fastenings, drooped on her shoulders in a waving mass of tender brown which the vellow sunlight turned to gold on the That sunlight fell on her face and barred the folds of the white dress she wore with lines of shining light. Of some soft clinging stuff, this dress had about it certain bands and spaces of pale green, so that she might be likened to a lily with its green sheath still about the base of the petals, and the face of the angel of which it was the natural expression looking out on life from the chalice. All grace, all purity, all virginal delicacy of soul and body - full of a quiet and tender melancholy which was less sadness than self-suppression—resigned, devoted, humble-making that strange land of ardent dreams her own world apart, and living in the dull monotony of cheerless fact for love's sake and duty—she was to St. Claire the very ideal of

chastened maidenhood, whose thoughts were brighter than her days, and whose visions reached beyond experience. She was his saint, his love, his lady; and to live for her happiness or to die for her gain would be equally his best attainment, should fate prove so far his friend as to grant him either the one or the other.

The shock of glad surprise on seeing her coming there in the sunlight so unexpectedly, after he had slain the hope of meeting her to-day and laid it in the grave of his despair, overcame all purely conventional considerations, and Armine ran hurriedly down the four flights of steps which were between them, to meet her as she ascended. By natural instinct, when he had met her he stood so that their positions were reversed. She was on the step higher than he, looking down on him and toward the fountain: he was on that lower step than hers, looking up to her and the

"This is my last visit. I have to wish you he said, speaking abruptly and with some difficulty.

Her gentle face was very pale, and as he said this it became even more pallid than before; but she kept it quite still and motionless, somewhat as if she were rehearsing a part which demanded absolute immobility of feature. Her eyes were rather darker than usual, and they did not look into St. Claire's face but over his head, and on to the fountain sparkling in the sun.

"I am sorry," she said, quietly.

Immediately after, she repented that she had said even so much; for such a sudden flash of joy broke over his face, such a passionate outburst of gratitude and delight seemed to stir his whole being, that she was both troubled and re-

For her path was clear; and since that dinner at the Manor she had realized her ov ger as well as grieved over his mistake. Henceforth there must be no pattering with this pleasant peril, no dallying with this seductive poison. Her duty was written in unmistakable characters. She could not mistake them. And reading those letters as clearly as she did, but one course was open to her. That which might have blossomed into such a glorious flower of life and love and happiness must be nipped now while it was time, and when only in the unacknowledged bud.

It was his last chance. Sooner or later he must tempt Providence, and try conclusions with destiny; why not now as well as hereafter? He might not see her alone again for weeks-why not utilize what might prove the turning-point of his career? The servant was out of his hands, and he could not count on any future occasion for daily visits. He must stake his all on the hazard of the die now at once, and know his fate before leaving.

Quite suddenly he said, in the same abrupt way as before:
"I want to have that point cleared up, Miss

Barrington. I want to have it thoroughly un-derstood. Do you think all unequal marriages, in all circumstances whatsoever, absolutely inad-

missible? Could you never be brought to make

one on your own account?"
"I would never marry without my mother's full permission," she said, answering the second half of his question and not the first.

"But if your mother gave her consent, would you then?" he asked, feverishly.

"I need not think of that-my mother never she answered, her voice a little lowered. would," "You heard what she said, and I know what

she feels."
"And you could not be moved against her wishes ?-not if you loved ?"

He looked up at her, his whole soul on his face; his love pleading for him in eyes, in voice, in gesture, in all but direct word.

She turned her eyes from the fountain and looked down at him with sad and infinite tenderness; then she looked back to those shining falling waters which somehow represented to her the eternal impossibilities of her life.

"I would never allow myself to love so as to hurt my mother," she answered, softly, yet with-out faltering. "I owe myself to her, and no one -no one-could induce me to pain her."

"But the heart is not to be commanded by duty," he said. "We love independent of our will."

"We must control ourselves if our love wars

with our duty," she answered. conscience, and self-restraint."

"And if you not only sadden your own life. but break another's heart ?" he asked.

"I must not break my mother's," she returned. "And is this your real feeling? your own voluntary resolution, not forced on you by pressure from without?" he asked again.

'Yes, it is," she said, in a low, clear voice. "My one great duty is to take care of my mo-

ther and make her happy."
"And your lover?—the man who loves you better than his own life?" he said, his words

half strangled with emotion. Again she brought her eves back from the fountain, and turned them down to the feverish,

grieving, upturned face below her.
"Hush!" she said, slightly raising her hand. "I have no lovers-no lovers anywhere-only friends. You will remember this?" she added, bending a little nearer as she spoke, her own face full of sweetest pity-of an almost divine tenderness-so that all sorrow for herself seemed swept away in the infinite sympathy she felt for anoth-"No man must ever confess to me or to others that he loves me, and I must not acknowledge even to myself that I love him. I have only friends-nothing nearer than friends,

she repeated, a little dreamily, and yet steadily. "You have one lover faithful to the death!" "Come what may, I said Armine, with passion. love you dearer than my life, and I shall always love you—always! No time, no change, not death itself, shall ever warp me from my alto som Monion And Line c.

by your dear name once—it is only for this once! Monica, the world's soul to me—the meaning of life—the hope of heaven!"

She held out her hand, affecting not to hear him.
"I must go now," she said. "My mother is expecting me. Good-by. Keep well. Be happy."
"Happy!" he said, bitterly. "I shall never be happy! How is it possible, when I have lost all I care for-all I have lived and hoped for?

Yes," she answered, gently, "you will—you must-for you are reasonable and good. You are good," she repeated: "you will be happy. I know you will, because I wish it. Good-by, and

She laid her hand in his. He carried it to his lips with that sad reverence of a love which is at once hopeless and intense. His eves were wet, but hers were tearless and dry. The strain as well as the sorrow was on her; on him was only the sorrow. She most be strong both to deny and to bear; he had only to bear with what cour age and manhood he possessed. The heaviest burden was on the woman, as it is so often !when she must pain herself as well as the man who loves her, and whom she loves, and refuse for conscience' sake that which would make her life's happiness so great. Poor weak loving woman, how much may be forgiven her because of her love and the burden of her sorrows!

"Good-by," he said, in a broken voice. "I understand vou. God bless vou! always, always my one gracious Lady, the priceless treasure of my life! No one can prevent my loving you," he went on to say, passionately. "I may not show it, even to you, and I must not ask your love in return; but thoughts and hearts are free, and to the end of time you will be the one sacred and secretly beloved woman of my inner life-

my beloved."
"Hush! hush!" she said; "you must not say these things; you must forget that you have said them. Remember, I have already forgotten," she said, simply and earnestly. "We understand each other—but all this is forbidden.

"Ah, what I have lost!" he exclaimed, in a kind of agony. "But at least your friendship remains to me? your friendship is mine forever, is it not?" he repeated, as if he found in that repetition some strange comfort and anchorage.

Forever," she answered, solemnly-" forever. My friendship?-yes, always; we will be always friends." She passed her hand over her forehead, and both stood for half a moment silent. Then she seemed as if she woke from a dream. "Now good-by, once more," she said, looking at him steadily. "Nothing is changed between us, him steadily. "Nothing is changed between us, and we stand just where we did. You understand all this, do you not? Nothing is changed -never has been-and we are friends as we were in the beginning. Just the same—all the same as in the beginning. Good-by," she repeated, tenderly, as she made a little movement with her hand—a movement that seemed to express both a benediction and a farewell—then turned away

and went slowly up the steps toward the house, leaving St. Claire standing in the yellow summer sunshine, alone.

He had made no way, and his It was all over. doom of exile had been pronounced. first time he realized the full disabilities of his position, and tasted the true bitterness of his social fall. He was only a country doctor, and Monica Barrington, one of the county families, could never be his wife. His youthful theories about a man's individual worth, and the glorious application of science in the mitigation of human ills, where were they now? Standing there in the garden of the Dower-house, a rejected suitor for the hand of the only woman he had ever loved, or, as it seemed to him, ever could love, what good did they do him? what solace did they bring? All of which he was conscious was that the bright bubble of his hope had burst forever, and that he must bear his anguish in the best way he

As for Monica, who could say what was in her heart as she went in to her mother in the sweet and gracious way that was natural to her, dreamy yet loving, her perceptions not always fully aroused, but her heart ever responsive, her sense of duty ever active, her unselfishness never slack-

"My dear," said her mother, "Dr. St. Claire has just been here for the last time. I am sorry you were not at home. I shall really quite miss his visits. He is a very painstaking and creditable young man, poor creature, and he has always behaved well here."

"I met him as I was coming home, and wished him good-by," said Monica.

She spoke quite calmly; perhaps a little more under her breath than usual; but she had always a low voice and a soft intonation.

"That was right," said Mrs. Barrington, looking at her fondly.

The girl was standing so that the light fell full on her face, and made every line and marking clear even to the mother's dimmer vision.

"My dear child, how pale you are!" claimed. "Are you well, Monica? I have never seen you so pale."

"Am I?" she answered, forcing a smile. "It is nothing, dear mother. I am quite well. Perhaps the heat has touched me a little. It seemed a long way to the village to-day. It must have been the heat."

You should not have walked. You should have had the carriage," said Mrs. Barrington, who had the mania for finding reasons and marking the fault.

It is nothing," repeated Monica; "but I think I will go upstairs and lie down for a little while. You will not mind my leaving you, mother? I have a little headache, after all."

She spoke in a curiously staccato way, her sentences disconnected one from the other; and a spoke she passed her hand again wearily i, as she had passed it in the

ertainly I shall not mind your and lie down till dinner-time, leaving me. said Mrs. Barrington. "It is evide and a little rest will do you good." "It is evidently the heat,

Monica kissed her mother, then went upstairs, but not to lie down for the sake of her headache. On the contrary, she flung herself on her couch, and turned her face to the pillows, weeping bitterly. The strain was relaxed, and the reaction came, as it needs must. But through all her tears she said to herself again and again, as if she were repeating a charm: "It will all pass, and he will marry some one else. I have done my duty, and it will pass-with him; but never with me.

When the gong sounded for dinner, and she went down-stairs again, she found Theodosia already installed. Anthony was dining out officially, and the feather-headed little wife hated soliide. The atmosphere of the Dower-house was certainly not very congenial to her, but it was better than loneliness; so she had come to bestow herself on her mother-in-law, and her mother-in-law had accepted the gift and made her welcome.

"My goodness, Monica!" she exclaimed, as the girl came into the room, "what a ghost you look! You are as white as a sheet, and you look as if you had heard some awful news. And your eyes are as red as if you had been crying. Have you been crying, Monica?"—pertly.
"Theo! what an idea!" said Monica, with a

forced smile.

"My dear Theodosia, what should Monica have to cry about?" asked Mrs. Barrington, seriously, looking over her spectacles as if she expected to see something strange.

what I do she looks like it," said Theodosia, still keeping her eves fixed on her sister-in-law.

"Do I?" said Monica, rubbing her cheeks with forced playfulness. "Are they any redder now,

"Your eves are no less red," said Theodosia, with a curious air of meaning. "I think there must be something in the weather to-day," she continued, in her light, flippant way; "for I met Dr. St. Claire as I was coming here, and he looked as much of a ghost as you do, Monica, and as if he had been crying too. Had you been scolding him, Monica?"

Nothing was so rare to Monica as to blush. When she was most moved she usually became most pale; but now the blood rushed up into her face in a rosy flood, and she answered, for her,

quite petulantly:
"You certainly contrive to say the most extraordinary things possible, Theo. I wonder where you get your ideas from—from nothing real, I am sure."

"From my own head-and my own eyes," answered Theodosia, sharply, her bright and glittering orbs fixed with a curiously searching as well as mocking expression on her sister.

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"It is a pity, my dear, they have such a poor foundation," said Mrs. Barrington, calmly.

"Oh, I know, mamma, you think me a perfect idiot," said Theodosia, tossing her head. "But I am not so silly as I look, and I see more than

"Into millstones, I fancy, my dear," returned her mother-in-law, taking her daughter's arm as they went in to dinner.

they went in to dinner.

All that evening Theodosia was moody and somewhat morose, strangely silent, and when she spoke decidedly snappish and cross. She spoke suddenly of Dr. St. Claire more than once, and looked sharply at her sister-in-law when she did so; and she said all sorts of disagreeable little things about him—now that she had heard he was going to marry Miss Flora Farley, or now that he was a most disgraceful and decided flirt. She seemed as if she wanted to goad Monica to some kind of defense; but she prodded in vain. The sweet, dreamy eyes neither flashed nor failed, and the only answer made to her vicious sallies was, "Oh!" "Indeed!" "Really!" "Do they say so?" or the like.

Still, Theodosia was not beaten off the scent, and Monica saw that she was not. But Mrs. Barrington, who understood nothing of hidden meanings, was simply weary of, and rather offended by, the censorious pertinacity of Anthony's wife; and when she went away, the dear lady said, with the mild sareasm which was the utmost limit to which her cynicism could reach:

Theodosia was in an unusual mood to-night. I do not know which is the more objectionable her chatter and frivolity, or her ill temper and ill nature. Ah, my poor son! what a choice he has made!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAIRIES. "The Good Beople."

FAR from our lives in seeming, Far beyond sound or sight, Yet in our waking dreaming Visiting us by night; Hiding from garish noonday, Shrinking from jest and jar, Gliding adown the moon-ray, Beckoning from the star; Into the chamber trooping, Sad where we sit and still, Over our bowed heads stooping, Wooing us to their will! Floating around the embers, Haloed with glow-worm sheen, Wreathing translucent members Robed in transparent green. Gathering ever nearer, Mystic messenger-elves! Bringing back clearer, dearer, Dreams we have dreamt conselves Chiding mid sweet caressing, Cheering our craven mood, Blending reproach with blessing, Working us grace and good! Freeing from dullard doubting, Clearing our eyes to see, Morbid misgivings scouting, Telling of things to be-Loveliest things all stainless, Fathomless joys all pure, Perfected lives all painless, Pardon and peace and cure! Vowing earth's saddest stories In gladness shall issue yet, Trowing earth's hidden glories Eternity's gems are set, Singing, the fairy legions Drift beyond sight or sound, Winging to wondrous regions, Where shall our quest be found! Eden, the kingdom olden, Eden, the ever-new, Guardeth each vision golden, Even till all come true!

NAMES, SURNAMES, AND NICKNAMES.

Sought we by sun and starlight?

Lo! in the Fair Land's far light,

Love, which is paradise!

Strove we mid flame and ice?

EVERY one is aware, from the Bible if from no other source, that there was a time when people did without surnames; but it may at first sight be startling to be told that there was ever a time when the simple name, in our sense of the word, did not exist at all; that is to say, that there was once no settled custom of bestowing on name by which he was to be known through life; but children were left nameless. designated, when there was occasion to speak of them, by any chance epithet sufficiently descriptive to identify them, until perhaps some one nickname, more strikingly appropriate than the rest, might come to be generally adopted, and acquire something of the fixity of a regular name. But however strange such a state of things may seem to our modern ideas, there can be no reasonable doubt that in the earliest ages of human society it must actually have prevailed. Unless we are prepared to ascribe to primitive man the possession of some mysterious prophetic instinct, we can not suppose that the invention of fixed personal nomenclature could take place until the need for it had been shown by experience, and in a simple, inartificial state of society the want of regular names would not be likely to be strongly felt. Even at the present day there are some uncivilized peoples amongst whom the descriptive nickname is the only sort of personal designation in use, while there are many communities, by no means always amongst the lowest grades of savages, in which the formal name is conferred only

when the person attains the age of manhood. This last-mentioned phenomenon is especially significant, as it presents to us a picture of a mid way stage in the development of the personal name.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S DAUGHTER.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ONE morning, before rehearsal, in the greenor room of the opera-house, Von Tromp, the barytone, asked Signor Notti if he had yet seen the daughter of their prima donna. It is astonishing what a commotion this question, delivered in the sonorous tones of Von Tromp, aroused among those of the members of the orchestra and company who were standing and sitting around the greenroom stove.

Signor Notti was never very quick to answer a question in English, so Monsieur Laflip, the French tenor, had opportunity to remark: "It is that which harass me. They say she have but yester-day arrive to these shores. Now, my friends, to what position will they place her in this company

"How can we tell what she will do when we have never seen her?" said Madame Hilary, the contralto. "If I could put my eyes on her, I

"But she may not sing at all," said Signor Paulo, the basso. "Perhaps she vill dance."

"In the ballet," sneered Madame Hilary.

"That's very likely, and she the daughter of the manager. I believe she will prove to have a sort of low sourane voice."

of low soprano voice."
"And vy?" cried Signorina Morine, who was announced in the bills as a mezzo-soprano.

"Because it is so easy," replied Madame Hi-ry. "Almost all green young things have that kind of a voice."

Here Von Tromp rolled in his barytone between these two. "It matters not so much," said he, "what she will sing as what is her adjective."

"For de beels. Yaas, dat is mohs cemportanteh," said Signor Notti, with a troubled air. Signor Notti generally had a troubled air. He He was one of those small tenors who appear in Don Giovanni, where they are led about from scene to scene between Donna Anna and Elvira. He was not much afraid that it would be said that the young woman was anything grazia, but he thought (in Italian) that the matter might as well be settled.

"There are no adjectives left that I know of," said Madame Hilary. "'Talented,' 'brilliant,' things about a 'fine organ,' and such terms as would suit a beginner are already in use. But I expect her mother will do something very good

for her."
"And so she ought," cried Madame Gander-

ort, who sang in the soprani chorus, and was married to the triangles and cymbals, or at least to the performer on those instruments. "An' so vould I eef I had von daughter and von koom-

Madame Gandervoort was a good woman. She always appeared before the foot-lights in a lownecked dress and red-heeled slippers, no matter what the rest of her costume might be; and at home she wore black woollen stockings, and washed dishes for five boys and a (sometimes very) triangular husband.

she sall call her figlia vot she sall pleeze, but she sall not say ze eminenteh mezzo-soprano from ze Conservatoire uf Botzen," remarked Signorina

"I don't think she'll be likely to want that," said Madame Hilary; "for I never believed there was any conservatory at Botzen. You ought to know, Von Heins," said she to the trombone-player, "for you came from that country. Is there a conservatory at Botzen?"

'Hum!" said Von Heins, stroking his beard-"hum! Conservatory at Botzen, hey? Hum! Anybody ought to know about dat."

"But eet ees not the conservatoire, eet ees the adjectif," said Signor Paulo, who had his eye upon the whitening countenance of the eminent Morine.

"It is that she can not have the 'favorite,' because they know her not at all; and besides the

'favorite' it is mine," said M. Laflip.
"Perhaps they will give her 'most eminent,'"
said Madame Hilary. "They say that 'most eminent' will be all the rage this season."
"Eef zay do—" cried Signorina Morine; and

then she restrained herself. She knew her vocabularian weaknesses

"She may be a real soprano," said Amanda Hastings, of the contralto chorus, the firm ally and spasmodically paid dressmaker of Madame Hilary; "and Madame Sohn may let her go on as prima donna seconda. They do that sometimes."

"They must have the very fine eve for the language if they to themselves say that," remarked Laffip. "For me, I think her good mother will to her give the adjective of 'brilliant.' It is a good one for the beginners."

"But what then becomes of my solos?" inquired the cornet-a-pistonier, who had just got the drift of the conversation into his bald head. "Can anybody tell me that?" and he glared around for information. No one answered him, but Mr. Sylvester, the basso-profondo, looked over the stove at Madame Hilary and smiled.

"I have several adjectives," said he, "and I never use but one of them at a time. She can have any of them that she may choose. How would 'thunderous débutante' sound ?'

Here Mr. Sylvester smiled over the stove again, and everybody laughed, for the big basso-profondo was a great wit, and might have been a buffo just as well as not, and played Leporello if he only could have seemed as funny on the stage as

he did off of it.
"Oh, you needn't all laugh so," said Amanda

Hastings, "for there was a woman once with a

bass voice, and she had a beard."
"I propose," said Von Tromp, "that we give her the name of zusammenschlag, for I expect she is of inferior note."

No notice was taken of this remark, for Von Tromp had not a reputation for brilliancy.

At this moment Madame Sohn, the manager as well as the prima donna of the troupe, made her appearance, accompanied by her daughter. Madame Sohn was a tall, dark woman, with a look about her mouth as if it would open very wide. She came in, leading her daughter by the hand. Evidently there was to be a state introduction. The young lady had not the commanding presence of her mother. She was scraggy, and had

unmanageable yellow hair.
"Zounds!" said Mr. Sylvester, in a whisper to Von Heins, "you could turn her upside down and use her head for a horn mop."

"Ladiees and ghentlemen of my koompany," said Madame Sohn, "thees is my daughter, Bertha Sohn. After this morning she vill be von of us. For the last ten year my daughter haf led

At this moment a call-boy clutched the prima donna, and she stopped to scowl upon him. But on hearing his message she turned again to her audience.

"Excuse me von minute," she said. "The traysurer sends for me. I am back right off away." And she swiftly left the room.

For a moment the Fräulein Sohn and her new acquaintances stared each other in the face, and then the young woman, abashed by so many strange and apparently frozen countenances, retired to a window, and with her back to the com pany gazed out upon the busy scenes of a back

"The skies!" exclaimed Laflip, in an under-tone of horror, "is it that she will lead the orchestra ?"

"I never heard of such a thing in all my born days," said Madame Hilary, regarding the mop head at the window with a glance of astounded

The first violin was a little man, and he stood in the middle of the floor aghast. He turned pale and green, like a man with a bilious chill, and his long fingers clutched and unclutched like gnashing teeth. But he said never a word. He vas a Pole, and his little English fled dismayed

from his despair and horror.

"Lead the orchestra!" exclaimed Amanda Hastings.

"It's horrible. Like a Vienna woman!"

Von Heins, the trombone man, was a person of few words. He never spoke if he could help it, but he had a loud voice. And now he thundered out: "She shall never leat me! Ven it kooms to that, I vill take mine thrombone to mine house, and I vill lift him up to mine room, and I vill fill him mit goonpowder, and I vill blow him oop-bang! She shall never leat me

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. L. S.—Do not have napkin rings for your gnests who merely dine with you, as it is of course not sup-posed the napkins will be used after them by some one else. The guests place the napkins on the table, after using them, without folding them.

OLD SUBSOBLURE.—A frieze next the ceiling is now in favor for drawing-rooms. Get lighter paper than that you selected five years ago, when very dark pa-pers were the fashionable choice. Have small in-tricate irregular figures. The carpets may be darker than the paper, and must be bordered. Many people think it best to make up carpets in rug fashion; that is, in a square or else elongated, with a border all around, instead of fitting the carpet to the floor. The Persian designs and colors like those seen on Persian

riigs are liked for carpets.

Maid Mary.—A good way to preserve your Christmas cards is to paste them in one of the books similar to scrap-books that are now made on purpose for Christmas cards. You can arrange them with nice effect, and when prettily grouped they make a very interesting book of souvenirs. There are also large boxes of plush marked with "Christmas Cards" in gilt letters, and these are used to keep the cards nicely.

B. V. M.—A bride should wear white gloves at a home wedding with her blue satin dress.

FRIEND AND ADMIRER.—Have white ottoman silk for your entire wedding dress, or at least for the basque and train, with brocade or pearl embroidered satin for the front breadths of the skirt. A coachman's drab cloth dress would be nice for your travelling suit in March. Any tight-fitting wrap like a jacket or po-lisse is suitable with a coachman's cape. A velvet pelisse, either plain or brocaded, and bordered with fur, would be handsome with both your black dresses. You can have one of the new designs that slope away in front, and are only as long as a basque in the back and this will not conceal your satin and brocaded

ALIDA L.—Address Harper & Brothers. We can not answer your other inquiries, or give information concerning MSS. in this column.

SUBSORIBER.-It is dangerous to tamper with the

skin of the face. Best consult a physician.

X. Y. Z.—Have satin rhadames or else ottoman silk skirts of wine-color and of black to wear with your wine-colored velvet basque. You will find many suitable designs in the late numbers of the Bazar. A short visite of velvet, edged with a feather border, is a stylish wrap this winter. Long plush cloaks are very much less costly than they were last season, and can be had from \$40 upward.

JANE B.—A single pleating sewed to a stitched skirt

is liked for tailor-made cloth suits; sometimes the lower part of the skirt is cut in points that fall low on the pleating. The over-skirt is scant, of apron shape, and is stitched, but has no pleating. The basque is a short postilion. The wrap is a Prince Albert frockcont. This suit was described at greater length in the New York Fashions early in the season. The pelisse of cloth, with a skirt of velvet or of brocade, is in greater favor for a more dressy suit, and this does not need a tailor to make it.

CATHEBINE, AND OTHERS.—We have repeatedly said

that we can not assist any one in obtaining employ-ment or disposing of articles. We shall answer no

"Oh no, Von Heins," said Mr. Sylvester, "not gunpowder. That's not the style nowadays. Fill your trombone with nitro-glycerine, my good fellow. That will blow it up much better."

"I tinks I can blow oop mine own thrombone mit vot I pleases, hey? I vill blow him oop mit goonpowder myself. He is mine own."

"But you wouldn't want to be behind the age, would you?" asked Sylvester.
"I shall be behinds vat I pleases," cried Von

Heins, "and she shall never leat me."

In the mean time there was other sorrow than that of Von Heins. Mrs. Gandervoort had her husband by both his hands, and tears stood in her eyes. "Dere vas a voman in Anspach," she her eyes. "Dere vas a voman in Anspach," she faltered, "who led an orchestrah mit a dryangle. Oh, mine Herr, vot vill becoom of de leetle vons Oh, mine poys! mine leetle poys! an' Hans mit de measles too."

Here the door opened, and Madame Sohn reentered. The greenroom company instantly resumed the frozen look it wore when she left it, and the frowzy-headed daughter turned her face inward from the window. The prima donna had scarcely reached the middle of the room when the first violinist stepped before her. His despair had previously overwhelmed his English, and now his Polish was too much for his discre-tion. The language of Kosciusko sprang in vociferous fragments from his mouth. But if he had poured a scuttle of coals down the water-spout, it would have sounded just as much like talking to the prima donna. No one else understood a word he said, but, with the exception of Madame Sohn and her daughter, every person in the room understood very well what he meant. had poured a scuttle of coals down the water-They knew he was saving, as he stood there with his pea-green face and his gnashing fingers, that he would never play under the leadership of that yellow-headed girl. No! He would pass away gradually by starvation, and his imitation Cremona should follow him to his lonely grave, but she—a girl—should never regulate his appropriature, his cadenze-sospese, and his sdrucciolati.
"What does the man mean?" asked Madame

No one answered. What the first violin disguised in Polish, they hid in silence. They were a unit in regard to the rebellion. The poor Pole essayed to speak again, but his words, with their sharp edges and corners, stuck fast in his throat. He turned on his heel, and with a sort of agonized foreign amble he retreated to a corner.

Receiving no answer to her question, Madame Sohn, who was accustomed to the eccentricities of string genius, wisely let the subject drop, and resumed her former discourse.

"Ladiees and ghentlemen, zis is mine daughter, Bertha Sohn. For the last ten year she haf led the orphan's life, alone in the natif villitche vere she vas born. She shall belong to my koompany, but she do not sing, and as Heinrich Jhackson is sick, she shall to-day go under de stage to stomp mit de pole ven de commandant's ghost comes valkin' on. Zat vill do for her to begin

ne on the susseer. S. N. S .- Yes, it means that on the day of the wedding you should send your visiting-card, if you do not attend the wedding, addressed to the lady who invites you. If only invited to the church, send or leave your visiting-card at the house a few days after the reception. There was no such phrase as you quote in the paper on luncheon etiquette. If you are asked to a luncheon, write your acceptance or regret on a sheet of note-paper. Do not, in answer to any invitation, send your card with the word "regrets" written on it, as is sometimes done by ignorant people. You send your regret or acceptance to a luncheon immediately

on receiving your invitation.

F. F. V.—When two ladies attend a church wedding, and the usher gives his arm to one, the other follows immediately behind.

L. M. C.—We do not approve of a lady's sending her

card to a gentleman, but if she does, she should also send that of the lady in whose house she is staying, and merely her address. She can use one or two enand departure, that is unnecessary.

OLD SUBSORIBER.—An "at home" in the morning

or afternoon means that you shall call with your bonnet on. Wear any handsome dark dress, and leave your heavy cloak in the hall. An "at home" in the evening means a small informal party, at which you dress less gayly than you would at a ball, but still do not wear your bonnet. A rich black velvet is a dress suitable for any occasion.

An Old Subscriber.—The French pronunciation is Yo'lande, but Englishmen commonly say Yo-lan'de. Romola being the feminine of Romulus, is accented in

New Subsormer.—Get a long seal-skin cloak with square sleever, as they are likely to remain in fashion. Nearly the whole width of the front breadth of your skirt may be visible as your velvet pelisse falls open. You can trim it with fur down each side of the front and up the openings of the back, if you like; but as you are small and fleshy, you should omit a border around it, as that will make you look short and broad.

IGNORANUS.—The cloth and velvet dress with cut pattern No. 3366, illustrated in Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI., is an excellent design for you, as you are short; but if you prefer a pleated skirt, you will find two good models on page 37 of the same paper. Your ideas about the short wrap are very good. The round cape illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 52, Vol. XV., is seen on many elegant costumes, and an over-dress on the first figure on the same page would also be handsome for you.

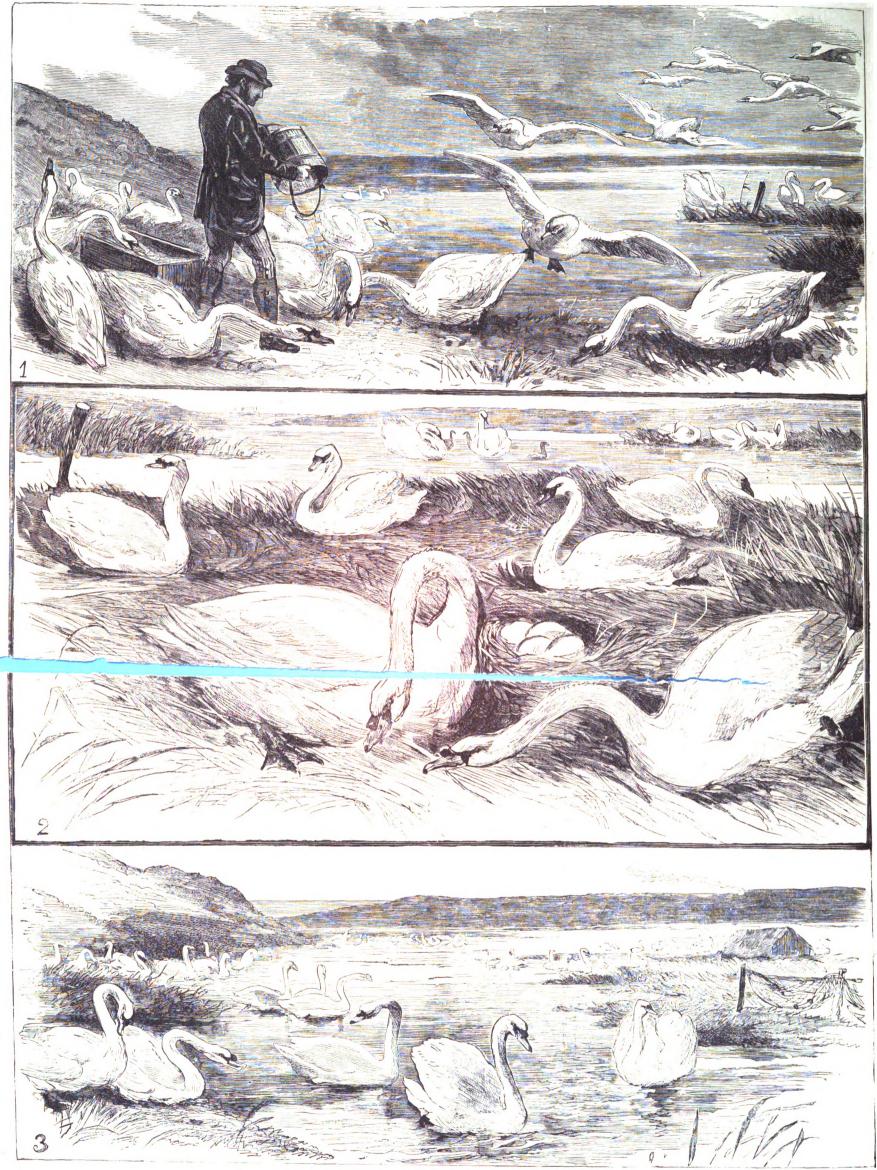
R. C. M.—Boys of fifteen months wear yoke slips of white muslin and pique sacque dresses. Have a walking coat of gray or brown basket-cloth of light quality for spring. Make it with two large box pleats in the back, double-breasted fronts, and a deep collar trimmed with pleatings of silk under scalloped edges of the ma-

Mrs. F. A. G.—The four panels with fans between must cover the front and side breadths of the foundation skirt upon which they are placed. Put on the fan pleats first, and you will then see how wide and

deep to make your panels.

L. J. C.—Use velvet to combine with your Irish poplin for a collar, plastron, cuffs, and panels, with haps a pleating at the foot. Seal brown, gray, dark green, or terra-cotta red will look well with silver gray. You can have a handsome walking suit made of it, with a long pelisse richly trimmed with velvet of any one of the colors you like, and a box-pleated skirt, with one or two wide bands of the velvet on the skirt.

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1. Feeding the Swans, 2. Swans Nesting. 3. Taking the Water.

A SWANNERY.

A SWANNERY.

A SWANNERY.

A BBOTSBURY, in Dorsetshire, although only nine miles from the watering-place of Weymouth, is not much visited. Yet it well repays the journey. Sheltered from all cold winds, tropical plants flower in its gardens; and here the strange bank of pebbles called the Chesil Bank touches the shore after stretching eighteen miles from the Bill of Portland. Between the Chesil Bank and the shore is a lagoon of brackish water called the Fleet, and here Lord Ilchester extends his fostering care to upward of a thousand swans. The number of birds congregated together reached fourteen hundred a few years ago, but the terrible winter of 1879–80 destroyed the green weed on which the birds chiefly subsist. Lord Ilchester's swanherds sought to avoid any loss of their charges by distributing among them five or six sacks of

barley weekly, but notwithstanding this precaution many of the birds sought the shelter of Portland Breakwater, where they still remain. The swans at Abbotsbury belong, like the swans on the Thames, to the species Cycons olor, or Mute Swan. They can be distinguished from the "Hooper" or Wild Swan (Cycons ferus), the Hamburg Swan (Cycons immutabilis), and the American Trumpeter by the red color of the beak and the protuberance (called in swanherds' parlance the berry) which grows at the base of the bill. Specimens of all these varieties may be seen in the Central Park; and it may be added that it is the Wild Swan that is the

Park; and it may be added that it is the Wild Swan that is the theme of poets, and that is supposed to sing before it dies.

The best time to visit a swannery is in the spring, when the birds are in their full plumage, and busily engaged in nesting. The "pen"—which is the technical word for the female swan, as "cob" is for the male—is an excellent mother. She builds her peet is is for the male—is an excellent mother. She builds her nest in

the thickest recesses of some reed bed, and watches with anxious eyes and threatening neck the intruders on her domain. The cygnet of the Mute Swan is, as we all know from Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the *Ugly Duckling*, anything but a handsome bird, with its dirty plumage and leaden-colored beak. The parent bird, however, looks after it with the utmost devotion, and pecks fiercely at any rower who comes too near. The swans which are seen on the Thames as one ascends the river are chiefly the property of the Queen and of the London Company of Vintners. Annually there is a "swan-upping" held, when the cygnets are caught and marked on the bill by the swanherds of the Queen and the Company.

In England the bird was for a long time protected by severe penal enactments, but now it has a better safeguard in the general admiration which is always felt at the sight of this stately



Fig. 1.—Spring Mantle. Cut Pattern, No. 3394; Price, 25 Cents.

snow white creature. But in spite of its stateliness and dignity of bearing, the swan soon learns to beg and to come and be fed by the children in the Park. In the Park there were lately about thirty Mute Swans, six Hoopers, three Trumpeters, and twelve Black Swans from Australia. On the further side of the lake, on a little promontory, they usually their nests and hatch out their young ones. In our ice-bound winters they require both food and shelter, for otherwise, like their wild congeners, they would migrate to open water. The note of the wild swans, as they fly in the form of a triangle, broadening out behind their leader, can be heard a long way, and on a still, frosty, moon-lit night a very little imagi-nation will give it a musical intonation.

Evening Dresses. Figs. 1 and 2.

THE dress Fig. 1 has a short light blue silk skirt, trimmed with a pleated flounce headed by shirring. The lower skirt drap are of chiné blue silk, that on the front being edged with deep silk fringe, while the upper draperies are of plain silk, looped with pink roses. The short pointed basque of plain silk has basque of plain silk has a square neck and elbow sleeves, and a plastron and drapery of chiné silk, or-namented with rose sprays.

The dress Fig. 2 is composed of a basque and train of velvet brocade, a salmon - colored satin ground with dark garnet flowers, and a puffed skirt front of salmon-colored satin. The skirt is bordered with a satin puff headed by a pleated frill, and to this is added, across the



Fig. 1.—Plain and Chiné Silk Dress.

Fig. 2.—Brocade and Satin Dress.

Figs. 1 and 2.—EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 2.—Spring Pelisse. Cut Pattern, No. 3395: Price, 25 Cents.

the corner on each side. A row of daisy-shaped or-naments in plush and jet is set around the front, and a cluster of yellow

roses is at the top.

The round hat Fig. 2 is of cuir-colored English straw, with dull red velvet for trimming, and shaded red ostrich feathers tipped with cuir-color. Two frills of double velvet encircle the crown, the edge of the lower being covered by a bias fold, on which small buckles of bronzed cut steel are slipped at even distances. A long ostrich plume and two short tips are on the left side. The brim has a smooth velvet lining.

Ladies' Spring Wraps. Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.-MANTLE. This short mantle is made of the dress material to com-plete the suit, or else of dark Cheviot, Sicilienne, and other materials, to be worn as an independent wrap. The model illus-trated is of dark green Amazon cloth, lined with thin salmon-colored satin. The cape and the added side-pleated basque, which is sloped short and high toward the back, are edged with a thick passementeric cord in gold and dark green. Bronze buttons fasten the front, which is trimmed with two passementerie rosettes.

Fig. 2.—Pelisse. This is a close-fitting garment made of dark brown ribbed cloth, with fronts cut away toward the bottom, and fullness given by deep pleats on the tournure in the back. It is richly braided with thick soutache of the same color, the trimming

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outer part of the sleeve. Large oblong crochet buttons fasten the front.

These illustrations show the two distinctive styles of spring wraps—the short mantle, more or less elaborately trimmed, which is suitable for all occasions, and the tight-fitting pelisse, which is worn either as an independent wrap or as part of a suit, and which is especially in favor for

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IMPARTS NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

DB. S. F. Newcomer, Greenfield, O., says: "In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forget-fulness and disinclination to think, move, or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new life and vigor."—[Adv.]

PETRIE'S FACE POWDER.

THREE shades—White, Pink, and Flesh. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents per large box. Read BESSIE DARLING'S endorsement below: 1925 Madison Ave.

Mr. John Petrie, Jr. :

It is with pleasure I state my appreciation of your Petrie's Face Powder, which I find vastly superior to any stage cosmetic I ever used. Cheerfully I recommend it to my profession. Faithfully yours,

BESSIE DARLING.

Sent free on receipt of price. Postage stamps JOHN PETRIE, Jr., Proprietor, 110 Reade St., New York.—[Adv.]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Co-coalne. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best. [Adv.]

COUGHS.—" Brown's Bronchial Troches" are not new and untried, but, having been tested by constant use for an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.—[Adv.]

C. C. Shayne, Furrier, 108 Prince Street, N. Y., will send Fur Fashion Book free to any address.—[Adv.]

Lime-Juior and Pepsin has fully established its claim as the best aid to digestion. Caswell, Massey, & Co., 1121 Broadway and 578 5th Ave.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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WONDERFUL REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

DISCOVERY OF THE MOST DEADLY ENEMY OF MAN-KIND. THE BACILLUS AND ITS RAVAGES.

The scientific world has been greatly startled and agitated of late by the discovery with the microscope of the most dreadful enemy of mankind in the form of myriads of little death-dealing parasites. The air we breathe and live in is charged with these deadly little growths in proportion as it is infected from various noxious sources. Having by recent experiments and research been shown to be the most fruitful cause of disease known, and the welfare and health of every individual depending so largely on the freedom from their destructive ravages, it is but natural that the reports of recent investigators in this field of scientific inquiry should be widely read, and that every phase of these astounding discoveries should be subject to universal discussion. At first received with some suspicion, they have at length been thoroughly proven, and are now receiving the unqualified endorsements of the leading scientific men throughout the world. But little else is talked of in the schools and clubs of science, and the medical and scientific journals are crowded with the testimony that is being added corrobora-tive of the value of the marvellous discovery, which is pronounced the greatest advance in medical science of modern times.

To L. PASTEUR, the eminent French scientist, who by his learned investigations has saved to France so many millions of dollars, is probably due the honor of first pointing out the terrible power of these germs. In recognition of his great service the government has recently voted him from the public treasury \$10,000, with which to continue his experiments. He has described several varieties of these parasites, some comparatively harmless, others extremely dangerous. One form he proved, by a series of vaccinations and other conclusive experiments, was the cause of death of many thousands of animals and herds of cattle; another, the active agent in the death of fowls by cholera. Acting upon the knowledge he had gained of the nature of these germs, he pointed out a means of relief that speedily prevented a spread of the diseases and ended their devasta-

TYNDALL, with the aid of other eminent English investigators, made a number of examinations of the floating particles in the atmosphere, and found numbers of living spores capable of producing disease. In dry and healthy localities but few germs were found, and these of the harm less varieties, while in low, damp places, crowded houses, and unhealthy cities, the poisonous germs were extremely numerous everywhere.

Dr. RUDOLPH KOCH, of Wallstein, Germany, a man whose work in connection with the organisms tacious diseases has made him a recognized authority upon the subject, by experimenting after the methods of VILLEMIN, has discovered

and published an account of one of the most dangerous varieties, to which it is proven more deaths are due than to any disease incident to the human

He describes it as a simple cellular organism belonging to the same order as the bacteria. When dried the germs may, without losing any vitality, endure great extremes of temperature. Being as fine and as light as dust, invisible to the naked eye, they may be blown any distance by the wind or carried upon the clothing or body. Like seeds, they may lie for months or years undisturbed upon the furniture, floor, carpets, curtains, walls, or in the bedding, and only requiring a proper degree of warmth, moisture, and food to waken into life, develop, and grow. They thrive and live in the blood, lymph, mucus, and secretions of the human body. When the system is unhealthy or weak they attack the cells that make up the animal frame. Any albuminous fluid will furnish them with food for growth, and a single drop is sufficient to contain hundreds. Examined with microscopes of great power, which enlarge them so that they can be seen and studied, they have the appearance of minute rod-like bodies, having, when active, some power of motion. They bend in the middle like a bow, and straighten with a jerk that sends them a few times their own length. At the temperature of the human body they are the most active.

Their power of increase or reproduction is remarkably great. One germ, in a few weeks' time, under favorable conditions, will give rise to millions. The process is by simple growth and division. Cold destroys or prevents their growth, and this is why refrigeration prevents decay of meats and other animal foods. Exposed to warmth, these small organisms attack and eat up the albuminous tissues, leaving a foul mass. The odors so common to this process are given off by these minute organisms, and is about the only indication of their presence. This is the warning of nature, and it is an instinct to avoid all such smells. The foul breath, bad odors of old sores, etc., leads man to avoid these germs in a great measure. The danger of their presence in the body can be imagined when their rapid increase is considered. A few germs may be readily ab sorbed into the system by breathing air containing them. They are thus drawn into the interior of the body through the long and narrow respiratory passages of the throat, chest, and nose, which are lined with soft membrane and covered with sticky mucus. In this fluid they find ready lodgment and favorable conditions for development, increase, and growth. The "cold" or catarrh, ozena or chronic catarrh, hav fever, etc. are common manifestations of the effects of one of the least harmful of these germs or microzymes In the discharges from the respiratory passages at such times thousands of the living animalculæ are found. The fever, debility, pains "in the bones," loss of appetite, etc., are indications of their depressing effects upon the vital organs.

It is from germs of slower development, however, that the greatest danger follows. To the one most fully described by Koch is due more deaths than to any other known cause. According to the researches of Cutter, Flint, and Dejerine, over eight million people die every year from this cause alone. The annual deaths in France, England, Germany, and Russia from their destruction was over one and a half millions. In the United States and Canada over three hundred thousand persons perished in the last year from the bacillus alone. The most common disease resulting from it is consumption of the lungs, but other organs of the body are liable to be affected, as they develop slowly but surely in any organ that may be in a weak or unhealthy state.

If active and healthy, the liver, kidneys, and bowels have to a wonderful extent the power of expelling these deadly animalculæ or parasites from the system. And this fact furnishes an important indication for the successful treatment of all the long list of maladies caused by these parasites, as will be hereafter shown.

The studies of Lancisca, an eminent Italian, and Wood, Formad, and others, are interesting, as showing the large variety of chronic diseases as heretofore classified that result from these germs. Among the most common were "liver complaint," biliousness or torpid liver, dyspepsia or indiges tion, lung affections, bronchitis, kidney diseases chronic diarrhea, spinal complaint, fever-sores white swellings, hip - joint disease, rheumatism, malarial diseases, such as fever and ague or intermittent fever, general and nervous debilities. female weaknesses, chronic catarrh of the head, or ozena, many forms of unhealthy discharges from internal organs, and all the various scrofulous affections of the skin, glands, bones, joints, etc., including consumption, which is but scrofulous disease of the lungs.

In this large catalogue of apparently widely differing diseases, but really all depending upon a common cause and therefore naturally to be successfully treated on the same general principles, examination of the blood and secretions revealed large numbers of these parasites, and, curiously enough, the number bore a direct relation to the severity of the disease, a comparatively small number being present in mild cases and a very large proportion in bad cases. Under the use of the specific treatment which they give, and which is substantially the same as that described and recommended later in this review, the number was seen to steadily diminish from day to day, until, with the restoration of health and bodily strength, they could not be found at

The greatest variety of symptoms were found to accompany their presence, due to peculiarities of the constitution, the part of the body most seriously affected, and the efforts of the different organs to rid the system of these germs. Among the most common were frequent headaches, neupains, nausea, constipation, poor or vari able appetites, diarrhoa, bad breath, hectic fever, cough, night-sweats, cold extremities, dyspepsia, catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, etc., while, where the skin was affected, salt-rheum, boils, carbuncles, seurf skin, erysipelas, St. Anthony's fire, and other symptoms were common, and all gradually but with certainty were cured by the same means The hectic fever so often met with in consump tion, with the hacking or tearing cough, nightsweats, diarrhoea, and other symptoms due to the efforts of nature to throw off and expel these germs, were also readily controlled and cured in the same way as were the old sores, abscesses and ulcers in the lungs, liver, and other important

The corrosive acids and mineral poisons are found to possess the power of killing these germs, but the dangerous nature of such powerful agents prevents their internal use. For the purpose of expelling the germs when once within the system, it is necessary to resort to vegetable remedies, in order to cleanse the blood of the germs without injury to the patient.

An American physician of large experience in the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases, now conclusively shown to be caused by parasitic life, for many years devoted much time to the investigation of the causes of these affections, and in the treatment of many thousands of cases developed and thoroughly tested a combination of vegetable agents, which he used with marvellous success in their cure.

In cases of wasting disease, as consumption, or scrofula of the lungs, and other organs, and in all cases attended with great weakness, it was found to exert the most wonderful tonic and restorative influences; besides, its nutritive properties far surpass those of cod-liver oil or any of the remedial agents resorted to by the medical profession in such cases. Hypophosphites, iron, and quinine bear no comparison to it in building up the strength of the debilitated. The recipe as advised by him has been used for years with the greatest success in a vast and most successful practice.

The written experiences of the many sufferers who have been cured, and who express in terms of the highest praise their endorsement of its great value, are sufficient to fill volumes. Living witnesses are everywhere, monuments to modern genius and scientific progress in the healing art.

Sufferers from "liver complaint," giving rise to "bad blood," consumption, scrofula, and other affections and symptoms, the results of blood poisoning from the ravages of the deadly parasites or disease germs so briefly referred to, find in this remedy prompt relief and a permanent cure The great and increasing demand for this Godgiven and peerless remedy for so many appar ently different, but really kindred, ailments, led to its preparation in pure and convenient form under the name of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It can be obtained the world over at drug and general stores, and full directions

for its use will be found in the pamphlet that It exerts the most wonsurrounds each bottle. derful stimulating and invigorating inducate on the liver, that greatest gland of the human sys-tem, which has been not inaptly termed the "Louisekeeper of our health." Through the inderful stimulating and invigorating influence on "housekeeper of our health." Through the increased action of the liver and other enumetory organs of the system, all poisonous germs are rendered inactive and gradually expelled from rendered mactive and gradually expensed from the system with other impurities. In some cases, where there are unhealthy discharges, as from the nostrils in cases of either acute or chronic catarrh, the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a mild and healing antiseptic lotion, should be associated with the use of the Discovery. It is also advisable to use this lotion in other local manifestations of disease of mucous surfaces. By this means the germs of disease are destroyed and the membranes cleansed before any of the poisonous bacilli are absorbed into the blood. In sore throat, quinsy, or diphtheria, the Catarrh Remedy liquid should be used as a gargle, and the Golden Medical Discovery taken freely,

In women, where weakness of special organs is common and almost certain to be developed, attended by backache, bearing-down sensations, and other local symptoms, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, in conjunction with that of the Discovery, speedily restores the healthy functions and assists in building up and invigorating the system.

In any case where the bowels have been costive and are not regulated and acted upon sufficiently by the mild laxative properties possessed by the Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little liver pills), taken in small doses of only one or two each day, will aid ma-

terially in establishing healthy action, and in expelling the disease-producing germs from the blood and system.

At the risk of repetition and by way of recapitulation, we may truthfully say that Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by disease germs in the blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.
"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse

this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of con-

PHIL

stitution are established.

Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, induced by the deadly disease germ, bacillus, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that, from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood - cleansing, anti - bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs and consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases

The plan of treatment that we have so briefly outlined in this article for the large class of chronic diseases referred to has long been acknowledged to be the most successful based it is upon the belief, shared by the most skilful medical men of the day, that the only way to get rid of the noxious disease-producing germs in the blood and system is through the liver, kidneys, and bowels, and therefore that those agents which are known to act most efficiently in restoring healthy action of these organs are the ones most to be relied upon. For this purpose the Golden Medical Discovery is pre-eminently the agent that fulfils every indication of treatment required.

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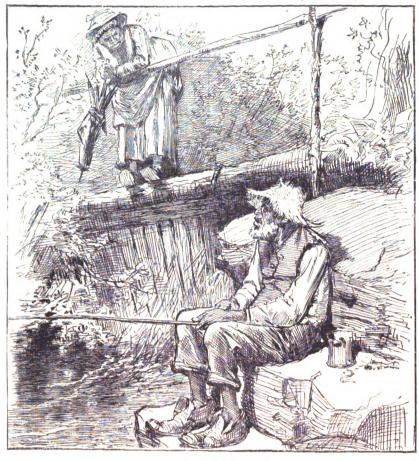
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A SERMON.

"LOOKER YER, NOW, MR. JOHNSING, DAT'S GONE BOUT FAR ENOUGH. YOU SAY YOU DOAN' GO TO CHUTCH 'CAUSE DEM SEATS HU'TS YO' BACK. HOWSOMEVER YOU'LL SET HEAH ALL DAY SUNDAY ON DESE HARD ROCKS EN FISH. I CARN'T SEE DE ARGYMENT IN DAT. SO YOU'D BETTER DRAP DAT POLE AND COME TO CHUTCH LONGER WID ME. YOU HEAH!

FACETLE.

The minister of a Scottish congregation was addicted to music as his recreation, and the sounds were heard, often at night as well as by day, issuing from his study. The strange noise caused scandal among his people, who associated all instrumental music with fairs and merry-makings. At length a deputation of elders was sent to exposulate with the minister. He received them blandly, and begging them to be seated, after hearing what they had to say, produced his violoncello. He discoursed sweet strains, sometimes solemn, sometimes cheerful, till his hearers were charmed and subdued. They murmured apologies, and after a while confessed that there could be no objection to that instrument, but they had thought that he played "the sinfu' wee fiddle."

- "I wish I was a little French girl," said a little child.
 "Why?" asked her mannna.
 "Because then I should know two languages."
 "How so?"
 "Why, you know, I can speak English now, and French would be two."

Why is a railroad patriotic?—Because it is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

Mistress (to new cook). "On Wednesdays and Saturdays I shall go to market with you."

New Cook. "Very well, num; but who's a-goin' to carry the busket, mum?"

"On the day after my arrival in Vitoria," writes a tourist in Spain, "I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street smoking his cigarette. His shoulders were covered with a mantle full of holes, and he looked like a beggar—but a Spanish beggar, appearing rather proud than ashaued of his poverty. He came to me, and I explained my business.

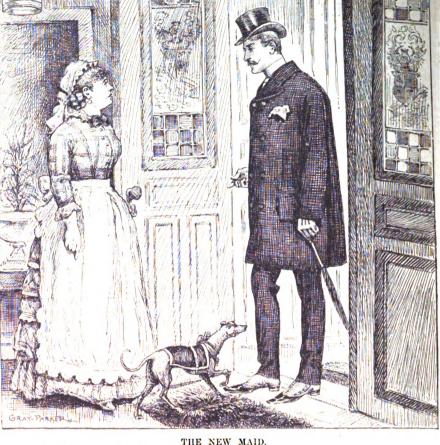
"Wait a moment, said he, and immediately called his wife. 'How much money is there in the purse?'

"Twelve pesetas.'

"Then I shall not work.'

"But,'I said, 'twelve pesetas will not last forever.'

"Who has seen to-morrow?' said he, turning his back on me."



VISITOR. "IS MISS PRIMROSE VISIBLE?" BRIDGET (now Marie, who has been thoroughly drilled with respect to visitors). "WELL, THAT DE-PINDS. YE'VE GOT TO PUT YER NAME IN THE PLATTER. THIN I'LL SEE."

The publishers of a German novel scored a hit recently in the line of advertising. They had inserted in most of the papers a notice stating that a certain nobleman of means, auxious to obtain a wife, wanted one who resembled the description of the heroine in the novel named. Of course every marriageable woman who saw this announcement bought the novel to see how much she resembled the imaginary beauty referred to.

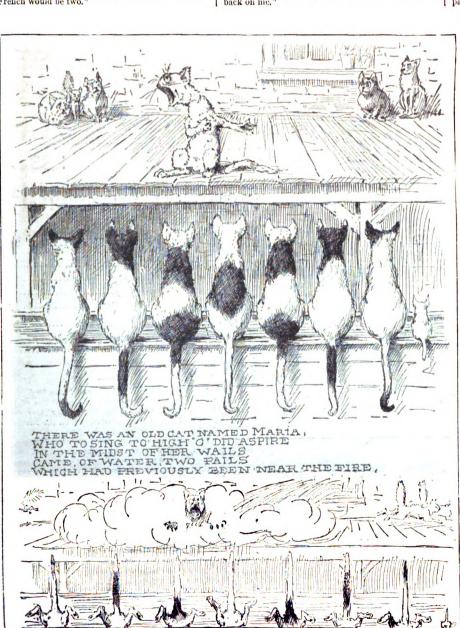
Pat (to traveller). "An' is it the next train for Dublin ye want? Faith that went an hour ago, sorr."

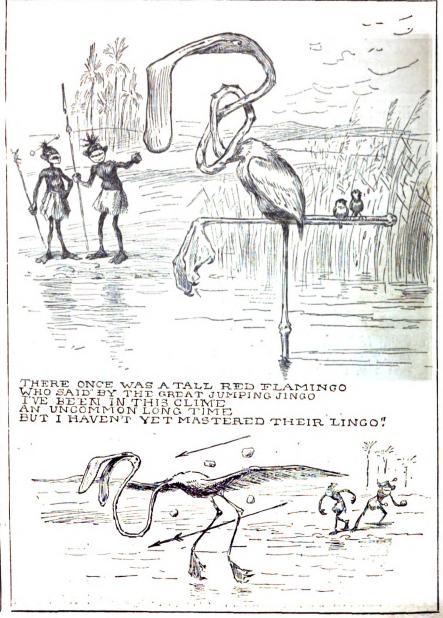
It is reported that a hady in Boston was promised a seal-skin cloak if she would not speak for a quarter of an hour. She set her lips for silence; but at the end of a few minutes she exclaimed, "Mind you, it's got to be a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar one!"

IMPUDENT LITTLE Boy (to a very fat old gentleman, who is trying to get along as fast as he can, but with very indifferent success). "I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quicker if you would lie down on the pavement and let me roll you along."

A story is told of a musician who, on the occasion of a grand concert, played two of Bach's finest fugues. A lady who boasted that she did not care what sum she paid to hear good music, speaking with enthusiastic delight of that evening's excellent entertainment, denied that anybody performed on the plano-forte, and described the performer as "the man who came in between the parts to tune the instrument."

A Western settler who supposed that he had musical tastes went to the nearest township and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In the course of a few days, however, he brought it back, and demanded restitution of the money paid, as the stool was no good—no good at all. The seller examined it, and said that it was in perfect order, and the screw all right, and therefore that it should not be thrown back on his hands. "Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful, as you could see for yourself; and I gave it a turn, and the missus she gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and nevery one of the sold one and all of us screw out of it. It's no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus sets her tub on!"





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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"I know what Mrs. Bell will call her- 'She is a bonnie doo, that."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.

pretty warm time of it, Polly, before he let you marry Graham."

"Hang it all, my father doesn't understand the condition of

We can show a pretty good list, you know, and I

things nowadays! The peerage isn't sacred any longer; you can't expect people to keep on intermarrying and intermarrying, just to

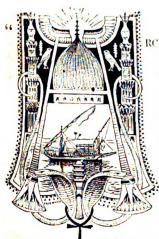
wouldn't add any name to it that would disgrace it; but that craze of my father's is all nonsense. Why, the only place nowadays where a lord is worshipped and glorified is the United States: that's where I should have gone if I had wanted to marry for money; I dare say they would have found out that sooner or later

I should succeed to a peerage. Of course my father is treated with great respect when he goes to attend meetings at Inverness; and the keepers and gillies think he is the greatest man in the

kingdom; but what would he be in London? Why, there you find governing England a commoner, whose family made their money in business; and under him-and glad enough to take of-

fice too-noblemen whose names are as old as the history of Eng-

And then he said, with more vehemence



CHAPTER XVII.

RCHIE," said his sister, on one occasion, in rather a signifi-cant tone, "you will have some trouble with papa."

They were on their way to visit a convent some few miles inland, and the only thing that varied the monotony of the journey was the occasional stumbling of the wretched animals they rode. He glanced round to see that the others were far enough off, then he said, either care-lessly or with an affecta-

tion of carelessness:
"I dare say. Oh yes, I have no doubt of it. But there would have been a row in any case, so it does not matter much.

If I had brought home the daughter of an

land—"

His sister interrupted him.

"My dear Master," said she, "please remember that because a girl is pretty, her father's politics are not necessarily right. If you have imbibed those frightful sentiments from Mr. Winterbourne, for goodness' sake say nothing about them at the Towers. The matter will be difficult enough without that. You see, with any-

archangel he would have growled and grumbled. He gave you a | body else, it might be practicable to shelve politics, but Mr. Winterbourne's views and opinions are too widely known; and you will have quite enough difficulty in getting Winterbourne with decent civility, without your talking any wild Radicalism in that way."
"Radicalism?" said he. "It is not Radicalism. It is common-

sense, which is just the reverse of Radicalism. However, what I have resolved on is this, Polly: his lordship shall remain in complete ignorance of the whole affair until Yolande goes to Allt-namba. Then he will see her. That ought to do something to smooth the way. There is another thing, too. Winterbourne has taken Allt-nam-ba, and my father ought to be well disposed to him on that account alone.'

"Because a gentleman rents a shooting from you for one year-"But why one year?" he interposed, quickly. "Why shouldn't Winterbourne take a lease of it? He can well afford it. And with Yolande living up there, of course he would like to come and see her sometimes; and Allt-nam-ba is just the place for a man to bring a bachelor friend or two with him from London. He can well afford it. It is his only amusement. It would be a good arrangement for me too; for I could lend him a hand; and the moor wants hard shooting, else we shall be having the disease back again some fine day. Then we should continue to let the

forest."

"And where are you and Yolande going to live, then?" said his [Continued on page 182.]

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Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSIS, HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

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HANDICRAFT.

CIENCE affirms that from those remote and watery ages when fishes were the highest ordereation up to that supreme moment when our self-confident race appeared upon the globe, through the gradations of the fin, the claw, and the wing, fingered with quills, the hand was the steadfast aim of Nature. She ranged every genus in her scale according to the completeness of this member, and when she had finished Man, said, "Wield the sceptre over your feebler kindred, for you alone have the hand to hold it. With the brain to devise, I give you also fingers and thumbs to execute. Make the most of both."

But these favorite children of hers took the inheritance and forgot the advice, as is the way of favorite children. For many ages, indeed, the hands found so much to do that the head had little opportunity to distinguish itself. And when more peaceful times and softer manners gave the head a chance of occupation and honors, it declared the hands plebeian, and has ever since snifted more or less openly at manual labor.

In some provinces this century is trying hard to discover and carry out the intentions of Nature, and in none more wisely than in the establishment of technological and manual training schools. The hand is coming into honor. These institutions are not managed on the assumption that every pupil will work as a mechanic or control workmen as a manufacturer. The principal of a Western school explains that "we strive to help these lads to find their true calling. We prejudice them against none. I have no doubt, however, that the grand result will be that many who would otherwise eke out a scanty subsistence as clerks, booksalesmen, poor lawyers, murderous doctors, whining preachers, abandoned penny-a-liners, or hardened school-teachers will be led, through the instrumentality of our school, to positions of honor and comfort as mechanics, engineers, and manufacturers.

The parents of the boys send such testimony as this: "Gerald takes great interest in fixing up things generally." has repaired my sewing-machine." "George has made many little matters of household ntility, and seems to delight in it." "We go to Henry to have chairs mended, shelves put up, nails driven, and he does excellent work; he has made a fine set of screen frames." "The mechanical faculty was quite small in John's case, and it has been developed to a remarkable extent." Nearly a hundred certificates of this kind from one school alone justify the wisdom of the system of teaching. The principal adds that there is a general testimony to an increased interest in practical affairs, in shops and

machinery, and in scientific books and periodicals, and that beyond question there is a certain level-headedness in every-day matters consequent upon this sort of training which in value far outweighs special proficiency.

The whole Kindergarten system rests on the belief in an equal and honorable development of head and hands. The fineness of touch, dexterity, and certainty of handling, and constructive habit, which many children bring away from these ante-primary schools, so to speak, are the assurance of future usefulness and independence, and an ever-present pleasure. But, after the Kindergarten stage, girls, so far as we know, have no chance in technical or man-ual-labor schools. They have the hands, they have commonly a greater desire and aptitude to use them skillfully than boys have, and they have at least an equal need of the certain means of future livelihood. The most original and beautiful piece of wood-carving yet done in America has been accomplished by a young woman, who, travelling in Switzerland with her father, persuaded him to give her the opportunity to learn the rudiments of the art. Determination to excel, the fine conscience of the artist, and endless practice have developed a genius.

Some years ago a New Jersey girl of sixteen proposed to go into her father's shop to help him through a period of debt and discouragement. "His business was making spindles and fliers. He told me," says her biographer, "that in twelve months she could do more work, and do it better, than any man he had ever trained, in eighteen months. Her father died. Her two eldest brothers learned the trade of her, and went away. Two younger sisters, and a brother fourteen years of age, all worked under her, turning, polishing, filing, and fitting all kinds of machinery. When I last went out to see her she was making water-rams to force streams into barns and houses. She also turns out many kinds of carriage axles. She is her own draughtsman, and occasionally does her own forging. She understands every part of her steam-engine, and her work prospers because she loves it and does it thoroughly well."

Our young carver might have found instruction at home, perhaps; but our young machinist would have had no chance at all had not her wise father perceived that hands were of no sex. The technical schools already established are powerful agencies of a better social condition. Every town and city should found one. But they will fail of their utmost usefulness until they offer to girls as well as boys the most honorable education of the hands.

THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

N the winter of 1854, when travelling in Italy, I visited Turin, and amongst the other objects of interest I went to see the palace of the Kings of Sardinia. Even the private apartments of the royal family were then thrown open to the inspection of the wandering tourist, and in the course of our peregrinations we found ourselves in the boudoir of the Queen-dowager, the mo-ther of Victor Emanuel. It looked as though she had just left it, as possibly she might have done. Books and work and a variety of knickknacks strewed the centre table, giving the apartment a pleasant and home-like aspect unusual to the show rooms of a palace. Amongst the objects on the table were a set of miniatures of the royal family. These the guide took up, and showed to us with a freedom that rather astonished our party, though we did not scruple to avail ourselves of the results of his sans gêne, and we looked at the portraits with consider able interest. There was the sturdy bullet-head of the King (then only King of Sardinia), the sweet, serious face of his wife (who so loved her mother-in-law that the death of the Queen-dowager, which took place some months later, proved a death-blow to her in her fragile state of health), and finally the likenesses of all the royal children. I was especially struck with that of the eldest girl, then a child of eleven. It was a face full of character for one so young, framed in long fair curls, and meeting the spectator's gaze with an earnest look prophetic of the after-career of Victor Emanuel's eldest daughter.

When Cavour and Napoleon III, planned the union of Italy, two points as compensation to France for her aid were insisted upon by the French Emperor. These were the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, and the hand of the Princess Clotilde for Prince Jerome Napoleon The latter stipulation was resisted for some time, owing to the conspicuously bad reputation, in a moral point of view, of the proposed bridegroom. None of the members of the Bonaparte family in the present generation have enjoyed a high reputation for morality, but Prince Napoleon in that respect rather out-Heroded Herod. However, that particular clause in the treaty was insisted upon, and the grave, intellectual girl of seventeen was handed over to the keeping of the Red Princea union as incongruous and as prophetic of future conjugal unhappiness to the pair thus joined together from motives of state policy as can well be imagined. The wedding in Paris was anything but a gay one. The bridegroom was sulky, being decidedly ill pleased with the aspect of his

plain little bride, while she, poor child, could scarcely restrain her tears. As the newly married couple got into the carriage that was to convey them to Meudon, where the Prince had a palace, and where their honey-moon was to be spent, the Princess lost one of her slippers; but so great was her dread of her unsympathetic spouse, who was quite old enough to be her father, being twenty-one years her senior, that she did not dare to tell him of her misadventure, and she got a scolding from him on her arrival for appearing in that undignified plight before their servants.

Probably few princesses of Europe would have less enjoyed their new position at the imperial court of France, then the gayest in the world, than did the Princess Clotilde. She was the daughter of a sovereign who might claim precedence by right of birth over Queen Victoria herself, being descended from Charles I. in an unbroken line, while the royal house of England only claims descent from James I. through that monarch's daughter Elizabeth of Bohemia, and consequently, if the strict laws of royal inheritance were enforced, King Humbert would be the rightful heir to the throne of England. She was highly educated, and of a singularly modest and retiring disposition. She was far from being pretty, her features being heavy and her complexion muddy, and a doine-shaped projecting forehead, while it betokened her force of character, was by no means an addition to her very limited share of feminine attractions, which were indeed, limited to fine teeth, a profusion of soft brown hair, and a smile full of grave and kindly sweetness. She cared little for dress, and less for society. No being could have been less fitted than she to shine at that parvenu, frivolous court, where, as the second lady of the imperial family, she was called upon to take a conspicuous posi-tion. Between the Empress and herself there reigned an enmity not the less decided because it was never openly expressed. The fair and frivolous Eugénie, conscious of the great inferiority of her own birth to that of this daughter of a hundred kings, tried her best to mortify and humil-iate the proud, plain Princess, who looked upon all the gayeties of the court with such grave, un interested eyes. She did it all, however, in a peculiarly feminine way, her principal art being in bringing out the Princess's want of beauty in contrast with her own exquisite loveliness. For instance, she instituted a series of bals poudrés at the court, knowing that the Louis XV. costume served well to set off her own matchless grace, the lustre of her blue eyes, and the lovely outline of her slender neck and sloping shoulders. Powder, on the other hand, was pitiless to the Princess; it was unsuited to her somewhat heavy countenance, it hid her fine hair, and it threw into relief every defect in her complexion. The two ladies once appeared in Watteau costumes precisely alike, except that that worn by the Empress was blue, while that of the Princess Clotilde was pink. The former looked as though she had stepped from one of Watteau's pictures, while the latter resembled a nun disguised as a shepherdess. The Princess greatly disliked balls and late hours. Accustomed to the regular monotony of a convent life, she used, when she was first married, to be overcome with sleepiness always at ten o'clock, and she had great difficulty in accustoming herself to the late hours of the imperial court. Prince Napoleon used to call her his "little marmot"-an epithet which the Italians at the court greatly resented, as they held it to convey a sneering allusion to the Savoyard origin of the Princess.

During the entire length of the Empire the Princess Clotilde led a dignified and blameless existence, beloved and honored by all who knew her. Her manners, though lacking the grace and vivacity that characterized the address and deportment of the Empress, were replete with a grave and simple charm that won all hearts, while repelling anything like freedom or familiarity. She was a spotless wife to an unworthy spouse, a devoted mother, and a fervent Catholic. It is said that she was never known to miss a morn ing mass at the Church of St. Roch so long as she remained in Paris. She entertained but little, Prince Napoleon being always at variance with his cousin and sovereign, Napoleon III., and so being disinclined to add his quota to the festivities of the court circle. They gave but one grand ball during the whole of their stay at the Palais Royal, if I remember rightly. This ball reated quite a sensation in the American colony. It took place just at the height of our civil war, and the Southern element was then largely predominant in the American circles in Paris. Prince Napoleon, who, to his credit be it recorded, was always the warm partisan of the Union, sent invitations to those Americans only who were loyal to their flag. As the opposite party was the one in favor at the imperial court, the sensation created by this action in Parisian society was very great. The Prince delighted in gathering round him in an informal way the leading artists and men of letters of the republican party. Unlike the Empress, who knew little and cared less about art and literature, and whose bonmots and charming sayings were carefully indited for her by one of the court wits, and were by her as carefully learned by heart, the Princess Clotilde was fully capable of appreciating and enjoying these réunions.

The Parisian public, to its credit be it said, accorded to the unobtrusive goodness and the dignified simplicity of the Princess's life a degree of popularity which contrasted with the dislike which was felt for, and in the later years of the Empire freely manifested against, the Empress. When on that eventful day of July, 1870, Prince Napoleon quitted the Palais Royal to join the army, never again to return to Paris as a member of the reigning family, I saw him drive from the gates of his palace with his wife scated by his side. Clad all in black, and enveloped in laces, a single crimson rose alone relieving the sombre tastefulness of her garb, the Princess

Digitized by

looked unusually well, though moved as usual. Something a sembled to witness the depart and as the carriage appeared throng was bared-a greeting ver that bestowed upon the Emperor the last grand review prior to the war, when people scowled upon the riage with folded arms and grating te a hat was lifted in all the vast assemblage. After the fall of the Empire and the flight of the Empress, the Princess Clotilde was urged to es-Empress, the Princess Ciounde was urged to escape too from Paris secretly as her imperial kinswoman had done. "What! and leave my debts unpaid? Never!" quoth the spirited daughter of Victor Emanuel. She sent for her steward, set tled all her accounts, called her servants together, and made them a little farewell address which set fully one-half of them to weeping; and then she caused her trunks to be packed, and she drove to the railway station openly and unmolest-No Parisian rioter ever offered to touch a hair of her honored head, and had any one done so, she would have found a thousand defenders amongst the populace. Since that day she has never returned to Paris. Her uncongenial marriage has terminated in a tacit and amicable separation. She lives in a seclusion almost as strict as that of a convent, devoting herself to the education of her only daughter, the Princess Marie Letitia, now a girl but very little younger than she was herself when she quitted her father's court to become the bride of the Red Prince.

Some years ago an American gentleman who had long resided in Paris, and who was well acquainted with the lady-in-waiting who had accompanied the Princess from Paris, called to see that lady, and after a visit of some duration he remarked that it would gratify him greatly if he could pay his respects to the Princess Clotilde, having been one of her guests at the memorable ball at the Palais Royal of which I have already The Princess, on being apprised of his desire, did not send for him, after the usual fashion of royal personages, but came simply and informally into the room in which he was seated. During the interview which ensued the gentleman remarked that he was on his way to Vevay to visit his son, who was at the same school as were her two sons, the Princes Victor and Louis.
"Then you will see my boys," she said, with her peculiarly sweet smile lighting up her usually grave countenance. "Tell them that you have seen me, and tell them not to forget how well their mother loves them." So with this brief personal glimpse of this gentle lady, the model wife and mother of the imperial court, we take leave of her who was the second royal virgin sacrificed to the Napoleonic Minotaur, Marie Louise having been the first.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING WRAPS OF CLOTH.

THE wraps for early spring weather are made of the new ottoman repped cloth of light quality, the familiar Jersey cloth worn during the winter, and plaid cloths of dull dark colors. For still heavier jackets a few beaver and tricoté cloths are used. The colors most shown are green, tan, brown, black, and blue, and these colors, with very dark red and orange shades, are combined in the plaids. The trimmings are braid, passementerie, cord and tassels, heavy guipure lace, velvet accessories, some narrow and sleek chenille fringes, buckles of steel, jet, or shell, metal buttons, and long-looped bows of velvet ribbon or of satin ribbon. Long cloaks are shown for the first spring days when seal-skins or fur-lined cloaks are laid aside; but the tendency for dressy garments and for those worn later in the season is toward shorter mantles. visites, and jackets. The long cloaks of black ottoman cloth of light weight are similar to the Russian dolmans worn in the winter, but are made more bouffant in the back by fullness extending from the bishop sleeves to the middle forms of the back, where two pointed, puffed, or tassel-shaped pieces are arranged to hang over the double box pleats that fall to the foot of the cloak. Usually a tassel of chenille with a cord and a cup-shaped top is attached to each of these drooping pieces, and the cloth is gathered into the cup at the top. The bishop sleeves are not shirred all around near the wrists as they were formerly, but have all their fullness clustered together under the arm, and this gives a panier-like appearance as they extend back along the sides to the middle forms. In others the sleeves are square without fullness. Sometimes they are merely slits for the arms to pass through, with two frills of lace or fringe added there to form a sleeve, while still others have the visite effect given by a dolman-like side piece that extends over the shoulder. The high fullness of sleeves now so familiar on dresses is given to many of the new mantles, but this must be carefully done, as the effect is very unbecoming when there is much fullness pleated around the shoulders. It should simply be well curved at the top, and held in slightly full so that it will round upward and away from the shoulders. Large leaves of passementerie of satin cords and some jet are placed on the tournure or down the middle seam of the back, branching wider at the top. There are also long closely fitted Jersey pelisses, or Chesterfield coats, as they are now called, fitting the figure from the throat to the foot, made of Cheviots and of Jersey cloth of light quality, brown, green, or black. A pointed hood with a gay striped, blocked, or plaided silk lining is added to these. The novelty, however, in these long coats is the addition of a vest of cloth set underneath broad revers of ottoman silk that extend down each front the entire length, resembling an overcoat rolled back as if the garment were too warm. The back has two box pleats below the waist to prevent the close, scant look of the Jecsey

coat is finished in tailor fashion with arrow-heads at the top of seams and rows of stitching on the

For shorter jackets the shapes are singlebreasted with military standing collar, and there may be box-pleatings behind, or else the whole fits smoothly over the hips and back, and is cut into long slender tabs that are almost covered with soutache braiding; these tabs are two fingers long and a trifle more than an inch broad, with parallel rows of braid up and down them, or perhaps one straight row on the edge with curled rows inside. Similar braiding extends in points from the neck down on the shoulders, and from the wrists upward on the sleeves. There are also jackets of Jersey cloth with three seams in the back, and close single-breasted fronts that curve open below the waist. These are bound with braid on all the edges, on the standing collar, around the sleeves, and on the diagonal slit on the sides where the pocket is set underneath. The buttons are "lasting," covered like those used on men's coats.

For more dressy cloth garments are visites and mantillas of olive, deep green, brown, blue, or black, made with high curved shoulder pieces that form square sleeves below, and these are brightened by braids or cords of passementerie in rich and gay cashmere colors put on in some simple but effective design, as a border above chenille fringe that is principally the color of the cloth used, but has also clusters of strands of the gay cashmere colors of chenille; there are usually two or three rows of strands in these fringes all falling from the same heading, and the under rows may be of the very fine sleek strands called rat's-tail fringe, while the upper row is made of balls or tiny tassels.

PLAID WRAPS.

Plaid wraps for travelling and for general wear are loose and long, with high shoulders, square sleeves, Byron collar, and fullness on the tournure made by gathering up the middle forms above box-pleated skirts, or by bows of ribbon held by bronze buckles. These are of dark twilled wool in small blocks, or in large plaids of dark green with dull red, or brown with blue, or orange with brown, etc. The new talma cape appears on closer-fitting plaid wraps that have coat sleeves; this cape falls below the waist in the back, and is pleated slightly in front, and curves away to the sides to cover the arms, but leaves the fronts in view. Sometimes conds and tassels trim the back by swinging in curves from the right shoulder to the left of the tournure. There are also visites of short length and with dolman sleeves, and full box-pleating on the tournure made of these plaid cloths; these have sometimes a Byron collar of velvet and some thick fringe, but usually they are merely stitched near the edges, and have pretty metal buttons down the front, and perhaps one or two bows on the tournure made of velvet ribbon or of satin held by large buckles of shell or of metal.

BLACK OTTOMAN SILK MANTLES.

Heavily repped black ottoman silk is the material seen in most of the dressy black mantles that are imported to wear with various dresses; there are also some black satin brocades that have very large figures. These are short round visites with high shoulder effects and very bouffant behind, or else they are mantillas with capelike back and half-long fronts cut in points that slope away from the waist, or with square corners, or else gathered to a tassel of chenille fringe. On the visites there is fullness on the lower part of the sleeves that makes the sides bouffant, and this forms the bishop sleeves; or else the highshouldered dolman effect is merely rounded on the arm, or it may be folded under in square sleeves; all such arrangements and the two or three rows of trimmings across the sides are features of the visites, and these, as well as the bouffant back forms, are brought out more conspicuously by having strings underneath that tie around the waist, and make the back sit very closely to the figure. The new passementeries of satin cords in large figures that may be cut apart and set about as single ornaments are used on these in separate pieces on the bust, the waist line behind, or the ends of the front, or else it is kept in rows that extend down the two seams of the back, joining the middle forms to the sides, or there is a single row down the middle seam of the back. There are also many drop trimmings of passementeric set about in laces, and there are loops of velvet ribbon an inch wide used in the same way. Black laces and the sleek chenille fringes are put on very full on the edges of these garments. There are often two jabots of lace fronts, meeting, and concealing the small buttons that fasten the visite. On the edges of the garment the lace is gathered in two The Spanish guipure laces are used for these with their thick silk designs and cords on guipure meshes; there are also the still newer laces with Spanish designs on the fine round meshes of thread lace; these, with real guipure lace and the well-known French imitations of thread lace, are the accepted trimmings. Around the neck are very full frills of lace; sometimes there are two standing lace ruffles and two turned-down ruffles to make this frill. Instead of jabots of lace down the front there may be only very full gathered frills, one of which is set directly on the edge, while the other laps upon it. For elderly ladies these mantles are cut much longer, but retain the same shape.

For midsummer mantles there are black grenadines, brocaded with velvet in large flower designs, made up over a colored Surah lining either of strawberry or terra-cotta red, or mandarin orange, stem green, or the bright pepita yellow. These are most often visites with high-shouldered sleeves, and are trimmed with Spanish guipure

lace frills studded at intervals with velvet ribbon loops. There is a standing wired collar covered with these lace frills and velvet loops.

Another novelty for summer wraps is cashmere of pale blue, cream-color, or beige shades made up in fichus, and embroidered with crescent designs all over, then a border partly of soutache and partly embroidery, and finished with a Chinese fringe tied in the hem and knotted below. These are for young ladies to wear with white muslin and light dresses on summer evenings at the watering-places, while for those who are older there are black cashmere fichus of large size, with the gay colors of India cashmeres used in the palms, crescents, and fringes with which they are trimmed; those entirely black are also

SPRING BONNETS.

Further importations of millinery show pokes of medium size for carriage and country use, with rather small bonnets for full dress and for general wear in city streets. The fish-wife poke pinched into a point above the forehead is very largely imported for ladies; this shape is said to be the popular one with Parisiennes at present, but it failed to find favor here this winter except for children, misses, and very young ladies. It is now made more becoming by full frills of lace that are on the brim both inside and outside, and may be better liked as a summer bonnet. Gold lace, black lace, and the new cashmere laces, as well as those of leather-color, are fully gathered or pleated around the brims of many bonnets. With the substantial black English straw bonnets velvet is much used for a trimming, and it is the whim of the season to use vellow in nearly all black bonnets, either in gold cords, gold lace, tinsel pompons, or an aigrette, or else in bright yellow flowers - dandelions, marigolds, button daisies, chrysanthemums, marguerites, goldenrod, and Marshal Neil roses

Black lace bonnets are of black net cut from the piece, or of many rows of black lace made up over a yellow silk or gilt gauze foundation, or else they have some frills of gold-lace among the black lace frills. Some large jet beads and jet buckles are also in these black lace bonnets, and there are bows of loops of black velvet ribbon all perked up in a defiant way, or as if blown apart by the wind, and to these are added ends of the ribbon cut in forks or notches. Shirred crowns of gilt net or gauze flutings are very handsome for small bonnets with lace crowns, and there are tinsel nets wrought with cashmere colors for making large pouf crowns. A puff of the silk gauze and another puff of black velvet edge these small gilt bonnets, and a jabot of white lace is on the brim, with gilt wheat amid the lace, a white marabout panache is on the left side, and the strings are of narrow black velvet. For other light dress bonnets there is a covering of pearlbeaded white net over pale stem green silk on the crown, with a puff of strawberry red velvet all around the edge, while the high cluster of flowers that nearly covers the brim has many pale green velvet leaves, with a few pink roses among them. There are also very dressy new flower bonnets with the brim covered with small red berries, and the crown with strawberry leaves, and the strings of narrow red velvet ribbon; or else there are Marshal Niel roses on the brim, with the green leaves of these roses covering the crown. coronet wreaths of small flowers thickly clustered on small white straw bonnets are especially pretty when made of lilacs or forget-me-nots. are also made up flower crowns of small button daisies in all the new pink and red shades, with a row of green leaves around them, to be used with

Dark-colored straw bonnets will be most used for general purposes, and are easily trimmed by a full how of velvet ribbon on the top, and bands around the crown, or else, more dressily, with a high cluster of flowers on the top or toward the left side in front of the crown. There may be one, two, and even three pairs of narrow velvet or ottoman ribbon strings, or else a single pair much wider, varying from an inch and a third to two inches in width. Very pretty small bonnets of straw are made to represent striped grasses, and the basket bonnets imitating twigs, osiers, etc., are in several varieties, some of which are meant for midsummer use in the country, while others of hollow straw cords of very fine quality are for city and carriage bonnets. Basket bonnets are worn without lining, and require merely a large velvet ribbon bow on top or a bunch of flowers for trimming.

Large English styles are seen among round hats, and there are also small shapes like a combination of the Derby and English turbans, with round crown and very high rolled brims. Feathers are still used on round hats in great profusion, and many milliners protest against using flowers for them; still, many of the imported hats have both flowers and feathers. Bands of velvet ribbon high up around the crown trim these hats stylishly, with a large bow and ends on one side, and ostrich feathers on the left and down the back. The brims are lined with velvet and bound with galloon in which there is gilt braid, or else there is a velvet cord on the edge twined with gold cord.

PARASOLS.

The materials for new parasols are ottoman silks, satins, watered silks, and brocades lined with white or with colored silk, and the trimmings are Spanish and guipure lace frills, borders of embroidery or of soutache, and a kind of tab fringe of the silk falling over a deep frill of lace. There is an unusual variety in the shapes given to the handles of parasols, which are made of natural sticks of bamboo, wangee, or olive wood, bent and twisted at the end into fantastic shapes that form rings, coils, or branch-like pieces; an elephant's tusk, inlaid with silver or gold, is placed across the stick as a handle, and

there are crescents, balls, and knobs of shell. ivory, or silver. One of the new shapes, called the Pyrenees, has a very long stick, tied with ribbon, and a long tip like an alpenstock, such as Madame Raymond mentioned in a recent letter. Another shape, called the Boulevard, was introduced last season, and promises to be very popular next summer, especially with young ladies. This is a flat parasol with a canopy top, and is made up in all the new colors to be used next summer at the watering-places; these are of either silk or satin in crushed strawberry, shrimp pink, white, fawn, olive, and other colors to match costumes, or to brighten up dark toilettes. Pongee silks, plain and with chintz figures, are also used again, and the black parasol that may be worn with almost any dress is shown in all the stylish materials, with frills of lace or embroidery for trimming.

EASTER CARDS.

The Easter cards are very beautiful this season, and the American cards are preferred to those that are imported, because of the pretty design found on the back as well as on the face They come in plain cards, in long panels, double cards with fringed edges, and as banners suspended by a white cord with pendent balls at each corner, and fringed all around. Spring flowers, Easter eggs, butterflies, bees, birds on the wing, doves, crosses, and other designs emblematic of the Resurrection are used for their decoration. The passion-flower in its rich color, white Easter-lilies, and fleurs-de-lis have beautiful golden butterflies hovering about them, and these flowers are also twined around crosses of wood or of silvered surface. One of the new folded cards has a large Easter lily on the silver pages outside, while inside are appropriate verses, with a vine of flowers bordering the edge. Another elaborate card in book form, with silver ground and lilies on the cover, has white satin leaves. with lilies-of-the-valley and butterflies painted by hand, and some Easter verses. A favorite single card has a white dove descending with a branch of blossoms in its beak, and an Easter greeting is printed below. Among the figure cards are quaintly dressed little maidens carrying baskets of eggs as Easter offerings. One of the prettiest series has nests of birds' eggs amid flowers, with bees flying near. Another most artistic series has a flight of golden butterflies or a flock of small birds against a clear blue sky. Felicia Bridges, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Humphrey, Thomas Moran, Harry Beard, and other well-known artists furnished designs for these cards.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Stern BROTHERS; WORTHINGTON, SMITH, & Co.; AITKEN, Son, & Co.; WRIGHT, BROTHERS, & Co.; and L. PRANG & Co.

PERSONAL.

AT Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT'S fancy ball the Star Quadrille will be illustrated by the electric light if possible, and each lady will carry a small electric buttery.

—The three-story house next to the old Charter

Street burying-ground, in Salem, mentioned in Doctor Grimshawe's Secret, is where HAWTHORNE made love to his wife, and probably where they were married.

—Mrs. McElroy, the President's sister, is a

fine musician, and sings well.

—A free public library, ten-pin alley, and tem-

perance pool-room are supported in Ballardvale, Massachusetts, by Mr. J. P. Bradlee, owner of large woollen mills there, where he also supports a fire company of fifty members, and provides a free course of winter lectures and entertainments.

—Mr. GEODER RIDDLE is said to hear a strong

-Mr. George Riddle is said to bear a strong —Mr. GEORGE RIDDLE is said to seen resemblance to the late actor HARRY MONTAGUE.

—Mr. Frank Miller, the artist, says that Miss Anderson is the first actress to wear the genu-

ine classic Greek costume on the stage.

—A memorial tablet has been placed on the house occupied by SAMVEL F. B. Morse in 1830

by the municipality of Rome.

—The remaining granddaughter of Thomas
JEFFERSON, Mrs. SEPTIMIA RANDOLPH MEIKLE-HAM, has been granted a pension of fifty dollars

-In view of the recent sale of EDWIN FOR-

—In view of the recent sale of Edwin For-REST's theatrical wardrobe, it has been asked who secured his mantle.

—The trusteeship of the work-house at Bridge-water, made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS, has been offered by Governor BUTLER to Miss MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (Gail Hamilton).

Hamilton).

On Washington's Birthday Mr. James Rus-SELL LOWELL held a reception in London, and Miss Genevieve Ward, Right Hon. Lyon Play-FAIR, and Rev. NEWMAN HALL were among the

—A fund is being raised by the Garnett Li-brary Association, of Lincoln University, for a monument to the late United States Minister to Liberia, Rev. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT his grave at Monrovia, and FREDERICK DOUG-LASS is chosen treasurer of the fund.

—Salvini is to give a performance in Boston for the benefit of the sufferers of the Western floods, and take the part of auctioneer at the sale of the scats.

—Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar Col-

lege, will send photographs and print drawings of sun, moon, and stars, the results of her own observations and those of her advanced classes, to the women of the Educational and Industrial Union, for their exhibit at the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute of 1883. ROSE HERSCHEL, Sir JOHN HERSCHEL'S daugh

ROSE HERSCHEL, SIT JOHN HERSCHEL'S daughter, will also send similar objects.

—A painting which Mr. Blaine bought at the sale of the Calvert effects, and which that family inherited from their ancestor, Lord Baltimone, one of the court of Charles I., when RUBENS was sent there as an ambassador, turns out to be a Rubens.

—Austin, Texas, is soon to be visited by Gen-

-Austin, lexis, is soon to be visited by General Diaz, of Mexico, with twenty-three officers.

-Owing to his display of pictures at the International Exhibition at Antwerp, Vacslav Brozik, who is now painting his largest picture, "The Condemnation of John Huss at the

Council of Constance," was made a Chevalier

Council of Constance," was made a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, together with Bastien Lepage and Jules Lefebyre.

—ALLAN ARTHUR, the President's son, has earned great praise at Princeton by his character and his attention to his studies.

—The site for a college building in Kingston, New Hampshire, has been bought by Major Engage.

WARD S. SANBORN, of Boston, at an expense of nearly seventy live thousand dollars, to which he

intends to add an endowment.

—The education of Wagner's son Siegfried has been undertaken by the King of Bavaria. He visited Wagnen's tomb alone at midnight lately. He conducts himself sometimes in a similar vein to WAGNER's heroes.

similar vein to Wagner's heroes.

—One of the most agreeable novels of Mrs.

OLIPHANT is said to be It was a Lover and his Luss, which is printed in the "Franklin Square Library." Mrs. OLIPHANT was the intimate friend and confidente of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle.

—A bronze statue of the historian Edgar Quinet is being completed for the town of Bourg by Aimé Millet.

—Another professional beauty, Mrs. Cornwalls West, is to favor America with the light of her countenance at the British Legation in

of her countenance at the British Legation in

-Like any quiet gentleman in Rome, King —Like any quiet gentieman in Kome, King Humbert goes about in a T-cart. Such was the simplicity of the equipage of the King and Queen that when they went to call on the Czar and his wife, when they went to can on the Czar and my wife, when those worthies were last in Rome, they got through the guards with difficulty.

—Mrs. Samuel Bright, John Bright's sisterin-law, who is visiting in Washington, is as deaf

as HARRIET MARTINEAU was.

—Mrs. GLADSTONE has no knack at dressing. She usually wears a rusty black silk, shapeless boots, and gloves en suite. She saves her money

for the poor.

—Twelve years before his death, and when his English was imperfect, Dorf told EDWARD KING that he intended to go to America, and wanted to see the "Rock Mountains" before he died.

—A coat of arms with two wolves as supporters has been adopted by Lord Wolseley, show-

ing the derivation of the name.

—The monks of the abbey of Trefontane now live in the abbey the year round, since the planting of eucalyptus trees on the Roman Campagna and the cultivation of the land have robbed the

and the cultivation of the land have rooted the atmosphere of malaria in great measure.

—Caen Towers, Highgate, England, a fine mansion, with several acres of grounds, has been bought by Ismatl, the ex-Khedive, for his home.

—The Carnival at Nice was attended by Mr.

GLADSTONE, who sat in a balcony, and was pelted with confetti.

"The Star of the Sun," the order conferred

on the Princess BISMARCK by the Shah of Persia, the highest decoration of Persia, is so large that it half covers the ball-room bodice.

that it half covers the ball-room bodice.

—Louis Blanc's cat, which awaited him every night on the stairs on his return from the Chamber of Deputies, died of grief a few days after his death, having refused to cat or drink.

—Caspar Molnar, a Christian merchant, while the attacks upon the Jews of Hungary are

at their height, has bequeathed his werty to the Jewish school at Salnok.

—Arabi and his fellow-exiles wish that then

daughters should enjoy the same advantages as their sons, and are quite willing that they should be instructed in Christianity, believing them al-ready too well versed in the Koran to change their religion. Arab himself learns English in order to read the newspapers.

—A carved satin-wood bedstead on exhibition

in Paris, ordered by an Indian prince, has large plates of reposses silver; the four corners are statues of Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish girls, with movable eyes, and with gold snake bracelets twisted around the wrists of the hands which hold the fans they are supposed to be waving over the dreamer, while the mattress is a music-box playing airs from GOUNOD when any one lies down on it.

The Queen's birthday gift to ARTHUR, Duke

-The Queen's orrange gut to Arthur, Dansof Connaught, was an Egyptian Sphinx of onyx, in commemoration of his Egyptian exploits.

The first baptism in York minster since 1804 took place a week or two since. The daughter of Sir Walter Scott's friend, Mr. Morritt, of Sir Walter Scott's friend, and hantism there.

Nokeby, was the last subject of baptism there.

—Mrs. Anthony Trollope has gone to Italy, and her adopted daughter, of whom Mr. Trollope was very fond, is visiting in England.

—An engagement, it is understood, will soon be announced between the Princess Victoria of Harman that Objects and the interest of the Control of

Hesse, the Queen's granddaughter, and the immensely wealthy hereditary Grand Duke of

No more flagrant example of the blessings of being taxed for the support of an aristocracy can be found than in the fact that for the immense estate of Chatsworth the Duke of Devon-shire is taxed but about two hundred and eighty dollars; for Blenheim, the Duke of Mariborough pays a tax of eighty-five dollars; for Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford pays a hundred and Hatfield, Lord Salisbury pays a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and for the famous old place of Hatfield, Lord Salisbury pays a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

—Mr. Burnand, editor of Punch, and author of Happy Thoughts, is forty-six years old, below middle height, with regular features, dark blue avec overlawing books, a locally compand, bair

eyes, overhanging brows, closely cropped hair (getting gray), a beard and mustache, genial ex-pression, and rotund figure. He jests incessant-ly. He has been twice married, and has fourteen

ty. He has over twee intried, and has fourteen children. Thackeray was supposed to be the author of his first burlesque novel, Mokeanna.

—The position of Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University, England, made vacant by the death of Professor Palmer, has been filled by Mr. Robertson Smith, the Biblical scholar.

—The vacant wife of Sig Living Responder.

-The young wife of Sir Julius Benedict, one of his finest pupils, has large liquid brown

one of ms mest pupits, has large liquid brown eyes, sweet manners, and delicate health. Sir Julius recently composed music for forty consecutive hours unrelieved by sleep or food.

—Rev. W. B. Greene, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, is the great-grandhephew of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary renown, while his wife is the General's great-granddaughter.

The father of the Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, one of the most successful public men of England, now First Lord of the Admiralty, once kept and, now FISE Lord of the Admiratty, once kept a news stand in an obscure street, afterward established a newspaper booth at a railway station, soon after almost controlling the newspaper selling business in London, and realizing a fortune of two hundred and afty thousand dollars



Lace Collars.—Crochet Irish Point. Figs. 1-4.

These collars are worked in crochet with very fine cotton and a fine needle. Fig. 1 is composed of detached leaves and rosettes, which are work-



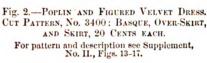
Brocade and Satin Merveilleux Evening Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 188.] For description see Supplement.



Embroidered Work-Basket.
For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 52.



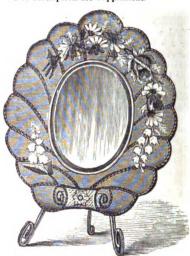
Fig. 1.—Braided Camel's-hair Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3399: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each. For description see Supplement.



next 3 ch., 10 sc. around the next 6 ch., 4 sc. around the next 3 ch., 1 sl. on the same st. with the last of the preceding 9 sc., turn, 20 sc. on the next 18 sc., working 2 each on the middle 2, 9 sc. on the following 9 sc., 2 sc. on the next 2 sc. in the preceding round; repeat the pattern from the



Brocade and Satin Evening Dress. For description see Supplement.



Mirror with Embroidered Frame. For design and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 26 and 27.

round. 3d round.—31 sc. on the 26 sl. in the preceding round, increasing at regular intervals. 4th round.—36 sc. around the 31 sc. in the preceding round. 5th round.—7 sc. around the first 7 st., + 16 ch. (chain stitch), 1 dc. (double crochet) on the 8th of the 16 ch., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the 4th of the 16 ch., 3 ch., 2 sc. on the next 2 sc., turn, 4 sc. around each of the next two 3 ch., 12 sc. around the following 8 ch., 4 sc. around each of the next two 3 ch., 1 sl. on the last sc. worked on the circle, turn, 30 sc. on the last 28 sc., working 2 each on the middle 2, 2 sc. on the next 2 sc. in the preceding round; repeat twice from

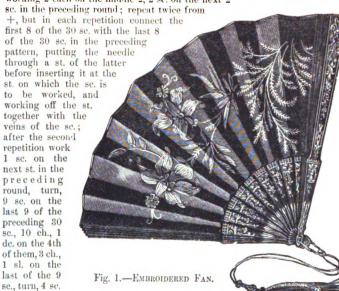




Fig. 1.—Lace Collar.—Crochet Irish



Fig. 2.—Lace Collar.—Crochet Irish Point.—[See Fig. 4.]

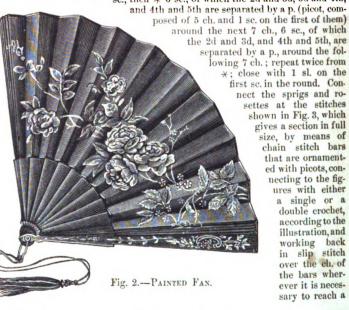


Wall-Pocket.

For pattern and description see Supplement,
No. X., Figs. 50 and 51.

1 short dc., 24 dc. and 1 short dc. around the next 22 sc., 5 sc. on the next 5 sc., 28 sc. on the last 28 of the 58 ch. at the beginning of the round, at the same time catching in the first 28, 3 sc. around the middle 2 of the 58 ch., 28 sc. on the free veins of the first 28 ch., 4 sc. on the next 4 sc., fasten off.

This completes one leaf. For each small rosette work 12 ch., and close into a ring with 1 sl., then work 24 sc. around it, and 1 sl. on the first of the 24; next work 6 times alternately 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the following 4th of the 24 sc., then *6 sc., of which the 2d and 3d, 3d and 4th, and 4th and 5th are separated by a p. (picot, composed of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them) around the next 7 ch., 6 sc., of which the 2d and 3d, and 4th and 5th, are separated by a p., around the fol-



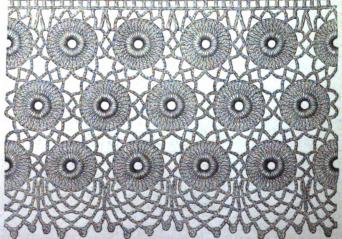


Fig. 4.—Section of Crochet Collar, Fig. 2.—Full Size.

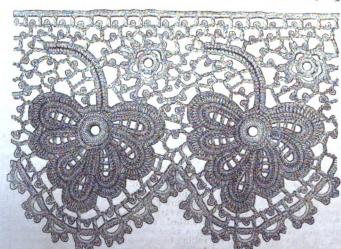


Fig. 3.—Section of Crochet Collar, Fig. 1.—Full Size.



point. Work 3 rounds entirely around the collar. The first of these consists of single dc. separated by 2 ch., 1 p., and 2 ch. The second is composed of single dc. separated by 5 ch., worked around the ch. of the preceding round. For the last round finish the upper

For the last round finis.
edge by working 6 sc.
around every 5 ch.,
and around the ends
and bottom work as
follows: * 12 sc.
around the next and
the following 5 ch. together, 7 ch., connect
to the 4th of the preeding 12 sc., 10 sc., ceding 12 sc., 10 sc., the 3d and 4th, 5th and 6th, and 7th and sth, separated by 1 p., around the 7 ch.; repeat from *, but at the middle of a scallop, and in the hollow between scallops, vary as shown in the illustration. A narrow muslin band is joined to the top of the collar. The cuff to match is made ten inches long. The collar Fig. 2 is composed of 3 rows



CASHMERE EVENING DRESS.
BACK.—[For Front, see Page 188.] For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1 and 2.—SLIP FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—BACK AND FRONT.—CUT PAT-

around the last 5 ch. of

this and the first 5 ch. of the next rosette, 3 ch.;



Dress of Plain and India Figured Wool. Baok. — (For Front, see Page 189.) — Cut Pat-tern, No. 3401: Panier Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-12.

of small rosettes, which

are begun separately,

and connected in the

section in full size is shown in Fig. 4. For each rosette wind the

thread 25 times around

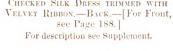
a pencil about three-

quarters of an inch in circumference, slip off

course of the work.

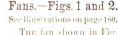


CHECKED SILK DRESS TRIMMED WITH





PEN-WIPER.



The fan shown in Fig. 1 has ebonized sticks with gilt ornamentation, and a black satin leaf, which is decorated with embroidered yellow irises. Fig. 2 has sticks of dark brown wood, and an olive

repeat from *, and close the upper edge as it began. 4th round.— Work around the front and sides alternately 6 ch., the middle 2 separated by 1 picot, composed of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them, and 1 sc. around the next 7 ch.; in the hollow between scallops

work as in the 3d round; along the upper edge alternately 1 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 2d st.

Pen-Wiper.

This pen-wiper is made of narrow strips of black cloth notched at the edges, which are rolled up, and held together by a red velvet band somewhat nar-rower. The velvet is ornamented with a net-work of old gold silk cord and fancy stitches in blue and gold-color-ed silk, and is edged with narrow tassel fringe. The handle is a miniature shawl strap, made either of light leather, or of ribbon wire covered with silk.



BROCADE AND VELVET DRESS.

Back.—[For Front, see Page 189.]

Figs. 1 and 2.—Apron for Child from 1 to 4 Years old.—Front and Back.—Cut Pattern, No. 3406: Price, 15 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 47-49.

satin leaf, with painted sprays of pink roses, as shown in the illus-

tration.

Work-Basket.

See illustration on p. 180. THE basket is of gilded wicker-work, lined with old gold satin, and decorated on each side with a valance of copper-colored velveteen ornamented with an ap-pliqué in Spanish embroidery. Each valance is cut thirteen inches deep and ten inches long, which is the distance between the handles. It is rounded at the bottom, lined with foundation, and hemmed down at the edge. The design for the embroidery is given in Fig. 52, Supplement. Transfer the outlines to écru linen, and define them with a fine gold cord sewed down with wide button-hole stitches in silk twist, forming the cord into loops at regular intervals as seen on the design; where these loops touch an adjacent outline they are fastened in by a button-hole stitch, and here two or more of them meet they are linked together. Edge the central figure in yellow silk button-hole stitches, and fill in the surface in feather stitch with two shades of pink silk. The drooping flower is in dull blue, and the arabesques are in shades of olive silk. After completing the work, cut away the linen ground from around and between the figures, and apply the embroidery on the velveteen. The upper edge of the basket and the foot are bound with velveteen. The valances are taken up by three pleats, and fastened on

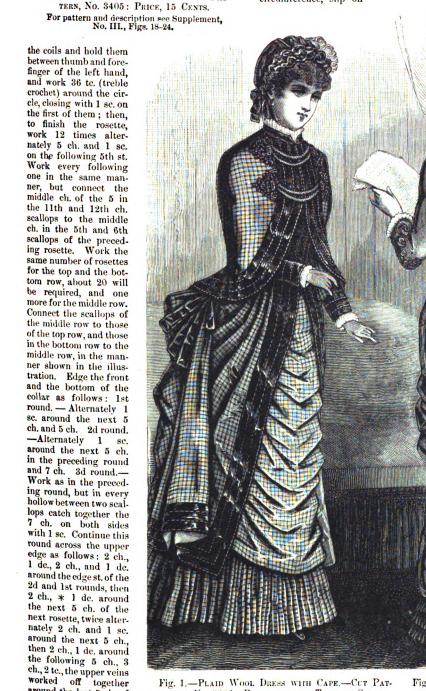


Fig. 1.—Plaid Wool Dress with Cape.—Cut Pat-TERN, No. 3396: POLONAISE AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH; CAPE, 10 CENTS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Fig. 25.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere Dress.—Cut Pat-TERN, No. 3397: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.

Maria

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HUMBALLAI

Fig. 3.—Dress of Plain and Figured Wool.—Cut Pattern, No. 3398: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each. For description see Supplement.

Digitized by

the basket with the ends covered by fan-pleatings of velveteen lined with old gold satin. A narrow crochet border in tinselled cord and copper-colored silk covers the inner edge of the binding. The lower edge of the valances and the handles are trimmed with ball tassels of copper-colored silk.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

sister, regarding him with a curious look. "Are you going to install her as mistress of the Towers?"

"Take her to Lynn!" he said, with a scornful agh. "Yes, I should think so! Cage her up laugh. with that old cat, indeed!"

"She is my aunt as well as yours, and I will not have her spoken of like that," said Mrs. Graham, sharply.

"She is my aunt," said this young man; "and she is yours; and she is an old cat as well. Never mind, Polly. You will see such things at Lynn as your small head never dreamed of. The place has just been starved for want of money. must see that when you think of Inverstroy: look how well everything is done there. And then, when you consider how we have been working to pay off scores run up by other people—that seems rather hard, doesn't it ?"

"I don't think so-I don't think so at all!" his sister said, promptly. "Our family may have made mistakes in polities; but that was better than always truckling to the winning side. We have nothing to be ashamed of. And you ought to be very glad that so much of the land remains ours"

ours."
"Well, you will see what can be made of it,"
"I don't regret her brother said, confidently. "I don't regret now the long struggle to keep the place together; and once we get back Corrievreak, we'll have the water-shed for the march again."

His face brightened up at this prospect.

"That will be something, Polly?" he said, gayly. "What a view there is from the tops all along that march! You've got the whole of Inverness-shire spread out around you like a map. I think it was £8000 my grandfather got for Corrievreak; but I suppose Sir John will want £15,000. I know he is ready to part with it, for it is of little use to him: it does not lie well with his forest. But if we had it back-and with the

sheep taken off Allt-nam-ba—"
"Jim says you ought to make Corrievreak the sanctuary," his sister remarked; and indeed she seemed quite as much interested as he in these

joyful forecasts.

"Why, of course. There couldn't be a better-"And I was saying that if you planted the Rushen slopes, and built a good large comfortable lodge there, you would get a far better rent for the forest. You know it isn't like the old for the forest. You know it isn't like the old days, Archie: the people who come from the south now come because it is the fashion; and they must have a fine house for their friends

Yes, and hot luncheons sent up the hill, with champagne glasses and table napkins!" said "No more biscuits and a flask to last you from morning till night. The next thing will be a portable dining-table that can be taken up into one of the corries; and then they will have fingerglasses, I suppose, after lunch. No matter. For there is another thing, my sweet Mrs. Graham, that perhaps you have not considered: it may come to pass that, as time goes on, we may not have to let the forest at all. That would be much better than being indebted to your tenant for a day's stalking in your own forest."

And then it seemed to strike him that all this planning and arranging—on the basis of Yolande's fortune—sounded just a little bit mercenary.

"To hear us talking like this," said he, with a laugh, "any one would imagine that I was marrying in order to improve the Lynn estate. Well, we haven't quite come to that yet, I hope. If it were merely a question of money, I could have gone to America, as I said. That would have been the market for the only kind of goods I've got to sell. No. I don't think any one can bring that against me."

"I, for one, would not think of accusing you of any such thing," said his sister, warmly. "I hope you would have more pride. Jim was poor enough when I married him."

"Now if I were marrying for money," said he—and he seemed eager to rebut this charge—"I would have no scruples at all about asking Yolande to go and live at Lynn. Of course it would be a very economical arrangement. But would I should think not. I wouldn't have her shut up there for anything. But I hope she will like the house, as a visitor, and get on well with my father and my aunt. Don't you think she will produce a good impression? What I hope for most of all is that Jack Melville may take a fancy to her. That would settle it in a minute, you know. Whatever Melville approves, that is right—at the Towers or anywhere else. It's his cheek, you know. He believes in himself, and everybody else believes in him. It isn't only at Gress that he is the dominic. 'He is a scholar and a gentleman'—that is my beloved auntie's pet phrase, as if his going to Oxford on the strength of the Ferguson scholarship made him an authority on the right construction of a salmon ladder.'

"Is that the way you speak of your friends be

hind their back?"

"Well, he jumps upon me considerable," said he, frankly; "and I may as well take it out of him when he is at Gress and I am in Egypt. No matter. If he takes a fancy to Yolande it will be all right. That is how they do with cigars and wines in London—'specially selected and approved by Messrs. So-and-so.' It is a guarantee of genuine quality. And so it will be 'Yolande Winterbourne, approved by Jack Melville, of Monaglen, and forwarded on to Lynn Towers."

"If that is all, that can be easily managed," said his sister, cheerfully. "When she is with us at Inverstroy we will take her over to call on

"I know what Mrs, Bell will call her-I know the very phrase: she will say, 'She is a bonnie The old lady is rather proud of the Scotch she picked up in the south."
"She ought to be prouder of the plunder she

picked up further south still. She 'drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle Ha'' to some pur-

"Yes; and Jack Melville will have every penny of it; and a good solid nest-egg it must be by this time. I am certain the old lady has an eye on Monaglen. What an odd thing it would be if Melville were to have Monaglen handed over to him just as we were getting back Corrievreak! I think there are some curious changes in store in that part of the world."

At this point Mrs. Graham pulled up her sorry

steed, and waited until the rest of the cavalcade came along.

"Yolande dear," said she, in a tone of remonstrance, "why don't you come on in front, and get less of the dust?"

Yolande did as she was bid.
"I have been so much interested," said she, ightly. "What a chance it is to learn about Afghanistan and Russia-from one who knows, as Colonel Graham does! You read and read in Parliament; but they all contradict each other. And Colonel Graham is quite of my papa's opin-

"Well, now, the stupidity of it!" said pretty Mrs. Graham, with an affected petulance. "You people have been talking away about Afghanistan, and Archie and I have been talking away about the Highlands—in the African desert. What is the use of it? We ought to talk about what is around us."

"I propose," said the Master of Lvnn. "that Yolande gives us a lecture on the antiquities of

"Do you know, then, that I could?" said she. "But not this Karnae. No; the one in Brittany. I lived near it at Auray, for a long time, before I

was taken to the Château."
"My dear Yolande," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, "if you will tell us about yourself, and your early life, and all that, we will pack off all the mum-mies and tombs and pillars that ever existed."

"But there is no story at all, except a sad one," said the girl. "My uncle was a French gentleman—ah, so kind he was!—and one day in the winter he was shot in the woods when he and the other gentlemen were out. Oh, it must have been terrible when they brought him home-not quite dead! But they did not tell me; and perhaps I was too young to experience all the misery. But it killed my aunt, who had taken me away from England when my mother died. She would not see any one; she shut herself un: then one morning she was found dead; and then they sent for my father, and he took me to the ladies at the Château. That is all. Perhaps if I had been older I should have understood it more, and been more grieved; but now, when I look back at Auray and our living there, I think mostly of the long drives with my aunt, when my uncle was away at the chase, and often and often we drove along the peninsula of Quiberon, which not every one visits. And was it a challenge, then," she added, in a brighter way, "about a lecture on Carnac? Oh, I can give you one very easily. For I have read all the books about it, and I can give you all the theories about it, each of which is perfectly self-evident, and all of them quite contradictory. Shall I begin? It was a challenge,'

"No, Yolande, I would far rather hear your own theory," said he, gallantly. "Mine? I have not the vanity," she said, lightly. "But this is what all the writers do not know, that besides the long rows of stones in the open plains—oh, hundreds and thousands, so that all the farm-houses and the stone walls have been built of them-besides these, all through the woods, wherever you go, you come upon separate dolmens, sometimes almost covered over. My aunt and I used to stop the carriage, and go wandering through the woods in search; and always we thought these were the graves of pious people who wished to be buried in a sacred place-near where the priests were sacrificing in the plain—and perhaps that their friends had brought their bodies from some dis-

"Just as the Irish kings were carried to Iona

to be buried," said the Master.
"But, Yolande dear," said Mrs. Graham, who was more interested in the story of Yolande's youth than in Celtic monuments, "how did you come to keep up your English, since you have lived all your life in France?"

"But my aunt spoke English, naturally," said e. "Then at the Château one of the ladies also spoke it-oh, I assure you, there was no European language she did not speak, nor any country she did not know, for she had been travelling companion to a noble lady. And always her belief was that you must learn Latin as the first key."

"Then did you learn Latin, Yolande?" Master of Lynn inquired, with some vague impression that the question was jocular, for Yolande had not revealed any traces of erudition.

"If you will examine me in Virgil, I think I shall pass," said she; "but in Horace—not at all. It is distressing the way he twists the meaning about the little short lines, and hides it away; I never had patience enough for him. Ah, there is one who does not hide his meaning, there is one who can write the line that goes straight and sounding and majestic. You have not to puzzle over the meaning when it is Victor Hugo who recounts to you the story of Ruy Blas, of of Angelo, of Hernani. That is not the poetry that is made with needles."

Mrs. Graham was scarcely prepared for this

declaration of faith,

"My dear Yolande," said she, cautiously, "Victor Hugo's dramas are very fine; but I not call them meat for babes. At the Chateau,

"Oh, they were strictly forbidden," she said, frankly. "Madame would have stormed if she had known. But we read them all the same. What is the harm? Every one Why not? knows that there is crime and wrong in the world; why should one shut one's eyes ?-that is folly. Is it not better to be indignant that there should be such crime and wrong? If there is any one who takes harm from such writing, he must be a strange person.'

"At all events, Yolande," said he, "I hope you don't think that all kings are scoundrels, and all convicts angels of hight? Victor Hugo is all very well, and he thunders along in fine style; but don't you think he comes awfully near being ridiculous ? He hasn't much notion of a joke, has he? Don't you think he is rather too portent-ously solemn?"

Well, this inquiry into Yolande's opinions and experiences-which was intensely interesting to him, and naturally so-was eliciting some odd revelations; for it now appeared that she had arrived at the conclusion that the French, as a nation, were a serious and sombre people.

Do you not think so?" she said, with wide eyes. "Oh, I have found them so grave. The poor peo-ple in the fields, when you speak to them and they answer, it is always with a sigh; they look sac and tired; the care of work lies heavily on them. And at the Château also everything was so serious and formal; and when we paid visits there was none of the freedom, the amusement, the good-humor, of the English house. Sometimes, indeed, at Oatlands, at Weybridge, and once or twice in London, when my papa has taken me to visit, I have thought the mamma a little blunt in her frankness-in the expectation you would find yourself at home without any trouble on her part; but the daughters-oh, they were always very kind, and then so full of interest, about boating, or tennis, or something like that-always so full of spirits, and cheerful-no, it was not in the least like a visit to a French family. In France, how many years is it before you become friends with a neighbor? In England, if you are among nice people, it is—to-morrow. You, dear Mrs. Graham, when you came to Oatlands, what did you know about me? Nothing."

"Bless the child, had I not my eyes?" Mrs. Graham exclaimed.

"But before two or three days you were calling

me by my Christian name."
"Indeed I did," said Mrs. Graham; "if it is a Christian name, which I doubt. But this I may suggest to you, my dear Yolande, that you don't pay me a compliment, after the friendship you speak of, and the relationship we are all hoping for, in calling me by my married name. name of Polly is not very romantic-

"Oh, dear Mrs. Graham, I couldn't!" said Yo-

lande, almost in affright.
"Of course not," said the pretty young matron, with one of her most charming smiles. "Of course you couldn't be guilty of such familiarity with one of my advanced age. But I suppose Jim is right; I am getting old. Only he doesn't seem to consider that a reason for treating me with any increasing respect."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing," Yolande protested, almost in a voice of entreaty. "How could you imagine it?"

"Very well. But if you consider that 'Polly' is not in accordance with my age or my serious character as a mother and a wife, there is a compromise in 'Mary,' which, indeed, was my proper name until I fell into the hands of men. always to be called Mary, until Archie and Jim began with their impertinence. And when we are in the Highlands together, you know, and you are staying with us at Inverstroy, or we are visiting you at Allt-nam-ba, or when we are all together at the Towers, what ever would the people think if they heard you call me 'Mrs. Graham'? They would think we had quarrelled."

"Then you are to be my sister Mary?" said Yolande, placidly; but the Master of Lynn flushed with pleasure when he heard that phrase.

"And I will be your champion and protectress when you come into our savage wilds in a way you can't dream of," continued pretty Mrs. Graham. "You don't know how we stand by each other in the Highlands. We stand up for our own; and you will be one of us in good time. And you haven't the least idea what a desperate person I am when my temper is up—though Jim would tell you he knows. Well, now, I suppose that is the convent over there, behind those palms; and we have been chattering the whole way about the Highlands, and Victor Hugo, and I don't know what; and I haven't the least idea what we are going to see or what we have to do."

But here the dragoman came up to assume the leadership of the party, and the Master of Lynn allowed himself to be eclipsed. He was not sorry. He was interested far less in the things around him than in the glimpses he had just got of Yolande's earlier years; and he was trying to place these one after another, to make a connected picture of her life up till the time that this journey brought him and her together. Could anything be more preoccupying than this study of the companion who was to be with him through all the long future time? And already she was related to him; she had chosen his sister to be hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PHRASE.

But these idle wanderings of theirs in Upper Egypt were destined to come to a sudden end. One evening they were coming down the river, and were about to pass Merhadj, when they saw young Ismat Effendi putting off in another boat, evidently with the intention of intercepting them.

They immediately ordered their boat to be pulled in to the shore; and as Ismat said he wanted to say something to them, they stepped on board his father's dahabeeyah, and went into the saloon, for the sake of coolness.

Then the bright-faced young Egyptian, who seemed at once excited and embarrassed, told seemed at once excited and embarrassed, told them, in his fluent and oddly phrased English, that he was much alarmed, and that his alarm was not on account of any danger that might happen to them, but was the fear that they might think him discourteous and inhospitable.

"Who could think that?" said pretty Mrs. Gra-

ham, in her sweetest way.
"Of course not. What's the matter?" said her husband, more bluntly.

Then young Ismat proceeded to explain that the latest news from the capital was not satisfactory; that many Europeans were leaving the country; that the reports in the journals were very contradictory; and that, in short, no one seemed to know what might not happen. And then he went on to implore them, if he suggested that they ought to return to Cairo, and satisfy themselves of their safety by going to the English Consulate there, not to imagine that he wished them to shorten their visit, or that his father desired to dispossess them of the dahabeeyah. "How could that be," he said, quite anxiously,
when here was another dahabeeyah lying idle? No: the other dahabeevah was wholly at their service for as long as they chose; and it would be a great honor to his father, and the highest happiness to himself, if they were to remain at Merhadj for the longest period they could command; but was he not bound, especially when there were two ladies with them, to let them know what he had heard, and give them coun-

"My dear fellow, we understand perfectly," said Colonel Graham, with his accustomed good-"And much obliged for the hint. Fact humor. is, I think we ought to get back to Cairo in any case; for those women-folk want to have a turn at the bazars, and by the time they have half ruined us, we shall just be able to get along to Suez to catch the Ganges-

We must have plenty of time in Cairo," said Mrs. Graham, emphatically.

"Oh yes," said he. "Never mind the danger. Let them buy silver necklaces, and they won't heed anything else. Very well, Mr. Ismat, come along with us now and have some dinner, and we can talk things over. We shall just be in time."

"May I?" said the young Egyptian to Mrs.
Graham. "I am not intruding?"

"We shall be delighted if you will come with

us," said she, with one of her most gracious

"It will not be pleasant for me when you go," said he. "There is not much society here. "Nor will you find much society when you come to see us at Inverstroy, Mr. Ismat," she answered. "But we will make up for that by giving you a true Highland welcome: shall we not,

Yolande dear? Yolande was not in the least embarrassed. She had quite grown accustomed to consider the

Highlands as her future home. I hope so," she said, simply. "We are not likely to forget the kindness Mr. Ismat has shown

"Oh, mademoiselle!" said he.

Now this resolve to go back to Cairo, and to get along from thence in time to catch the P. and O. steamer Ganges at Suez, was hailed with satisfaction by each member of the little party, though for very different reasons. Mr. Winterbourne was anxious to be at St. Stephen's before the Budget; and he could look forward to giving un-interrupted attention to his Parliamentary duties, for Yolande was going on to Inverstroy with the Grahams. Yolande herself was glad to think that soon she would be installed as house-mistress at Allt-nam-ba; she had all her lists ready for the shops at Inverness; and she wanted time to have the servants tested before her father's arrival. Mrs. Graham, of course, lived in the one blissful hope of seeing Baby again; while her husband was beginning to think that a little salmon-fishing would be an excellent thing. But the reason the Master of Lynn had for welcom-

ing this decision was much more occult.

"Polly," he had said to his sister on the previous day, "do you know, your friend Miss Yolande---'

"My friend!" she said, staring at him.

"She seems more intimate with you than with any one else, at all events," said he "Well, I was going to say that she takes things pretty coolly

"I don't understand vou."

"I say she takes things very coolly," he re-cated. "No one would imagine she was enpeated. gaged at all."

"Are you complaining of her already?"

"I am not companing; I am stating a fact."
"What is wrong, then? Do you want her to go about proclaiming her engagement? Why, she can't. You haven't given her an engagement ring yet. Give her her engagement ring first, and then she can go about and show it."

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. know that no one cares less about sentimentality and that sort of thing than I do; I don't believe in it much; but still-she is just a trifle too business-like. She seems to say: 'Did I promise to marry? Oh, very well; all right, when the time comes. Call again to-morrow.' Of course my idea would not be to have a langibility laws at the course of the c guishing love-sick maiden always lolloping at your elbow; but her absolute carelessness and

indifference-"

"Oh, Archie, how can you say such a thing!
She is most friendly with you—"

"Friendly! Yes; so she is with Graham. Is it the way they bring up girls in France?—to have precisely the same amount of friendliness for everybody—layers, bushouds, or even other recoule's erybody-lovers, husbands, or even other people's



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husbands. It is convenient, certainly; but things

husbands. It is contented, or carry, or carry, might get mixed."
"I wonder to hear you," said Mrs. Graham, indignantly. "You don't deserve your good fortune. The fact is, Yolande Winterbourne hap-tune. The fact is, Yolande Winterbourne hap-tune. pens to have very good health and spirits, and she is naturally light-hearted; whereas you would like to have her sombre and mysterious, I suppose; like to have ner somore and mysterious, I suppose; or perhaps it is the excitement of lovers' quarrels that you want. Is that it? Do you want to be quarrelling and making up again all day long? Well, to tell you the truth, Archie, you haven't hit on the right sort of girl. Now Shena I'an would have suited you; she has a temper that would have given you amusement—"
"Leave Miss Stewart alone," he said, roughly.

"I wish there were many women in the world like her: if there are, I haven't met them."

"Yolande is too good for you."

"So she seems to think, at all events." "Why don't you go and quarrel with her, then? What is the use of coming and talking over the

matter with me?"
"With her? It wouldn't interest her. She would rather talk about the price of coals, or the chances of the Irish getting Home Rule—anvthing but what ought to be the most important

event in her life."

"Archie," said his sister, who did not attach too much seriousness to these temporary moods of disappointment, "if papa finds out that Mr. Winterbourne is half inclined, and more than half inclined, to favor Home Rule, he will go out

"Let him go out of his senses," said her brother, with deliberate indifference. "I suppose the worst that could happen would be the breaking off of the match."

But this possibility, involving the destruction of all her beautiful plans and dreams of the future, instantly awoke her alarm; and her protest was emphatic.

"Archie," said she, regarding him sternly, "I beg you to remember that you are expected to act as a gentleman."

"I don't know what you mean," he said.
"I will tell you, plain enough. You have asked this girl to be your wife; she has accepted you; engagement has been made known; and I say this, that if you were to throw her over-I don't care for what reason-you would stamp yourself as a coward. Is that plain? A girl may be allowed to change her mind—at least she sometimes does, and there is not much said against her; but the man who engages himself to a girl, and allows the engagement to be known and talked about, and then throws her over, I say is a coward, neither more nor less. And I don't believe it of you. I don't believe you would allow papa or any one else to interfere, now the thing is settled. The Leslies are not made of

"That is all very well"—he was going to urge; but the impetuous little woman would have her

say.
"What is more, I honor her highly for her re serve. There is nothing more disgusting than to see young people dawdling and fondling in the

presence of others. You don't want to be Jock and Jenny going to the fair, do you?"

"Look here, Demosthenes," he said, calmly.
"You are as good as any one I know at drawing a serving across the scent; but you are perfectly aware all the time of what I meen." aware all the time of what I mean."

This somewhat disconcerted her.

"Well, I am-in a way," she said; and her tone was now rather one of appeal. "But don't vou see what life on board this boat is? It is all in the open. You can not expect any girl to be onfidential when you have scarcely ever a chance of talking to her by herself. You must make allowances, Archie. I do know what you mean; but—but I don't think you are right; and I, for one, am very glad to see her so light-hearted. You may depend on it, she hasn't sacrificed any one else in order to accept you. Her cheerfulness promises very well for the future—that is my idea of it; it shows that she is not thinking of somebody else, as girls sometimes do, even after they are engaged. Of course it isn't the girl's place to declare her sentiments; and it does happen sometimes that there is some one they would rather have had speak; and of course there is an occasional backward glance, even after marriage. In Yolande's case I don't think there is. One can not be certain; but I don't think there is. And why should you be disap-pointed because she does not too openly show her preference? Of course she can't—in this sort of life. But you will have the whole field to your-self. You have no rival; and she has a quickly grateful nature. You will have her all to your-self in the Highlands. Here she is waiting on her father half the time, and the other half Jim is making fun with her. At Inverstroy it will be quite different."

"Well, perhaps. I hope so," said he. "Of course it will! You will have her all to yourself. Jim will be away at his fences and his pheasant coops, and I shall have plenty to do in the house. And if you want her to quarrel with you, I dare say she will oblige you. Most girls can manage that. But the first thing to be done, Archie-in sober scriousness-is to buy a very nice engagement ring for her at Cairo; and that will be always reminding her. And I do hope it will be a nice one, a very handsome one indeed. You ought not to consider expense on such an occasion. If you haven't quite enough money with you, Jim will lend you some. It is certainly odd that she should have no family jewelry; but it is all the greater opportunity for you to give her something very pretty; and you ought to show the Winterbournes, for your own sake, and for the sake of our family, that you can do the thing handsomely."

To hear you, Polly, one would think you were an old woman—a thorough old schemer. And | yet how long is it since your chief delight in life used to be to go tomabogging down the face of Bendyerg?

have learned a little common-sense since then," said pretty Mrs. Graham, with a demure smile.

Well, he did buy a very handsome ring for her when they got to Cairo; and Yolande was greatly pleased with it, and said something very kind and pretty to him. Moreover, there was a good deal of buying going on. The gentlemen at the Consulate had expressed the belief that they were in no immediate danger of having their throats cut; and they set to work to ransack the bazars with a right good will. Nor was there any concealment of the intent of most of those purchases. Of course they bought trinkets and bricà-brac, mostly for presentation to their friends; and Mr. Winterbourne insisted on Mrs. Graham accepting from him a costly piece of Syrian embroidery on which she had set longing eyes during their previous visit. But the great mass of their purchases—at least of Mr. Winterbourne's purchases—was clearly and obviously meant for the decoration of Yolande's future home. Under Mrs. Graham's guidance he bought all sorts of silk stuffs, embroideries, and draperies. He had a huge case packed with hand-graven brass-work squat, quaint candlesticks, large shields, cups, trays, and what not; and once, when in an old curiosity shop, and Yolande happening to be standing outside, Mrs. Graham ventured to remonstrate with him about the cost of some Rhodian dishes he had just said he would take, he answered her thus:

"My dear Mrs. Graham, when in Egypt we must do as the Egyptians do. Don't you remember the bride who came down to the river bringing with her her bales of carpets and her drove of donkeys? Yolande must have her plenishing that is a good Scotch word, is it not?

"But I should think she must have about a dozen of those sheiks' head-dresses already," said pretty Mrs. Graham. "And we don't really have many fancy-dress balls in Inverness. Besides, she could not go as a sheik."

"Fancy-dress balls? Oh no; nothing of the kind. They will do for a dozen things in to be pitched on to sofas or on the backs of

airs—merely patches of fine color."
"And that," said she, with a smile, looking at an antique Persian dagger with an exquisitely carved handle and elaborately inlaid sheath-" of what use will that be in the Highlands?"

"My dear madam," said he, with a perfectly grave face, "I have not listened to your husband and your brother for nothing. Is it not necessary to have something with which to gralloch a wounded stagy

"To gralloch a stag with a beautiful thing like that!" she exclaimed in horror.

"And if it is too good for that, can not Yolande use it as a paper-knife? You don't mean to say that when you and your husband came home from India you brought back no curiosities

"Of course we did, and long before that Jim had a whole lot of things from the Summer Palace at Pekin; but then we are old people. These things are too expensive for young people just beginning.'

"The bride must have her plenishing," said he, briefly; and then he began to bargain for a number of exceedingly beautiful Damascus tiles, which he thought would just about be sufficient for the construction of a fire-place.

Nor were these people the least bit ashamed when, some days after this, they managed to smuggle their valuable cases on board the homeward-bound steamer without paying the customs dues. Mr. Winterbourne declared that a nation which was so financially mad as to levy an eight per cent. ad ralorem duty on exports—or rather that a nation which was so mad as to tax exports at all-ought not to be encouraged in its lunacy; and he further consoled his conscience by reflecting that, so far from his party having spoiled the Egyptians, it was doubtless all the other way; and that probably some £60 or £70 of English money had been left in the Cairene bazars which had no right to be there. However, he was content. The things were such things as he had wanted; he had got them as cheaply as seemed possible; he would have paid more for them had it been necessary. For, he said to himself, even the rooms of a Highland shooting-box might be made more picturesque and interesting by these art relies of other and former civilizaions. He did not know what kind of home the Master of Lynn was likely to provide for his bride; but good colors and good materials were appropriate anywhere; and even if Yolande and her husband were to succeed to the possession of Lynn Towers, and even if the rooms there (as he had heard was the case at Balmoral) were decorated exclusively in Highland fashion, surely they could set aside some chamber for the reception of those draperies, and potteries, and tiles, and what not, that would remind Yolande of her visit to the East. The bride must have her pten-ishing, he said to himself again and again. But they bought no jewelry of a good kind in Cairo; Mr. Winterbourne said he would rather trust Roud Street wares

And at last the big steamer slowly sailed away from the land, and they had begun their homeward voyage. Mrs. Graham and her husband were on the hurricane-deck; she was leaning

with both arms on the rail.
"Good by, Egypt," said she, as she regarded the pale yellow country under the pale turquoise sky. "You have been very kind to me. You have made me a most charming present to take back with me to the Highlands.

"What, then?" said her husband. "A sister."

"She isn't your sister yet," he said, gruffly.

"She is; and she will be," she answered, confidently.

"Do you know, Jim, I had my hopes

and wishes all the way out, but I could never be sure, for Archie is not easily caught. And I don't think she distinguished him much from the others on the voyage here, except in so far as he was one of our party. Sometimes I gave it up, to tell you the truth. And then again it seemed so desirable in every way, for I had got to like the girl myself, and I could see that Archie would be safe with her; and I could see very well, too, that Mr. Winterbourne had his eyes open, and that he seemed very well disposed toward

"You must have been watching everybody like a cat," her husband said, in not too compliment-

ary fashion.
"Can you wonder that I was interested?" she said, in protest. "Just fancy what it would be for us if he had brought some horrid insufferable creature to Lynn! I wouldn't have gone near the place; and we have little enough society as it is. But that life on the Nile did it; and I knew it would the moment the dahabeeyah had started away from Asyout—being all by ourselves like that, and he paying her little attentions all day long. He couldn't help doing that, could he? it wouldn't have been civil. And I foresaw what the end would be; and I am very glad of it, and quite grateful to Egypt and the Nile, despite all the flies and the mosquitoes.

"I dare say it will turn out all right," her husband said, indifferently.

"Well, you don't seem very delighted," she exclaimed. "Is that all you have to say? Don't you think it is a very good thing?"

"Well, yes, I do think it is a good thing. I have no doubt they will get on very well together. And in other respects the match will be an advantageous one."

'That is rather cold approval," said she, some-

what disappointed.
"Oh no, it isn't," said he, and he turned from looking at the retreating land, and regarded her. "I say I don't think he could have chosen better, and I believe they will be happy enough; and they ought to be comfortable and well off. Isn't that sufficient? He seems fond of her; I think they will lead a very comfortable life. What

"But there is something behind what you say, Jim; I know there is," she said.

"And if there is, it is nothing very serious," said he; and then he added, with a curious sort of smile: "I tell you I think it will come out all right; I am sure it will. But you can't deny this, Polly-well, I don't know how to put it. I may be mistaken. I haven't as sharp eyes as yours. But I have a fancy that this marriage, though I have no doubt it will be a happy enough

one, will be, on her side at least—"
"What, then?" said his wife, peremptorily.
"I don't quite know whether the French have a phrase for it," said he, evasively, but still with the same odd smile on his face. "Probably they ave; they ought to have, at least. At any rate, I have a kind of fancy—now it's nothing very terrible—I say I have a dim kind of fancy that, on her side, the marriage will be something that might be called a mariage de complaisance. Oh, you needn't go away in a temper! There have been worse marriages than a mariage de complaisance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE FOREST CITY" OF THE SOUTH.

NO the Northerner en route to Florida for the winter, Savannah is, in the case of those who travel by sea from New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, a point of paramount interest from the outset until it has been left behind. He takes steamer for Savannah; it is his first stopping and resting place; and generally at Savannah he catches his first glimpse of semi-tropical vegetation, and is introduced to Southern customs and ways to which he has heretofore been a stranger. After leaving Sandy Hook the one question is, "When shall we reach Savannah?" and this is asked many times on each day of the voyage of the captain, purser, steward, or any other officer of the ship with whom one may chance to have a few moments' conversation. From each of these he receives the same answer, and if New York has been left on Saturday, it invariably is, "Some time Monday night, sir: depends on the tide over the bar." The schedule time between New York and Savannah is fifty hours, but of course circumstances may lengthen or shorten the

Hatteras is passed with much trepidation on the part of the inexperienced traveller, for no amount of reasoning or of assurance from the ship's officers, or from more experienced sailors, can persuade him that "off Hatteras" is not the most dangerous place in the world; he has strained his eyes to obtain a glimpse of its distant light-house or flashing light. At length the day dawns on which he is to reach Savannah. outer bar, marked by its weird siren buoy, whose moans bount the ear long after it has been left astern, is crossed, and, if the tide is low, anchor is dropped on the inner bar, just off the slender white shaft of Tybee Light. Without the aid of a glass the passenger may see the hotel and cottages, closed for the season, and the glorious beach of hard white sand, on Tybee Island.

These are well enough; but their background of forest is disappointing. He had expected, if not feathery palms and other tropical trees, at least something very different from what he had left behind in the North, and is disposed to ex-press himself unpleasantly in regard to the dense, sombre growth of pine which is all that he can see, stretching away indefinitely, unbroken and unrelieved, in either direction. He turns impaunrelieved, in either direction. tiently from Tybee Island, and finds objects for speculation and more immediate interest in the several sailing vessels anchored outside the bar,

and flying from their foremast-heads the yellow flag denoting the presence on board of the dreaded fever; for here, at the bar, is lower quarantine ground, and, since its fearful visitation of a few years since, no city guards more rigorously against yellow fever than Savannah.

At length the water has deepened sufficiently, the anchor comes sullenly to the surface with a growl of the great chain at the bawse-hole, and at half-speed the ship moves on over the bar, at natispeed the sill-omened flags, and begins the ascent of the yellow river which leads to Savannah, fourteen miles away. The river winds its tortuous course between low salt-marshes, stretching away for miles on either side. A mile or two below the city these become rice fields, which in the winter are brown with stubble, and form feeding grounds for the few rice-birds that still linger about them, and for innumerable wild water-fowl. On the right bank of the river may also be seen a few clumps of the cabbage-palm or palmetto.

A few miles up the river from the bar, on the left, rise the low red walls of Fort Pulaski, which during the war the Confederates deemed impregnable, but which was rendered untenable by the fire from the Federal batteries on Tybee Island, the guns of which were trained upon its maga-Although the breaches thus made in the walls of the fort have been long since repaired, their outlines may still be traced. Traces of piling and other Confederate obstructions placed in various channels of the river may also still be noted. A few miles farther up the river, on the same side, is Fort Jackson, smaller and less pre-tentious, but stronger than Fort Pulaski. From both of these troops were withdrawn some years ago, and both look deserted and neglected.

As the city is approached the stillness of its water-front, as compared with that of a Northern city, is Sabbatic, and is only relieved by the hoarse exhausts of steam from the several great cotton-presses which from September to January are at the height of their activity.

The principal hotels of Savannah are located on opposite sides of Johnson Square, in the heart of the city, from the centre of which rises a plain shaft of granite bearing neither name nor inscription; and often the tourist will be obliged to question several citizens before he learns that it is to the memory of General Nathaniel Greene, and was only intended by its builders as a temporary monument to remain until a more costly shaft could be afforded.

There are but few regular sights to be "done" in this pleasant old city, which is a relief to the traveller, weary from the rush and worry of Northern life, or from the interminable sight-seeing of a European trip. He can "do" the city thoroughly in a day, or if he is lazy, and has plenty of leisure, he may spend several days pleasantly and profitably in exploring its odd nooks and out-of-the-way corners. An early morning walk of two or three blocks from his hotel will take him to the quaint old market-house, where the most striking feature to the Northerner is the predominance of negroes, men and women, with the latter in the majority, in every department of its business. Some of them own commodious stalls, from which they conduct a brisk trade; but most of them do a curb-stone business on the walks outside the building. Here the old colored aunties and their youthful assistants hover over small fires built in the gutters, smoke their short pipes, and guard their small stock in trade, which often consists of but a couple of chickens, a dozen sweet-potatoes, a bundle of sugar-canes, or a few handfuls of okra. In the basement under the market are many small and very dark eatingrooms, presided over by colored cooks, and apparently only intended for colored customers. though the Savannah game, fish, and vegetable market is well supplied from the immediate vicinity of the city, its staple meats are brought from the North, New York, Boston, and Balti-

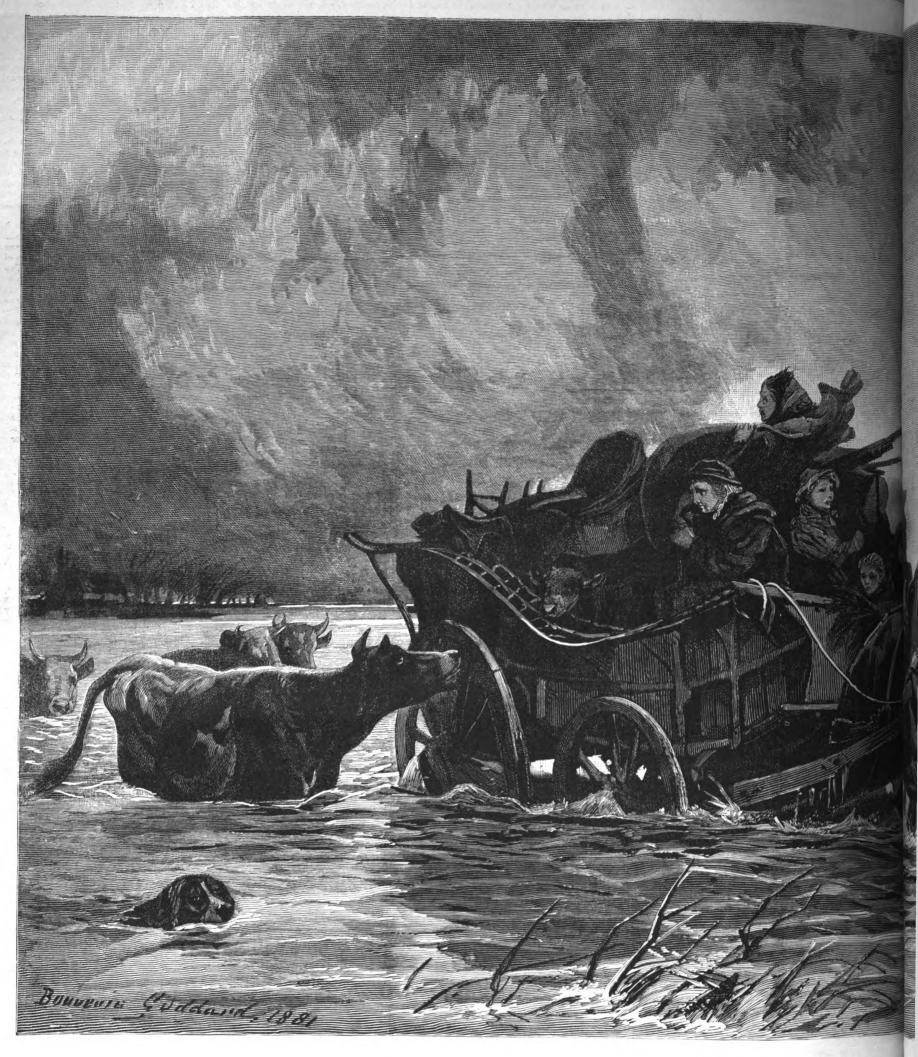
more each furnishing a share. The morning hours after breakfast may be pleasantly occupied by a stroll up Bull Street, past the Pulaski Monument, through pretty little Forsyth Park, and as far as the handsome monument erected to the Confederate dead in the extension of the Park beyond. The quiet of the city is phenomenal, but is easily accounted for by the deep sand of the streets; for, with a few exceptions near the river-front, they are all unpaved, the property owners of this most conservative city strongly resisting every effort at improvement in that direction. In addition to their quiet, they are very beautiful, with their arches of moss-hung live-oaks, their stately magnolias, their substantial old houses, surrounded by oldfashioned gardens in which roses bloom throughout the year, and their open squares filled with trees and grassy turf at every intersection, and they seem very pleasant to him who has for several days been confined to the narrow decks of a

A drive after dinner in an open carriage over the fine shell road to Bonaventure and Thunderbolt is a pleasure to be remembered. Bonaventure, with its quiet graves and gleaming marbles, offering strong contrast to the majestic oaks, with their funereal hangings of gray moss, and with the sea-breezes making solemn music among their gaunt limbs, is indeed a typical home of the dead. Thunderbolt, a mile beyond, is a fishing village, containing a tavern noted for the excellence of its fish and game dinners. Both Bonaventure and Thunderbolt may be reached by the Coast - line Railway, over which horse-cars are run

from the city four times a day.

If it is moonlight, another stroll through the quiet streets when the evening air is heavy with the scent of roses and tuneful with the melody of mocking-birds will present the city in its most enticing aspect, and the tourist will be prepared to continue his journey into still warmer latitudes, bearing with him pleasant reminiscences of this "Forest City" of the South.

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"RESCUED."-FROM THE PICTURE BY

"RESCUED."

THE scene represented in our illustration is one that this year has been unfortunately common in most countries. There have been disastrous inundations in France, in Germany on the Rhine, and in Hungary on the Danube, as well as on the Trent and Thames in England. But great as has been the distress caused by these European folods, it may be doubted whether the disastrous rise of our Western streams has may be doubted whether the disastrous rise of our Western streams has not been more widely destructive. The rise of the water in the Ohio was unprecedented, and at Cincinnati on the 14th of February the river marked sixty-six feet. The inhabitants of Newport, Covington, and Cincinnati were imprisoned in their houses, while in eleven miles of submerged territory along the river and six miles of flood, up Mill Creek to Spring Grove Cemetery at least eight theyeved for ill. merged territory along the river and six miles of flood, up Mill Creek to Spring Grove Cemetery, at least eight thousand families were isolated. In the city of Cincinnati itself there were forty miles of streets which could only be traversed by boats, and these skiffs were plying day and night, carrying food or clothing or fuel. All travel by ordinary routes was stopped, and the loss to trade was enormous. At Louisville an embankment gave way, flooding a square mile of the city. At Lancaster, Ohio, the whole valley of the Hocking River and Clear Creek was under water, and the farmers moved away from the bettem leads to kinds water, and the farmers moved away from the bottom-lands to higher ground to wait for the subsidence of the waters. In Kentucky, Milton was completely submerged, not a house being spared. Large cables were used to anchor the buildings. Provisions in the stores were exhausted,

and food had to be brought from Carrollton. Jeffersonville was flooded from two to twenty feet deep, and five thousand people were homeless. At Lawrenceburg the rise of the Miami and White rivers did terrible damage, and at Evansville there was a clear sheet of water of five miles expanse before the city. The farmers on the bayous moved their corn and stock to the high grounds, and took all possible precautions to preserve their property. Great alarm, too, prevailed in the Mississippi Valley when men recognized the danger threatening them from the deluge which was pouring down the Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers. At Little Rock the Arkansas River was fifteen feet above its usual level, and the Ouachita overflowed the rich bottom-lands. At Columbus, Kentucky, a few miles below Cairo, the levee burst, and the town was submerged to an average depth of ten feet. Between Cairo and Memphis serious damage was done to the corn that was hilled up along the bank of the river awaiting shipment. Everywhere was heard the same tale of rising water, submerged dwellings, and suspended traffic. Fortunately

of rising water, submerged dwellings, and suspended traffic. Fortunately there has not been much loss of life.

Not until the waters receded was the full extent of the damage realized. It was then ascertained that the early dispatches from the districts that were suffering had not been exaggerated. Lawrenceburg alone had two hundred houses rendered uninhabitable. At Shawneetown, Illinois, the river has been from five to thirty miles wide, and hundreds of houses had been swept away. But the Eastern States, that had escaped the visitation, came to the rescue of the sufferers, and large funds have been

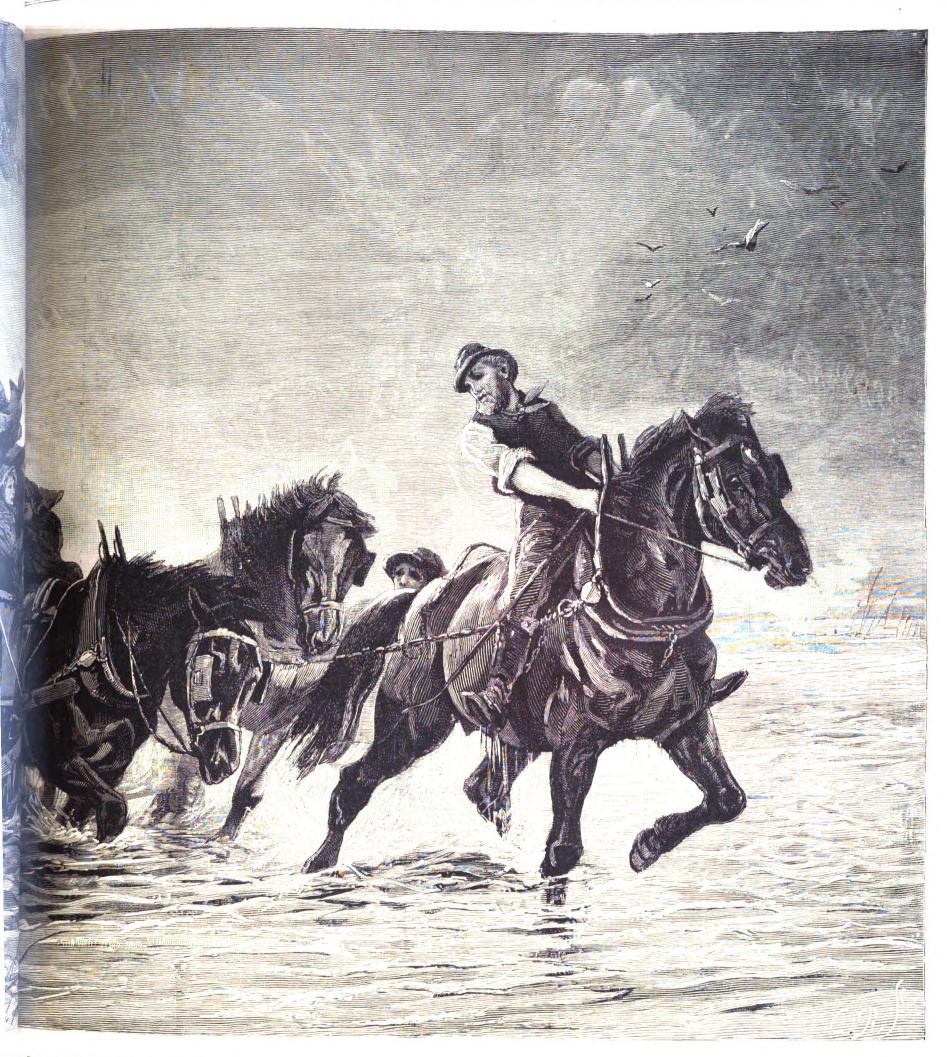
raised to relieve the most urgent cases, and succor those who have been swept away, and whose property of all kinds has been for weeks to come many communities will be dependent on decontributions. contributions.

The engraving that accompanies this article is from a picture verie Goddard, and was exhibited at the Royal Academ kall 1881, where it was admired for its powerful rendering of the fif family with all their worldly goods before the advancing waters.

A FOOL FOR LUCK.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PERHAPS there really never was so completely worthless a Mark Eastershead—Marquis Lafayette Eastershead was his its entirety, but it was too heavy a figure-head for so small a the neighbors had cut it down to more convenient dimensions. his mother was the dignity of name and title a dignity insepa himself, in spite of his worthlessness. For worthless he was as too worthless even to be vicious. Nobody ever saw him drink; believe he smoked; he had no habits of any kind, good, bad, or indidunless you could call his inveterate ability to do nothing a habit. He lived with his mother, old Mrs. Eastershead, as she had bear from time immemorial—old, although she was but little past sixty.



RE GODDARD, ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON, 1881.

he average of life is lengthening, so that we are rather inclined to call any the prime of life than otherwise. At any rate, that is the way people feel who are in the neighborhood of sixty; and Mrs. Eastershead booked forward to a good many years yet. She had to do so, in fact; the could not bear the idea of anything else; she must live as long as Marquis did, or who in the world would take care of him? He certainly would not take care of himself. He had had to leave school because it burt him so to study. His mother found him a situation behind a counter; he had to leave that because it hurt him so to stand. Then she secured him a place in a manufactory; he had to leave that because it hurt him so to breathe the flying fluff. She begged for him an opportainty to go to sea; he came home by land because it hurt him so to seak. At last she decided to let him work out his salvation in the integration patch; he gave that up presently because it hurt him so to like and if there was any work to do, to let his mother do it.

It hurt her too. When the doctor wanted his alder swamp cleared, and offered Markey and the last she decided to let him of anything except to sit round like and if there was any work to do, to let his mother do it.

and offered Mark a dollar and a half a day to go and clear it, his mother said after the second day, that she couldn't have any more of that; it we his feet, and he always was so delicate that wetting his feet was "He's one of the people that ought to have been born to a fortune. I suppose it's his great-grandfather Dupanloup cropping up in him. They have do re-appear every few generations."

Whomsoever the "they" referred to, if they reappeared in Mark, they certainly had no very flattering avatar—a hang-dog, slouching, ill-favored fellow as ever looked capable of foul deeds, but was really as incapable of them as of any other. There was only one thing to be said of him—he couldn't help it. If it was laziness, if it was inefficiency, if it was shiftlessness, it was just as much a short-coming of the brain as any other mental or nervous deficiency. Had one examined the cranial organs of the young man according to the method of Moriz Benedikt, he would have found, perhaps, not the deep and frequent fissures of criminality, nor even the normal ones of health, but rather a smooth surface without any fissures whatever. And yet he loved ease and comfort, and so much of luxury as he had ever seen. After his fashion, he loved his mother too; he hated to see her work but then somelyady must work

he hated to see her work, but then somebody must work.

They let half the little house and lived in the other half—two rooms below, two rooms above, the wood-shed, and the well. The rent of that half was all the certain income that Mrs. Eastershead had; and when she had paid the taxes, you can judge how much there was left for coal, flour, meat, tea, and clothes. She had other sons and daughters; they were all of them hard-working people of narrow means. She herself could have made her home with any of them, but not one of them would have Mark. They worked, and why shouldn't he? If he wouldn't work, they wouldn't work for him. Mrs. Eastershead did not blame them at all, except for being so obtuse as to see that Marquis couldn't work. Au reste, it was all they could do to take care of themselves, and for her part

she was a sight happier in her own house with Marquis. If the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb, she guessed it would be to her. Things were never so dark but they might be darker. Just now, for instance, she had been afraid they would have to go without mince pies this winter; there never had been a winter before when they had gone without mince-pies—just a few—even if they had had to content themselves on bread and water for supper, and glad to get that, for weeks beforehand. Having the old apple-tree in the back vard, it seemed like a real waste not to have them. And here, just as she had thought she must give up hope of them, a market-man had bought all her apples but that half-peck for just enough to pay for the beef and suet and sugar and spice and cider. It fairly repaid her for the trouble she had in picking them: Marquis was so lame he couldn't, although she waited till the first frost came, and then almost broke her neck in the tree.

Mrs. Eastershead had that sanguine temperament to cross whose grain the Fates must weave a very tangled web indeed; she not only believed that Provideuce helps those that help themselves, but that it helps those that don't help themselves, and this comfortable creed upheld her through all her wants and woes; she had an unbounded faith that she would be provided for, and of course Marquis with her, as a part of her indeed; that she need have no anxiety about the morrow—the morrow would take care of itself and her too. And often as she scraped her woodshed for the last chip, and her cellar for the last coal, often as she went hungry to bed, her faith never failed: things might be worse, she was

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very sure; and even when somebody came for her to go out watching with a sick person, and paid her a half-dollar instead of a dollar, she was heard to say that that was better than a slap in the face. It was true they could have been much more comfortable if Marquis could have made the garden. since people can actually live on vegetables-that is, can keep the breath between the teeth-or if they only had a cow. Somebody had once given Marquis a little heifer calf, that they could pasture in the paddock at the back door, and that by this time would have been furnishing them with milk and cream and butter; but it sore task for Marquis to take care of it, and very confining, and they would have had to buy hay for it, and it was a positive mercy when Farmer Bruce took it off their hands a free gift, and then he had always felt a little obliged to them ever since, and often brought over a mess of potatoes, or a squash, or even a pat or two of her butter, in recognition.

There always had been something to live on, she would say, and she supposed there always would be. Last week she had spent in the parson's house, making their fall pickles for themonions, artichokes, peppers to stuff with mustard seed and mangoes with little cucumbers, and chowchow to mince and spice and boil and bottle, and tomatoes to stew down in catchup; and they knew how to treat poor folks at the parson's -always asked you to sit at the table with the family, and gave you a ten-dollar bill when you came away. Very likely they pinched themselves came away. Very likely they pinched themselves for it, but nobody could say it hadn't been earned; and the parson liked good things to eat, and she would have made them for nothing if he would have let her. To-day she was sent for up at the great house to make the year's preserve which could have been bought already made for half the price, but they had a notion to make them at home, and when she returned at the end of a week with another ten-dollar bill in her glove, she always said, "I told you so; never saw the son of the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And she spent it all in a grand dinner of turkey and accompaniments, to which all her sons and daughters and their progeny were invited. She considered everything clear gain outside of the little pittance of the rent; that was expended only as a religious observance in relation to the taxes, and as far as it would go toward the fire upon the hearth.

"Well," Mrs. Eastershead would say, when her guests had gone, "that was pleasant to have all our tribe round the table, and you in your place at the head of it, Marquis Lafayette. If I should ever see you in a grand mansion of your own, and dispensing hospitality, with wine flowing like water, I shouldn't be a grain happier than I've been to-day. And they enjoyed it, didn't they? How Semantha loves a merry-thought! And Zerubbabel always was a master-hand at the second joint." And they picked the bones for dinner next day, boiled them on the third day, and had what they could find in the way of a crust on the fourth, and relished it as if it were something better through expectancy of the good things to come when Mrs. Eastershead should be called for to help about the house-cleaning of her more affluent neighbors, which usually netted her, besides her board and a gown or two to make over, twice as much as her fall work did. Sometimes Mark went down to the flats and dug a measure of clams for a chowder; sometimes he went out in a boat for tomcods. If he caught some, they had a royal supper; and if he didn't, they didn't. If the boat failed to put in-shore before dark, his mother was hovering up and down the bank and wringing her hands, as if it really mattered whether he ever came back or not.

On the whole, Mrs. Eastershead was tolerably happy. All her day-dreams were so humble that they were easy of fulfillment; they were only dreams of earning just enough money to scrape along with, or of receiving gifts that were the good-will of friends, but not the charity of superiors. She had only one unfulfilled aspiration, and that was to lay up enough to bury her decently. She had not yet been able to put aside the first penny; but she did not think long on so mournful a subject. She sang about her tasks by day, and in the evening was made happy by her gossip with a neighbor, or by her innocent games with a very worn and greasy pack of cards in which she used to let Marquis cheat her a little, partly to please herself by thinking how cute he was, and partly to put him into better spirits than he was, or than she thought he was; for it seemed to her he must be depressed with his invalid dependence, and his failure to possess that grand mansion where wine was to flow like water.

Half of her love for him, after all, was pity; it seemed to her such a shame that he was not tall and large and full of robust health, as her other sons were. That he ate well and slept well, and was broad-shouldered if undersized, and laid on fat, and enjoyed himself generally, did not signify. It was not healthy fat; only bloat. Hers, now, was solid flesh. And so it was, poor soul; the less she had to eat, the plumper she grew, bulging out of her dresses and over her chairs, the embodiment of comfortable good nature. And vet. if half that love was pity, the other half was pure adoration. She used often to take the candle, and, shading it with her pudgy fingers, look at him asleep in the middle of the night. Then, if ever, one's innocence comes to the top as far as one has it to come: the warmth and moisture of slumber slightly curled back the short thick locks, and left the forehead bare where it was white, and he seemed to be still the same little child that she had idolized as a baby, only idealized and enlarged now, but as beautiful as a- I am ashamed to say that the word in her thought was seraph, because in yours or mine it would have

This was her state of mind, as it always had been and always would be, when her son Bel made her an afternoon's visit.

"Mother," said Bel, without any delay, "I have come round on family business. We have all been up to Quincy's, and been talking you over.'

"Talking me over?" said Mrs. Eastershead, with a dim premonition. "Well, I hope you en joyed your conversation. But speaking of me, I just had a call from Eliza Pearson, and I haven't seen her before since we were school-girls together.

"No matter about Eliza just now, mother. I haven't much time to spare, and I must have my talk with you before Marquis comes in. I suppose he's loafing round somewhere."

'Why, how you talk, Bel, about your brother!" "I'm going to talk some more about him before I get through. The fact is, mother, it's hard on us to see you working the way you do at your age, and it's a disgrace to us besides. We're all of one mind. And we want to put an end to it. There's a nice room for you in my house, and we want you to come down and take it. When you get tired of us you can go to Semantha's, and then to Miry's, and so on to Lydia's and Elizabeth's, whenever you feel like a change. And Quincy and Mirah, who haven't any spare room, will furnish you with clothes and pocketmoney-a regular allowance-and you'll be as comfortable as a queen, without lifting a fin-

"How you talk!"

"Well, so far so good. That's for you," said Bel, a little encouraged. "And as for Marquis, we all, one and all, unanimously, consider him as able-bodied a man as any one of the rest of We one and all feel only contempt for him in his keeping you away from us and from comfort, to work for him. We one and all refuse to do the first stroke for him, or have him come upon us for support. And this is the upshot of the decision we've come to about him-seeing he'll never work so long as you're anywhere round to work for him, that he must go away-

"Go away? Marquis Lafayette! Separate me and my boy!"

"I'm sorry you feel so, mother. But it's best for you. The old house is going to rack and ruin; it's leaking, and the chimney bricks tumble down every storm; it's got to have a new roof and new sills; and there's none of us able But you could sell it for seven or eight hundred dollars, and put your money into United States securities, and be the only bloated bondholder among us. You're working yourself to death. Look at your poor old hands! Do you suppose we haven't any feeling? And why should all your feeling be for him and not for

"It isn't—it isn't," she said, tremblingly; "but he needs me, and you don't."

"Yes, we do, and we mean to have you. There's a ship going to weigh anchor to-morrow morning for San Francisco-the Scorpion, A1, bark-rigged -and we've arranged that Marquis can go in her as steward. It's a first-rate chance. And when he reaches San Francisco the first mate has a brother who'll give him a place on a ranch, where he can earn his living, anyway, herding cattle, and make his fortune if he wants to. Now, mother, I'm in earnest.'

"And so am I," cried Mrs. Eastershead. "Get rid of him on a ranch, as if he were a cat dropped overboard! And you've arranged it all! Let me tell you, Marquis Lafayette is going to herd nobody's cattle; he's going to sea in no Scorpion, bark rig or any other rig. We will stay just as we are. I'm content, and he's content, and I guess you'll all have to be content. The place is mine, going to ruin or not. I'll see to all that. And parson is my friend, and so are the folks at the great house, and you can't appoint any of your guardeens over me, for they won't stand it. If you're all so anxious for my comfort, you let poor Marquis Lafayette alone. That's all I ask

of you. There's one thing I can say of him—"
"And there's one thing I can say of him,"
cried Bel, uproarious with rage at last—" he isn't worth shucks; he's a dirty dog, a worthless whimpering whelp-"

sha'n't hear another word, Bel. I wouldn't let Marquis talk so about you, and I sha'n't let you talk so about Marquis. He wouldn't want He's the kindest, the gentlest, the best-'

"Pauper that ever disgraced a family," roared

the elder brother. "Well, it hurts you more than it does him, that sort of talk. And he may ride in his carriage yet while you're walking, for all his worthlessness. Now you'd better go, my son, and get your temper in order. Tell Hannah Jane to come up to-morrow night with the children. Marquis went nutting with the boys yesterday, and we've

got a lot of chestnuts to roast. Marquis says—" "Marquis be blamed!" said Bel, and slammed

the door behind him.

As he went out, Mark was lying on a low bench in the sun, playing with a rude toy, which every now and then he tossed off, but to which he had characteristically tied a string, in order that it might return and he not have the trouble of going for it. Bel lifted his foot; he had half a mind to kick him into the middle of the lilac clump. But if he did he would only have had to go and pick him up: he would never have picked himself up. "Fine sport!" he grumbled. "You'd better patent the thing—"

"Going te," said Marquis, who was opposed to any waste of breath in words, and having hardly more idea of what the word meant than if it had been Cherokee, but answering in one of his old formulæ when told to do anything; the other formula was "Won't."

But Marquis vouchsafed him no further reply, regarding him only as something that cast a shadow between him and the sun, but continued to shoot off the little toy and catch the string again till his brother was out of sight. Then he went into the house, to find his mother bathed in hysterical tears. "There never was such a pack of children," she sobbed. "After all I've done

for them, and asking nothing of them now, to make me such trouble in my old age. And I—I really—I thought he was going to walk right

'Who? Oh. Bel. He always did." "What did he say to you, then? What did you say to him?"

"He told me to patent the thing. And I wasn't going to have him tell me what to do, and I said I was going to."

"Patent what thing? That?"-as her eve followed his hand shooting off the toy and catching it by the string again. "And you said you were going to? Oh, Marquis, did vou mean it? Let me see it. Tell me about it." And Mrs. Eastershead was on her feet, wiping her eyes, and glowing with volubility. "Well, that beats and glowing with volubility. all! Nobody but you'd have thought of it. I always knew it was in you, Marquis Lafayette. Bel better talk !"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mark, sullenly, with a dim idea that his mother was making fun of him.

Talking about? Didn't you make this thing?' "No"-with a contemptuous laugh. "I tied the string on it because it hurt me so to walk and pick it up every time.

"It's the string that's the whole thing. if it was laziness that made you do it, as Bel will be sure to say, laziness is going to have its own reward this time. For you won't have to walk any more; you'll ride in your carriage, Marquis. There's money in it, Marquis."

"Money in a string!" "You always are so modest! It's something

beautiful in you," she said.

How happy she was! no balloon that ever went sailing up the sky was more light-hearted. "It seems like a festival," she said. "Yet it isn't Christmas, nor yet New-Year's, nor Thanksgiving, and it certainly is not Fourth of July. It is, as you may say, the birthday of Marquis Lafayette." And in accordance with her feeling that night Mrs. Eastershead indulged herself in a perfectly reckless half-gill of whiskey, which she invited a crony to share, with sugar, hot water, and nutmeg thrown in; and under its unwonted warmth she expanded into such a genial rapture of exaltation about Marquis Lafayette that the crony felt certain the whiskey was a rare experience on the part of Marquis Lafayette's mother, and that, on the whole, she needn't tell the parson

She did, though, all the same. And the parson decided that a little parochial duty was in order. And Marquis Lafayette's mother laughed in his face. The idea that she needed to be stimulated in order to praise Marquis!-Marquis, the inventor of this toy, whose charms she demonstrated to the parson out of hand. "I was coming over to you with it," she said. "You've always been my best friend, and you would tell us what to do next, I thought."

"You would have done right," said the parson. "I am just going to Washington to attend a session of the Biblical Congress, and I will take the toy along and see what can be done with it. It would not surprise me if there were money in it. And as for the other business, some people always take several scruples to a dram; and so far as our friend the informer is concerned, I think she will get her moiety when I remind her that the tongue is a five, Mother Eastershead."

And the parson was as good as his word, and the toy was patented, and sold, on the same day, for a fixed sum and a royalty on the manufacture. And after all— There is not a scrap of moral in this story! But one can not always arrange facts to suit fancies; this is the way it happened, and I can't help it; I had much rather it had been Bel, as it ought to have been, who rode in his carriage, but it really was Mark, and saw him yesterday stop and take Bel on the box with the coachman: his clothes-Bel'snot quite fit to go inside. Speaking of that, it may have been great-grandfather Dupanloup cropping up in the superfine broadcloth that Marquis wore. But for all his broadcloth his coach and pair, his bank account, Mark is no less worthless than he always was, and no less harmless, and his brain, I fancy, a no less solid mass, But you should hear Mrs. Eastershead, as she smooths down her black silk and twirls a festoon of her furlong or so of gold chain, talk about the inventive faculty's marking the highest type of mind. It is perfectly true that it does, I believe; but there is something so sublime in it that it bridges over the one step to the ridiculous, when she says it looking at her Marquis Lafavette.

IONE STEWART.

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. THE OAKHURST INVALID.

He had never been robust, and the life of a country doctor, which tries even the strong until well seasoned by time and use, had evidently tried St. Claire. As the summer waned, and the clinging chills of autumn came on, he drooped like a plant of which the roots have been cut beneath the soil. All could see that he suffered, but no one knew what ailed him; and when asked what was amiss, he invariably answered, "Nothing," and smiled as if his disclaimer carried conviction in its echo.

"The kind of thing that women love:" for strength he had sweetness; for fibre, grace; for stoicism, patience; for courage, sensibility; and for

the dissimilarity of sex, that likeness of morale which made women call him "so pure," and love him because he was "so sweet."

They recognized in him a man after their own ideal, one who united the mysterious charm of both sexes, but in whom the moral preponderance was given to their own. Loving him personally as a man, in spiritual camaraderie he was to them as one of themselves. And their estimate was just. Like a woman he made Love the end-all and be-all of life, and held ambition itself as merely love's strong-backed servitor. And like a woman he suffered in silence, and the very quiescence of forlornness, when his dream faded into thin air, and the fragrance of his hope burned down into the dull ashes of despair. He sought no relief from the sorrow that possessed him, as another man might, in the lurid pleasures of dissipation or the tougher struggle of ambition. He neither drank nor gamed, nor yet read hard nor wrote with purpose; and the girlhood of Oakhurst found him as impartially indifferent as he had been from the beginning. He simply suffered with the sad patience of his kind, calling to his aid his one great moral power of endurance. and taking no one into his confidence, how much soever his heart was wrung and his spirit yearned for sympathy.

Every one of course noticed his sudden failure in health, and every one was talking of it. He was so pale, so dispirited, so silent, so changed altogether from what he had been-and he had never been either specially florid or specially vivacious—that no one could be blind to the fact. Though only one had the right key to the mystery, all had their favorite theories, which were aired whenever two came together to "talk things over," and the young doctor's evident ill health was one of the topics touched on before they parted. Once some bold spirit suggested that he was in love; it was Miss Maria Crosby who set this little snow-ball rolling; but Mr. Chesson, the retired cheese-monger, and a man of a goodly presence, Captain Farley, the weather-beaten old salt, late of the "merchant service," and even Mr. Langhorne, the hard-featured lawyer, who had a will of his own, and the way of getting that will of all his clients-they, and other fathers of marriageable daughters, laughed the idea to scorn.

"Love!" they said, with the disdain of men who knew the right side of leather, and the color of skim milk; "do you think such a poor creature as that can love? Lord bless you! he knows no more of love than a broomstick."

And the judgment passed current with the majority. As the young doctor had not chosen a wife from among the blooming maidenhood of Oakhurst, he had incontestably proved that he could not love.

Monica Barrington too had faded and become

delicate almost to sickliness.

"Lord!" said the people, with their noses in the air, "how much she has aged, and how aw-

fully she has gone off!" So she had. And yet her face had taken on itself a new kind of beauty in exchange for that which it had lost, and the spoiled complexion was redeemed by the greater lustre of the eyes and the sweeter sadness of the mouth. Her mother, however, who only saw the pallor and the fragility of form—the almost attenuation of her figure, the almost transparency of her hands more than once wanted to send for Dr. Williamson from Staines, or even for Dr. St. Claire, if Monica thought she could trust him; or would she

have a doctor to learn what was wrong. But Monica always so strenuously opposed one and all of these proposals that Mrs. Barrington had not the heart to coerce her against her will,

like to go up to London and consult some man of

name and eminence? It was evident that some-

thing was not right with her, and she ought to

even for her own good.

This kind of contest may often be seen between a mother and daughter, where the girl is all obedience and prévoyance, all self-sacrifice and devotion, both in the small things of daily ordering and the larger ones of life; but when a collision of wills does come between them, then it is the mother who yields and the daughter who triumphs. As now, when, in spite of all that Mrs. Barrington could say, Monica obstinately refused to submit her case to Dr. Williamson, Dr. St. Claire, or the eminent expert in London. two poor pallid, sad-eyed, and sore-hearted young people looked at each other across the impassable gulf of circumstance, like ghosts doomed to wander on either side that fatal river over which no bark plies, separated for all eternity, and look-

ing, longing, sighing in vain. The run-down condition of Dr. St. Claire had also another inconvenience - the neighborhood did not like it. Sick people prefer a doctor who has tone and vigor to one who is as pallid as themselves, and as limp. It does them good, on the magnetic principle, to have a large volume of life bursting like sunlight into their sickchambers, so long as that volume is not noisy, that sunlight more revivifying than irritating. Besides, the strong have most compassion. The weak are too much occupied with their own miseries to give substantial sympathy to others. Wherefore a doctor in delicate health is a mistake, and, "Physician, heal thyself," is a sarcasm which vitiates every prescription and nullifies all the good of regimen.

Thus everything at this moment languished in poor St. Claire's garden of life, from his en-feebled health to his diminished practice, from his broken heart to his tottering fortune.

His position was becoming untenable, and the strain was almost beyond his strength to bear. It became a matter of anxious thought with him whether he should make one bold effort, sell the good-will of his practice for what it would bring, and throw himself on the sea of chance; or whether he should still stay on here and do his best to conquer the love which was going near to kill



^{*} Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVL

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him. He would have prescribed flight and change him. He would have presented ingut and enange to any one else; but had he the courage to adopt for himself the heroic remedy he would have urged on another? Could he thus give the final urged on another? Could ne thus give the final death-blow to that faint little hope, that melancholy pleasure of looking across the impassable gulf, which lingers like a wintry flower deep in the heart of love, even when apparently all is waste and desolation? Could he? It would be wise, but was it possible? wise-but was it possible?

He was thinking all this one day, and he had not come to a settlement of his difficulty, when he reached Miss Maria Crosby's door, and went he reached MISS maria Croshy's door, and went up the stairs to give the daily attendance for which she paid as she paid for so much milk and bread in the day's dietary—so much floss silk and so many flowers in the day's enjoyments.

"You are late to-day, doctor," she said, with a certain fond reproach, as he came into the room. She was old enough to be the young fellow's mother; but that did not count. The mingling of the maternal instinct with the amatory makes a rich kind of emotional amalgam that has its charm; and elderly women in love with comparative boys are notoriously blind to the ridicule of

"I have been busy," he said, taking his accustomed seat by the couch, and beginning his daily catechism.

Against his own will he spoke coldly, almost contemptuously. Though bound by professional etiquette to undertake the care of disease which did not exist, he was often impatient with this special corner of his scanty vineyard, this special slice of his small loaf. To-day he was more impatient than usual. Really ill for his own part, this travesty of sickness put on for folly and idleness, for wantonness and vanity, disgusted him in more ways than one. And, his heart full of trouble for Monica and his hopeless love, his head on fire, and his spirit passing through the Valley of the Shadow, the gestures and glances of this simpering old Amanda, this daughter of a by gone generation who wanted to be his Shunamite as she had made him her Solomon, filled him with repulsion amounting to horror. Could he have rushed out of the room, as if some "laid-ly worm" had been lying on the couch instead of a faded, waxen-skinned old maid, who had once been pretty, and who would still have been charming had she not been silly, he would have gone. But he was bound to stay for at least a few moments. Yet in all the circumstances, such as they were, was it to be wondered at if even he, gentle, mild, and graceful Dr. Armine St. Claire, were to-day less courteous than contemptuous, less complaisant than repelling?

Miss Maria Crosby had never had cause to think that the young doctor was made of more melting material, so far as she was concerned, than the marble king in the Arabian Nights tales. But to-day he was more than usually rigid; and even the professional patience which was part of his necessary furniture was of a very threadbare kind as he took his place by the couch and pursued his way through the vague troop of ghosts which she called her symptoms, which he knew to be only her fancies

Poor Miss Maria! After all, she was only the whipping-boy for the occasion. It was not her folly so much as his own misfortunes which he chastised in her. This is the way of the world. That old gentleman tying his shoe-how should he not be kicked when he lies obstructive to our way and handy to our foot, at the very moment when we are smarting with defeat and rasped sore by provocation!

Love has quick eyes; and though a woman may be a fool for being in love at all, still, wheth er she be wise or foolish, her heart suffers and her spirits droop when things go wrong with the beloved. The would-be Shunamite caught the uncomfortable accent of her Solomon, and met it with the ready sympathy of an affection which

only wants occasion for display.

"You are not yourself to-day, dear doctor,"

"You have hand on his arm. "What is

amiss with you?"
"Nothing," he answered.

"It could not be less," returned Miss Maria "And you have nothing to make you anxious?" she returned; "no bad cases on hand?"
"No, none," he said.
"How is John Lilley at Stair?" she asked.

"Better," he answered. "Well, that is short!" she cried, shrilly.

"Do you want me to enter into professional details? would you understand them if I did?"

he asked, unpleasantly.

"Oh, come, now, don't be so snappy to your best friend," she said, with a slight laugh. "I declare you make me feel as if you had bitten my nose off," she added, with what she meant to be girlish playfulness, poor thing.
"I am sorry if I was uncivil," he said, coldly,

rising to go.

Being either coquetted with or gushed over by Maria Crosby was really more than he could bear At all times a corvée, with that aching head of his, that fever in his veins, and that pain round his heart to-day it was unendurable.

Why, what takes you away so soon?" she

said, again laying her hand on his arm. She stipulated for half an hour's consultation every day. It was in the bond-so much money for so much time; cash paid quarterly for attendance given daily. And to-day the young doctor had not been with her more than eight minutes

by the watch on her little table.
"I must go," he said. "I am busy."

"I thought you said you had nothing on hand," he returned. "Who is down? Is it Jenny she returned. "Who is down? is to Mason's boy? They say she had a bad night with him, but maybe it was only his teeth, and it has passed; so that need not take you away in such a hurry. If not Jenny Mason's child, and old John Lilley is getting better, who is it?" she asked, curiously; for by virtue of her state, as she made it, unable to go out and garner for her-

self, and dependent for dramatic excitement on the gravitation of news to her couch, she held herself entitled to know all that took place in the little town; and they did say in the place that not a hen cackled but Miss Maria Crosby knew, and could tell the count of all the eggs that were laid between dawn and dusk. The mysterious activities of chronic invalidism were never more fully exemplified than in her; and let who would go short of local knowledge, she was always well

"I really can not go into the details of my work with you, Miss Crosby," answered Dr. St. Clair. "You must take my word for it, and allow

me to end my visit."

"Then you must give me a whole hour to-morrow to make up for this skimpy call to-day," said Maria, with a fond look. "I have not told you half what I ought, you know. I have said nothing of that nasty little pain in my chest last night -just like a knife going in at my breast-bone and out between my shoulders. It quite caught my breath, doctor, and made me wonder if it was inflammation. And this morning when I woke I had such a dull aching over my right brow, and such a big lump in my throat, like an apple stuck such a big lump in my throat, like an apple stuck there—I could scarcely swallow. I thought I was in for one of my bad days, but I got better after my rum and milk; and when I got up and had my egg and brandy, I was nearly right again. Still, all these flying pains mean something, don't they, doctor? There is something very wrong they doctor? I belief like to give with my system altogether. I should like to give

it a name."

"Take some sal volatile when you feel that pain in your throat—that lump," said Dr. St.

"Will that do me good?" she asked, in the silly way of people who must speak at any cost, and who would rather talk nonsense than keep

silence.
"I should scarcely have recommended it unless I thought that it would," he returned, coldly. "What a way to prescribe!" she said, shrilly, again affecting girlish playfulness.

"I know of no other way, Miss Crosby. I am sorry if my manner does not please you," was his uncomfortable answer.

Her silly light brown eyes, with their sparse lashes and pink lids, filled up with tears.
"I did not mean to offend you, dear doctor,"

she said, humbly. "I am sure you know that."
"No, I am sure you did not," he answered, his gentlehood overcoming his ill-humor. "Forgive

me if I was rude, Miss Crosby. I am not quite myself to-day.'

"No, you are not, poor dear! You look put out, and are really not yourself," was her compassionate reply. "And I am sure I do not mind your being short-tempered to me if it is only between the property of t cause you are ill, and are not vexed with me. I could not bear that!" she said, with the craven fondness, the want of self-respect, of the woman who loves unbidden. "I could put up with everything else, and never give it a second thought; but not that," she added, tenderly. "But now tell me what has gone wrong with you," she continued, as if settling herself for a long, confidential, amiable talk. "I can keep a secret like anytial, amiable talk. "I can keep a secret like anything if I am told not to tell; and no one is more interested in you, doctor, than I am," she added,

His gentler humor passed as quickly as it had come. Her manners, her smile, the coaxing tones of her voice, the caressing action of her hand, the fond glance of her faded eves, her open lovemaking and unconcealed admiration, were all too

with a meaning smile.

much for his nerves, already so sorely tried.
"I have no secrets to tell," he said, brusquely; "and when I have, I do not tell them. If I can not keep my own counsel, I can scarcely expect others to keep it for me."

"But I am different from others," said Maria, with a tender face. "Every one does not take the interest in you, dear doctor, that I do." "You are very good; but I have nothing to

say," said Dr. St. Claire, coldly; and at that instant the door-bell rang, and the little maid, who was waiting in the hall to see the handsome young doctor as he passed through, opened it on the instant, thus cutting short the hasty retreat which else he would have made.

"Oh, bother!" said the elegant invalid, with quite robust energy. "Who can it be? And I not half through my symptoms!"

Who indeed? In another instant she knew for Mrs. Anthony Barrington and her sister-inlaw, Monica, were ushered into the room, they among other great people in the neighborhood making it a point of conscience to call on the Oakhurst invalid at stated times in the year. They had left the carriage a little way up the street, which accounted for their quasi-incognita while at the door. For else the livery and the bays would have betrayed them, and then neither would St. Claire have been taken by surprise, nor would Miss Maria have said "Bother!" with so much vigor of intonation.

"Oh, so you are here, are you, Dr. St. Claire!" cried Theodosia, with an audacious little laugh, as if she had come upon something rather doubtful in finding the young doctor by the side of a patient.

"How do you do, Mrs. Barrington?" said Armine, ignoring the exclamation.

He turned to Monica, and seemed doubtful whether to shake hands or not as he muttered rather than pronounced the prescribed formula; but Monica held out her hand in her grave, gentle way, looking as if she saw and knew nothing beyond the immediate affair of the moment; and vet her pale face gradually changed in color till it burned like fire, and felt as heated as it look-The fever spots in St. Claire's hollow cheeks also flamed out, and the change from the pallor usual to both to this crimson inflammation did not escape the quick eyes of Theodosia nor the

loving ones of Miss Maria. "My dear Monica, how frightfully flushed you are!" said Theodosia, with malicious gayety. "You were so white a moment ago, and now you

are like a June rose!"—laughing shrilly.
"Do you find the room too warm, Miss Barrington?" asked Maria, also surprised at that sudden flush, and looking from Monica to St. Claire, though not so suspiciously, yet as sharply,

as Theo herself had done.

"It is coming in from the open air," said Monica, calmly. She could not control her blood, but she could master her voice and manner. "But your room is not too hot, Miss Crosby," she add-

ed, with her usual gentle courtesy.

"And how well you are looking, Dr. St. Claire!"
continued Theodosia, in the same high-pitched key and with the same artificial and malicious gayetv. "You too look like a June rose—two June roses in October!" she cried, laughing in her falsest manner as she so audaciously bracketed these two inequalities together.

"Well, I don't know about that, Mrs. Anthony," said Miss Maria. "The doctor has certainly got some color now, but he was looking peaky enough not five minutes ago, before you came in."
Here she glanced out of the corner of her eye at Monica. "I have just been telling him he ought to take care of himself. Indeed he wants some one to take care of him—that is just it," she added, with a hysterical kind of jocularity.

"Thank you for your kind interest, Miss Crosby; but I think I can manage for myself," said

Dr. St. Claire, coldly.

"Oh, men are poor creatures, left to themselves," returned Miss Maria. "You had best get a wife, doctor. There are plenty in Oakhurst to choose from, I am sure."

That is always what I say to Dr. St. Claire,"

and Theodosia, with an unpleasant laugh.

"May I ask you to be kind enough to leave me and my affairs alone, Miss Crosby?" said Dr. St. Claire, with strange and sudden sternness. "When I want your kind advice I will ask for it, and then it will be time enough to give it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

E are beginning to devote ourselves to spring W E are beginning to access to toilettes, although the styles are not yet definitively settled. Many modifications will be made and many attempts fail before we arrive at this result. For wrappings we have seen in preparation small visites of soft silk brocaded with flowers of various colors; these were slashed, with square tabs in front; the back, which was shorter, was also cut up so as to form two basque skirts, and the sides were left open and turned back in revers. All these openings were filled in with clusters of chenille fringe of the same colors as those of the garment. The neck and all the edges, whether straight or slashed, were trimmed with the same fringe. This visite is convenient, as it can be worn with dresses of various colors.

There are also small scarf pelerines, short behind and bouffant on the shoulders with tabs long enough to be tied in front. This little wrap-ping is made of soft silk or wool, and is trimmed with short thick fringe or curly feather trimming. It is especially suited to youthful dames and young girls.

The pelisse, long and straight in front, half open, with the edges turned back, and the long, half-long, and short mantle, will serve as the foundation for all the varieties of wrappings worn in the early spring. The redingote will hold an im-portant place in walking, carriage, and travelling toilettes: some dresses even are cut in this fash It is made by preference of light cloth, with little trimming, and has long pleats behind, either round or flat, very tight sleeves, usually without cuffs, but buttoned at the bottom of the elbow seam, and a revers or military collar. We have seen in preparation at one of our leading houses a pelisse adjusted in the back, and without darts in front, but with the fronts turned back from top to bottom so as to show a bright-colored silk lining. A narrow ribbon to match closed the neck, and a similar ribbon fastened to the waist under the arms tied the fronts together with a bow with flowing ends. This garment was made of coarse seal brown wool.

We shall continue to see costumes of all styles -Middle Age, Renaissance, Louis XV., and Directoire. The last gives us the redingote with revers, the long pointed waist, and the shell trimmings of laces mixed with ribbons, and seems destined to predominate in favor. There is a great tendency to return to straight skirts. Many dresses are in preparation of very light cloth, with flat skirts with large cloth pleats, alternating with those of silk to match, or of black velvet if the stuff is black. Old-fashioned merinos are reappearing, and seem likely to take the place of cloth: they are combined with velvet for handsome street suits. A pleated flounce on the bottom of the skirt, trimmed with velvet bands, which also form the trimming of the draperies corsage, and cuffs, makes a very elegant costume. In the same style are also made dresses with a short skirt, bordered with a pleating surmounted by fine soutache embroidery from fourteen to sixteen inches wide. At the top of the skirt are paniers pleated to the corsage, and a draped pouf. The corsage is embroidered with soutache down the back, and in front the same embroidery forms a vest. In the back are small pleated basques: close sleeves with small gigots, braided around the wrists

Embroidered tulle will be much in vogue for spring ball dresses and elegant dinner toilettes. Black tulle embroidered with black jet; white tulle embroidered with white jet, large and fine beads, bugles, etc.; this makes sparkling dresses. White jet produces a charming effect on sumptuous toilettes of old rose, blue, or strawcolored satin, especially if the corsage and over-

skirt are entirely covered with jet embroidery. We behold the revival in ball dresses of sleeve-less corsages, high behind, and square and very open in front, so as to leave the shoulders entirely uncovered. Sometimes, when the corsage is low both in the back and front, a narrow ribbon takes the place of a shoulder-strap, and is covered with flowers or little clusters of feathers.

A fashion of which we have already spoken, and which seems destined to succeed, is the blouse tunic. Over a round skirt, either with woven or embroidered designs-in the latter case being quite plain, and in the former laid in straight pleats—is worn a very full tunic, gathered or pleated at the waist, and caught up again above the knee, so as to form regular and bouffant pleats. This tunic is a little longer in front than at the sides, and behind is lost under the drapery of the pouf. A broad ribbon knotted together, with long ends falling on the sides, forms the trimming. The waist, of course, is round, and is pleated or gathered.

We should also say that many skirts are trimmed solely with shirring, having clusters of shirrs some two inches wide, alternating with plain spaces of equal width at the bottom, and graduated to double the width at the upper part of the skirt. The bottom is finished with a flounce, either hemmed or embroidered. A bow of very wide ribbon, or else a chiffonné sash, forms a short pour behind.

As to bonnets, the favorite style is a very close capote; this is made of all sizes, from the very small, with revers brim of embroidered stuff, worked tulle, etc., to the large pointed shape, for points are much in vogue, and May bonnets present the appearance of a paper-knife bent in two. Upon these are heaped every conceivable kind of trimming-panaches, aigrettes, birds, feathers, laces, pompons—we have even seen the head of a kitten buried in a thicket of lace, and many colored buckles twisted around the brim. Cats, moreover, are the fashionable animals at present. and are seen in great numbers in jewels, etc.

For children the soft capote is the favorite style; the crown is very flabby, and the back is slashed and filled in with a knot of ribbons, which, mingling with the flowing hair, make a very pretty effect.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALIOK-You can procure the information you want

H. A. T.-Lynx capes are worn by ladies who wear colors as well as by those who wear mourning. Natural beaver, seal, Persian lamb-skin, and chinchilla capes are also worn.

GLOVELESS .- If the smallest sizes of ladies' cloves

are too large for you, you should try misses' gloves are too large for you, you should try misses' gloves.

Mary.—Get ottoman silk or else satin merveilleux for fan-pleatings, and a draped over-skirt for your wine-colored albatross cloth dress.

OLD SUBSORIBER.—For remodelling your plum-col-

OLD SUBSORIBER.—For remodelling your plum-colored serge dress read reply given above to "Mary."

YOUNG MARRIED LADY.—Make your black cashmere dress without crape, like the house dress illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 49, Vol. XV.

Mrs. Common-sense.—The fur turban is not too

youthful for you if it is becoming.

Phila.—The fan-pleated skirt and a polonaise with

ottoman sash like that described in the New York Fashions of Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI., will be a stylish design for your black cashmere dress.

PERPLEXED POVERTY .- Get Madras muslin curtains with buff or olive grounds strewn thickly with blue and red figures. Have these placed next white or ecru holland shades that are slightly embroidered or else edged with fringe or embroidery that imitates lace. These will answer all the year, but if you want warmer curtains, they may be added inside the room for drapery, and the muslin curtains be fixed to the windows as sash curtains, opening in diamond shape by being tied back with ribbons. Plush curtains and those of wool tapestries or of raw silk would be appropriate. Your blue repped silk will make a pretty basque and train with a vest, paniers, and three front breadths of the brocaded satins or velvet that are now sold at half the prices charged early in the season. A mixed coloring may suit you better, with a gray ground strewn with blue forget-me-nots and pink roses

HAPPY Subsoriber.—Do not alter your brocaded velvet and gros grain dress. Make your velvet dress with a pointed basque, full and bouffant train, and have fan-pleatings of satin on the front and side breadths, with the strung jet bead trimmings described in Bazar No. 4, Vol. XVI.

Myralis, and Others.—Silks of the same shade as

the material are used for embroldering cashmere, nuns' veiling, etc.

TWRLVE YEARS' SUBSORIBER.—Spanish lace will make a pretty trimming for the black and white stripeddress. Have rows of it in pyramids on the skirt be-tween panels of the silk, also on the basque and the paniers. The brown wool will hang well as a peiisse if lined throughout.

JENNY.—A red or white wool Jersey will be pretty for your daughter, and will answer with silk skirts as well as with those of white wool.

POPLAR.-You can have a cut pattern of a cloak uite similar to that illustrated in Bazar No. 1, Vol. XVI., sent you from this office. Your ideas about the plush cloak are good, and you can buy the plush now at half the price asked for it early in the winter.

GRACE LEE.-A bride should not wear her orange soms after her wedding day.

CECILIA .- Sponge your black foulard with tepid water in which there is a little ammonia and borax. The princesse fronts with pleated backs will be used again for piqué dresses for children of three years. There will also be round waists with guimpes, and the skirts will be gored in front and pleated behind.

Augusta, Grobgia.—Your sample is terra-cotta moiré, and will make a stylish basque and skirt with plastron, collar, cuffs, paniers, and panels of velvet of the same color.

MARY ELLEN.-Young unmarried ladies do not wear breakfast caps, no matter if they are becoming.

MATER.-You will find it convenient to have a dozyou can not afford these, eight pieces of each kind will answer. Get very fine cambrics, muslin, linen, and flannel, and spend little money on trimmings, as neat sewing and simple garments are in better taste than those carelessly made and overloaded with trimming.

Digitized by GOGIC



CRAPE AND LACE FICHU-

Crape and Lace Fichu-Collar.

THE top of this collar is a double foundation neckband, with a box-pleated lace ruche set around it, the edge being concealed by a down-turned flat row of lace. A piece of flat wide lace eight inches long is joined to each end, and over the outer edge of this a bias scarf of white silk crape half a yard long and twelve inches wide is set; the crape is edged with lace along the outside, and closely pleated in at the top; the lower end is cut three inches shorter at the inner edge, where it is likewise pleated in, and fastened on the lower end of the lace. A fall of lace headed by a crape knot and furnished with a safety pin at the back is set at the bottom.

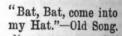




Lace and Ribbon Jabot. Lace and Ribbon Jahot.

The foundation of this jabot is a piece ten inches long of white satin ribbon two inches and a half wide, which is covered flatly with Oriental lace set underneath one edge and folded over on the outside. Along the opposite edge, across the bottom, and around the top the ribbon is edged with thickly gathered lace, the folds of which are then arranged in curves and tacked in place. curves and tacked in place.
A satin ribbon bow is set at
the top, and a small bouquet
near the lower end.

LACE AND RIBBON JABOT.



Notwithstanding Sue's fright and the general midnight clamor, we congratulate ourselves that so fine a specimen of the "wing-handed gentry" took refuge in



BROCADE AND SATIN MERVEILLEUX EVENING DRESS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Page 180.] For description see Supplement.



SATIN AND BROCADED VELVET DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 28-35.

Digitized by GOOG

our house, for now we hold with undisputed right a really beautiful member of this much-dreaded frater-

nity.

Ample opportunity was afforded for skirmishing under difficulties; that fairly passed, we held high carnival over our rare acquisition. To familiarize ourselves with the tricks and manners of these queer manners of these queer flitter-mice, microscope, pic-tures, and books were speedily laid under tribute, pressed into service just through the in-straying of this poor little waif. The body of our nocturnal guest in shape and size reminds us of a small mouse; the trim little figure has for its upper vestment a coating, soft as silk, of seal brown fur, with a rich undergrowth of faint-est gray, the blending imparting in certain lights a silvery sheen; underneath, sober, twilight tones prevail, thinner and less rich. In the pose of the small, erect head lies a quaint expression of strong individuality, and an amusingly aggressive air; the bright eyes seem never at rest, and seem never at rest, and sentinel-like ears betray a gravely grotesque touch of self-assertion. When Ves-pertilio unfurls his pretty parachute, one may see up on the exquisite membranous wings traceries of marvel-lous beauty — veinings in retry direction, crossing and recrossing, and so revealing the tiny blood corpuseles which roll along through the minute vessels that supply these beautiful wings with nourishment." These delicate membranes when expanded develop the same lovely shadings of seal brown, with a suggestion of silvery edges, seen only in perfection when the gay tourist soars aloft.



VELVET BASQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 40-46.



BASQUE FOR BROCADE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Very thin and semi-transparent are these organs for flight, double in structure, too, and with care the upper and lower surfaces can be separated from each other. On the upper edges, toward the head, they are quite strong and thick, but gradually becoming thinner, until at the margin they look as filmy as daintiest lace. An arrangement of bones, as wonderful as elegant, suffices as the grand uplifting and propelling force for this great company of dusky winged pilgrims, whose name is legion.

This noted family offer points of interest entitling them to studious attention.

This noted family offer points of interest entitling them to studious attention. When feathered scavengers retire with folded wing, then come out into the night these brave-hearted prowhers, fulfilling in turn the mission in the economy of nature appointed them. With marvellous endowment of healthy appetite, each bat could devour a hundred flies and a dozen beetles at one meal, and this, too, while on the wing.

Very awkwardly indeed they grope upon the ground; nevertheless, compensations meet them at every turn delicious grubs and dainty caterpillars are devoured with hearty zest. But families have fash-

Bat families have fashions of their own touching dormitories, and, it would appear, with strange preferences for sleeping in communities. Not unfrequently an ancient tree, a landmark in the forest, its centre so burned as to leave it but "a shell of former grandeur," reveals this custom perfectly; a wonderful "apartment-house," indeed, endless in possibilities of accommodation; and hunters, brave enough to peep within, have seen, to its al-



Fig. 1.—FIGURED WOOL PRINCESSE SUIT.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3402: PRICE, 30 CENTS. For description sec Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Brocade and Velvet Dress, Front.—[For Back, see Page 181.] For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Dress of Plain and India Figured Wool. Front.—[For Back, see Page 181.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3401: Panke Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents Each.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-12.]

Fig. 2.—Velvet Mantle with India Borders. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 36-39.

Digitized by Color

most sky-reaching attic, densely crowded, tier above tier, thousands of bats just "dangling by their thumbs."

Baby bats are not attractive infants; naked, helpless, with no nest made ready, they seem at first sight "all afloat"; but with exceeding metherlove are the small forlornities nurtured and nour-

From tip to tip of expanded "wing" Vespertilio measures exactly ten inches; from tip of nose to end of body a trifle less than three inches-extension of membrane would make it four inches; the tiny "hands" are nearly a quarter of an inch in length, and the dainty "spurs" somewhat less.

On the "extension of membrane" between the bits of hands is a fuzzy growth of softest fur, entirely dark, with no pearl tints: this, we fancy, may be for the pillowing of the little ones, when Mamma Bat

'Has gently folded o'er their shivering forms Her tawny mantle, silken, soft, and warm."

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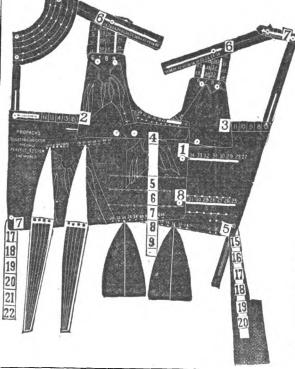
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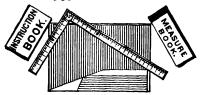
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FACETIÆ.

"MAMMA," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail—"mamma, this ain't a nice bouse. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa, pull out the bair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at here we can't get any fun at all!"

William IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day, when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle.

"Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"

"Yes," replied the monarch, it is the service?"

service?"
"Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of tronbles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, "A burn."

"A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor.
The next day she returned, and said, "Better."
"Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A.
In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well, your fee?"
"Nothing," said the physician. "You are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

What is a house without a baby?—Well, comparatively quiet.

Among anecdotes of first nights of new pieces, the following deserves a place: It was the first night—and morning—of Monte Cristo, a drama which for its length might have been of Chinese origin. At a quarter before one in the morning the curtain rose upon the last act. Mr. Charles Fechter, in the character of the hero, is discovered seated in a contemplative attitude. Like the ghost in "Alonzo the Brave," "he moved not, he spoke not"; but there came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I heep we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect may be imagined.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

MRS. ALLCASH (just returned from abroad). "OH, BUT OF ALL PLACES, MY DEAR, GIVE ME IT'LY. IN VENICE, NOW, IT IS SIMPLY PERFECT TO DINE IN A KIND OF A SORT OF A DOLCE-FAR-NIENTE WAY, AND THEN GO ON THE GRAND CANAL AND TAKE A NICE NAP IN YOUR GONDOLIER.'

Don't you think the bride is foolish that she never marries the best man?

There are some persons who can not take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent change of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg; "I have always moved."

COUNTRY YOKEL (to his son, at a concert, during the performance of a duct). "D've see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

What part of grammar is remorse?-Syntax.

A grumbler says there is one thing which can always be found, and that is fault.

Foote went to spend his Christmas with Mr. B—, when, the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a searcity of wood in the house, Foote, on the third day after he went there, ordered his chaise, and was preparing to depart. Mr. B—pressed him to stay.

"No, no," says Foote; "were I to stay any longer you would not let me have a leg to stand-on; for there is so little wood in your house that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fire with my right leg," which was his wooden one.

"Johnnie," said the teacher,
"a lie can be acted as well as
told. Now if your father was
to put sand in his sugar, and
sell it, he would be acting a
lie and doing very wrong."
"That's what mother told
him," said Johnnie, impetuously; "and he said he didn't
care."

One day while Dr. B. W. Richardson was engaged at his house with an old patient who had been away many years in India, George Cruikshank's card was handed to the doctor.

"It must be the grandson, or the son, at any rate, of the great artist I remember as a boy," said the patient. "It is impossible the George Cruikshank of Queen Caroline's trial time can be alive!"

The doctor asked the vivacious George to come in. He tripped in, in his eighty-fourth year; and when the old officer expressed his astonishment, George exclaimed, "I'll show yon whether he is alive."

With this he took the poker and tongs from the grate, laid them upon the carpet, and executed the sword dance before Dr. Richardson's astonished patient.

The prairie is like an upright

The prairie is like an upright man—void of a fence.

It was a one-legged man who begged to be remembered.

SIMPLY PERFECT TO
OUR GONDOLIER."

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."













A TALE OF A CAT'S TAIL.

"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave

yourself."
"Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so much suds!"

A romping four-year-old boy had been denied some trifling gratification by his mother, but it did not seem so trifling to him as to her. So striking an attitude before her, he said, with the utmost gravity, "Mother, were you ever a boy?"

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go, thou startest, he departs; we lay tracks, you cut sticks, they absquatulate or skedaddle."

General Wolfe overhearing a young officer say in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I think you might say General Wolfe."

"No." roulied the analysis are also to the contest of the cont

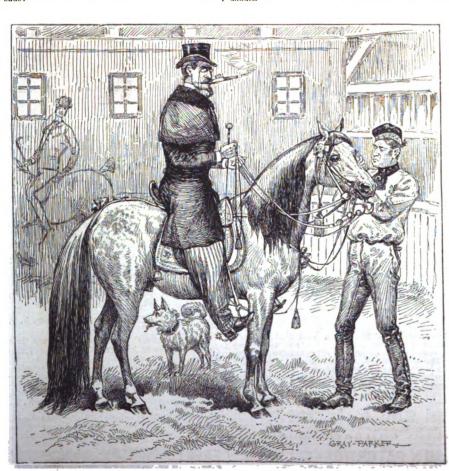
"No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind: "did you ever hear of General Achilles, or Gen-eral Cæsar?"

A MAN OF NO PRINCIPAL-A bankrupt.

A bald-headed man says his hair reminds him of a fool and his money.

A gentleman made a rockery in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns and man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware! Scolopendriums and Polydiums are set here."

At one of the schools in Cornwall the Inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."



A STRONG PROTEST AGAINST ANGLO-MANIA. SMYTHE SAYS THAT SINCE IT ISN'T PERMISSIBLE TO LOOK LIKE AN AMERICAN, HE IS GOING

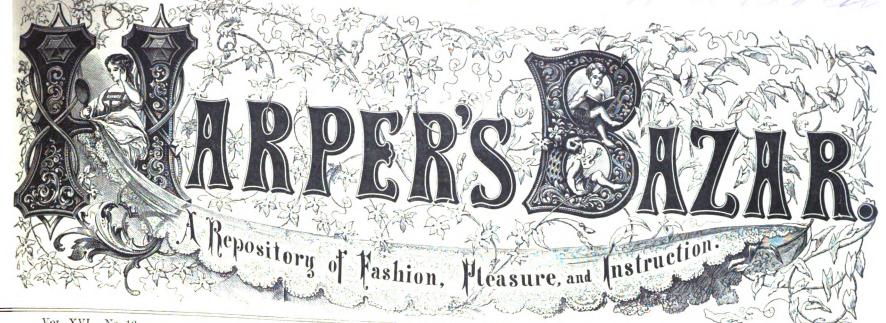
TO LOOK LIKE A CONTINENTAL FOREIGNER.



LENTEN PASTIMES. (At a Sewing Class.)

GENTLEMEN EXPECTED TO MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.





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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

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Fig. 1.-STREET COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—HOUSE TOILETTE.

Figs. 1 and 2.—SPRING SUITS.—[See Page 202.]

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messrs, Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art shuly in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six mouths for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the marposes specified.

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by MESSRS.
HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1,
1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each
must be designated by an assumed name or motto,
which should also be giren, together with the real
name, age, and residence of the artist, in a scaled
envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be
opened until the result of the competition shall have
bren determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Dometr have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

WOMEN AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

DROBABLY there is no movement for the purification of the habits and the elevation of the plane of our national life that will exercise ultimately a more beneficial influence toward the attainment for women of a wide range of employment than the agitation in favor of the "merit system" in government service, which has just secured the passage of a civil service reform bill. The essence of the merit system in the appointment of public servants lies in the fact that "all persons have an equal right to be candidates if they are fit," the fitness being tested by public examinations of various kinds and degrees before commissioners specially appointed, who have neither desire nor opportunity for unfair discrimination. The principle that all have an equal right once admitted, it will be seen what an opportunity is opened for educated intelligent women to enter another avenue of congenial occupation in a field that has hitherto to a great extent been a monopolized preserve for men, and too often for ignorant, incompetent, and dishonest politicians.

A glance at the salient features of the "spoils system" will disclose how it serves as a barrier to the appointment of any large number of women to government officesfor women have no votes. A candidate for office rests his claim to office on the fact that he or his "friends" can manage "the boys," control a ward, or carry a Legislature, and with a vast horde of officials of this stamp, the country has come to unconsciously accept a lower standard of public morality. The question of experience, education, acquirements—in a word, of merit—in the vast majority of cases, has influenced the appointment no more than a knowledge of Sanskrit would the consideration of the qualifications necessary for the cashier of a bank or the manager of a railroad. It has been notorious that on the eve of important elections the party in power has not hesitated to increase the number of clerks in different bureaux, and the workmen in the Navy-yards and government workshops. The control of votes being the strongest recommendation for official promotion, it has followed logically that this same power of the franchise has determined the selection for the lower offices. The same force that wins a place holds it, disguise it how one may, and this power is the right

Of course, with such a system of general selection, the decision of the ward politician usurping the decree of the civil service examiner, women are at a hopeless disadvan-

tage in any competition for office. We know that within the last twenty years a generous public opinion has gained them admittance to the Post-office and Treasury departments, but who that is at all familiar with the greenrooms of the political stage does not know what humiliation many an honorable woman has endured before procuring her place, and the constant dread which hangs over her of losing it, not only at every change of administration, but at each fresh combination of local political forces.

But in the space at our command it is only possible to direct attention to what should be the gain to women, and the cause of woman's education by the establishment of the merit system.

Conceding that there are departments of the public service from which women are naturally excluded, and others where their appearance would excite bitter opposition on the part of men, there yet remain many hundreds of places—and a still greater number in corresponding positions in the various State and municipal government offices—for which women, under any just merit system, have a right to compete. But this right is especially conditioned on fitness. Do women possess this fitness? This is an aspect of the problem which must appeal with peculiar interest to all engaged in the development of the higher education of women.

It is from Great Britain that we derive our most valuable data in regard to the progress of civil service reform, and the extent to which its establishment has purified not only the public service, but stimulated more thorough systems of education throughout the nation. This is forcibly epitomized in the following extract from a letter of Sir Charles Trevelyn, president of the first English Civil Service Commission: "The same change which has increased the efficiency of the civil service has given a marvellous stimulus to educa-The opening of the civil service in its influence upon national education is equivalent to a hundred thousand scholarships and exhibitions of the most valuable kind-because, unlike such rewards in general, they are for life-offered for the encouragement of youthful learning and good conduct in every class in the community.' Nor has the gain in England from civil serv ice reform been merely or mainly intellectual; indeed, it was not possible that it should

A truly efficient corps of public or private employées must possess those moral qualities which are indispensable to the formation of high character and to faithful service, and such has been the experience in England. What special bearing have these facts on the much misunderstood woman question? it may be asked. Why, to use an inverted form of a homely old adage, "What is sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose." If an increased general education and intelligence and higher standard of public and private morality, a decrease in peculation amongst clerks, have resulted from the merit system in Great Britain, why will not equal fruits be borne in our own country under a similar régime? And why will not women be affected comparatively to the same extent as men, if able to secure equally with them the premiums and rewards of merit and effort, and to take advantage of improvements in systems of educational training, consequent upon throwing open in America also of "a hundred thousand scholarships to fair and open competition"? Already those young women who have availed themselves of the various technical and educational institutions which have opened their doors to them have proven themselves equal to the tests considered good for young men. When a high graduation means for those young women who wish it an equal chance with their brothers to receive those rewards of industry, capacity, and conscientions work which have hitherto been considered the privileges of the latter, the issue can not fail to be beneficial to "the body-politic." It is often asked: "What is the use of giving women so much education? What does a woman want with business training? It does not help them to be better housekeepers, nor does it assure them husbands." Proof of the benefits of intellectual attainments and the value of executive capacity in domestic life-nay, of the fatal results attending their lack-should not be far to seek; indeed, the thinking world, which to-day wields the most powerful, although possibly not the most voluble public opinion, has reached a point when it is inclined to give women a "hearing," and listen with something better than amusement or contempt when a woman defines her "rights," in claiming them to be something less-although really more—than the suffrage, viz., the right to work. Fathers throughout the

land are being gradually coaxed to consider

the benefit of an education or training that

will equip their superfluous daughters with the tools for self-support. Many a father has, in spite of his own better, tenderer judgment, looked with reluctant encouragement on the unworthy suitor, who, nevertheless, as far as his worldly wisdom extended, alone stood between his child and penury or dependence after his death—nay, even before, when domestic extravagance and commercial ruin have swept away his savings and curtailed his income. Many a good man has gone to his final rest agonized by distrust of the fate of his cherished one, like poor Tom Tulliver, his last thought being for "the little wench."

It is time "the little wench" be given an equal chance with the boys to earn an honest living, and so preserve her self-respect and happy heart, and "Uncle Sam," as the merit system gradually establishes itself throughout all departments of the public service—governmental, State, and municipal—can do much to quiet the minds of innumerable Tom Tullivers.

Mental ability being proven, probably the most prejudiced opponent of women's emancipation" would not deny them the possession of honesty and conscientiousness sufficient to qualify them for the public service. In regard to any feeling of jealousy or fear of discourtesy resulting from men and women holding similar positions, and being brought into daily official contact, the same answer can be given as was used by the distinguished head of a liberal university to a query touching the experiment there of co-education: "The sense and courtesy that regulate society in the outside world, where men and women are accustomed to meet daily, are not wanting in the minds of students," nor will they be wanting in the minds of government clerks under a régime of honest civil service.

Once admit that our public offices must be filled by those who have most successfully met the tests considered necessary for the different civil departments, and logic and justice require that women impartially with men shall have the opportunity to compete. It is improbable that anything like the same proportion of women as men will ever seek preferment in any sphere of work. The principle to be contended for is a woman's right to do that portion of the honest work of the world which circumstances prompt her to undertake, and fitness prepares her to fulfill with skill and credit. In Mr. Eaton's history of Civil Service in Great Britain, he assures us that "the number of women employed in public positions in Great Britain is steadily increasing. They may now be seen in exclusive charge of offices in the postal and telegraph service, which they have won by open competition, and manage with success and skill;" and he adds, "These new opportunities of usefulness must, we think, be accounted as amongst the principal causes which have helped on the great improvement in the education and in the intellectual and benevolent activity of women (especially of the middle classes) during the last few years."

HOW SKILLED WORK REMU-NERATES WOMEN. TELEGRAPHY.

A T the head-quarters of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on the northwest corner of Dey Street and Broadway. New York city, one hundred and twenty young women are employed as operators, and in the branch offices of other company throughout the country hundreds of others find an opportunity to earn a living. Many private offices too are served in similar fashion.

The supply of such operators at present is much in excess of the demand. Of the fifty pupils who last year were graduated from the Coop-Union Free School of Telegraphy for Women, only about twelve have thus far obtained situations. The central office of the Western Union Telegraph Company receives constantly more applications for positions than it can fill, and is itelf educating young women for such though conducting no regular school. The girls who act as messengers in the vast operatingroom on one of the upper floors are continually picking up professional information, and it is a favorite practice for any one of them to do a companions' work as well as her own a part of the day, thus leaving her comrade free to practice herself in the use of the telegraphic instruments. These messengers receive from fifteen to twentyfive dollars a month, and when they have become skilled operators, from thirty to sixty-five dollars a month, the average salary of the skilled feminine operator being forty dollars monthly. The highest salary of the male operators is one hundred and ten dollars a month, and their average salary

Why this difference? Chiefly because a man's endurance is greater than a woman's, and because the men are liable to be called upon by night as well as by day. The best of the male operators will receive and transcribe a telegraphic message of fifteen hundred words—or matter enough to fill about a column and a half of Harper's Bazar—in an hour; will transcribe it so legibly and carefully that it may be handed to the compositors of a newspaper in the shape in

which it has left his hands. When the annual President's Message is in process of being telegraphed from Washington to New York city this dexterous feat of receiving and transcribing is by no means a rare one. But telegraph superintendents say that they do not call upon women to perform it, and do not expect such a service of them. "Considerable nerve," to use the slang expression, is required to execute this task—more "nerve" than a woman is supposed to have in reserve at any hour of any day or night. Comparatively few men, indeed, can do it.

In another respect also the women operators have been found inferior to those of the other x—they are oftener absent from their duties, When speaking of book-keepers I had occasion to quote some testimony of another sort: "Our women book-keepers," said a publisher, "are detained from their duties by sickness or other cause no oftener than our men book-keepers." But of the one hundred and twenty women operators at the central office of the Western Union Telegraph Company about one-twelfth are expected to be absent daily, and arrangements are made for supplying their places. So large a proportion may not fail to put in an appearance to-morrow, but if it does fail, the vacant chairs will be filled without inconvenience to the company. Experience has shown that the deficit is liable to occur, and that the supply for it must be in readiness It is not entirely clear why this discrepancy between the book-keepers and the telegraph operators should exist, but the labors of the latter are probably more exhaustive, and their surroundings less favorable from a sanitary point of view.

In one particular, however, the women operators

are more satisfactory than their male rivals: they are more punctual, less frequently late in the morning, for the reason, it is said, that their method, of spending their evenings is usually more wholesome than that of their brothers. They work about nine hours a day, and when intending to begin a day's work are promptly on hand at the hour appointed. Furthermore their employers (I am speaking particularly of the officers of the Western Union Company) are favorably disposed to the practice of using women's services in telegraphy, referring in respect ful terms to the results of experience in this direction, and frankly expressing the opinion that women make good operators. From business motives these business men are ready to avail themselves of woman's skilled work in telegraphy. Sentimental considerations, philanthropic or otherwise, do not enter into their summing up of the case. Speaking for themselves, and in the light of an extended observation, they approve of the employment of women operators; and I desire to invite especial attention to this fact, because in the series of articles now in hand I propose to treat of the subject of the remunerative aspect of skilled work for women entirely from the point of view of the business man, and never from the point of view of the theorist.

For the women themselves the practice of telegraphy has certain simple and definite attrac-It does not soil their dresses; it does not keep them in a standing posture; it does not, they say, compromise them socially. operator, they declare, has a social position not inferior to that of a teacher or governess. Some kinds of skilled work, they insist, are positively objectionable: "In a factory one's clothes are misused; in a store one can never sit down; in the kitchen of a private house one is only a servant, even though a chef," and to regard these objections as merely sentimental and unworthy of serious consideration would, they claim, be a mistake. At any rate, the pursuit of telegraphy is Moreover, the free from these inconveniences. young women operators at the Western Union Company's head-quarters are treated by their superintendent-a young woman very proficient in her profession—with sedulous courtesy. She addresses them not familiarly by their Christian names, but by their surnames with the prefix "Miss," and she insists upon their addressing one another in the same considerate fashion, except, of course, when one of them is speaking to an intimate friend. She does not scold them, and as for cases of insubordination on their part, these are of the rarest occurrence—say only two or three in half a dozen years. Still further, the work is not continuous; during working hours there are many resting times. When a message there are many resting times. When a message has been dispatched or received, the operator may, and often does, take up her knitting, crocheting, or sewing, passing pleasantly the interval until the arrival of the next message. Reading is forbidden, because it is supposed to absorb the attention to a greater extent than either of the other diversions; but conversation in a low tone is encouraged. Among the one hundred and twenty faces the sunny and healthful ones have an immense majority.

To offset this credit column several entries are to be made on the debit side of the account. In the first place, there is the disease known as telegraph eramp, the diagnosis of which has not yet been thoroughly ascertained by the physicians. An operator stretches out her hand to press her finger upon the button of the instrument, and suddenly her arm refuses to obey her will, and lies numb on the desk beside her. If the tendons of her wrist had been cut through, her manual helplessness would not be greater. The strongest voluntary force is too feeble to make itself felt at the ends of the fingers. The operator simply can not do her work. Seven or eight of the 120 young women are subject to periodic attacks of this disease, and not one of the others knows how soon she herself may be seized with it. There is no remedy but rest from telegraphing, and exercise in the open air. In the next place, in order to become a first-class operator four or five years of resolute practice are necessary, even when one has what is known as "a good ear." The course of seven or eight months' training in the Cooper Institute or any other



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school is only preliminary; every graduate, no matter how fervidly expressed in her diploma is the story of her accomplishments, must pursue the practice of her profession for at least four years before attaining the rank and emoluments of a first-class operator. Here is a young woman, say eighteen years old, in the second year of her course. Her pay, we will say, is as yet only thirty-five dollars a month, and if she depends entirely upon her earnings for support, she is likely neither to save a cent nor to waste a cent. Her board and room will cost her probably at least six dollars a week, or, if she has a room-mate, possibly five dollars; her luncheons, her car fares, her washing, half as much more, without any extravagance on her part; her office dress, even if she make it herself, will take eight dollars out of her pocket-book; her bills for other clothes, for shoes, for hats—well, it is easy enough for her to expend ten dollars every week in the year, and her salary is not nine dollars. Next year, perhaps, her salary will be raised to ten; but no matter how proficient she may become, it is not likely to be more than fifteen dollars a week. Several years ago the earnings of both men and women operators of the first class were greater than they are now, the former receiving fifteen hundred dollars a year instead of the present thirteen hundred and twenty dollars, and the latter nine hundred dollars instead of the present seven hundred and eighty, although at that time the cost of living was higher, and the number of working-hours (for the men) greater.

Another drawback to the practice of telegraphy as a profession is the constant liability of the operator at the other end of the line to quarrel with you when you can not understand his or her message; and when he or she is surly of disposition, and captious of soul, the patience of the operator at this end of the line is sorely tried, and often wrought into an inexplicable tangle. Furthermore, unless one keeps in continuous practice, her facility in sending or receiving messages becomes less very rapidly. It is practice that not only makes perfect, but keeps perfect. The most enthusiastic learner tries to procure a small telepraphic instrument with a short circuit of wire— no matter how short if only continuous—and set it up in her room at home. The entire apparatus need cost only three dollars and seventy cents; and if while waiting for a situation, or while temporarily engaged in other pursuits, she sets apart some time daily for exercising her fingers upon it, the best telegraph operators in the world would be the last to dispute the wisdom of her course.

In the brokers' offices on Wall Street and thereabouts the hours of service are shorter and the remuneration often greater than in the Western Union offices. Most of the work is done from ten to half past three o'clock, and very often free luncheon is provided, which the young women operators estimate as equivalent to a bonus of ten dollars a month. The requirements of the situation are, to be sure, more exacting than those of general business, and mistakes are usually of more serious import. In branch offices in New York city and the country the average pay is thirty-five dollars a month, and the services the women who receive it are much more highly valued by the Western Union Telegraph Company than are the services of the men whose salary is the same. One young woman who acts as manager and operator in one of the city offices receives sixty dollars a month, and is considered to exhibit business qualities which few men pos-

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING SILKS.

FOR the spring silks that are worn also in the summer the tendency this season is to return to glace, taffetas, and shot silks in preference to the soft twilled Surahs that have so long found favor and will not yet be abandoned. The new feature in these silks is a checked or rayé ground of the finest checks or horizontal lines, and to throw a large bright plaid on this in crossing bars, or it may be there are only perpendicular stripes of one or two soft contrasting colors. Dull green next pale rose stripes are seen among small checks of deeper tones of these two colors, and there are mandarin and Havana brown bars on brighter écru and lighter brown checks. Another fancy is that of weaving blocks of velvet a third of an inch square on very finely checked silk grounds; this is to be made up as the basque and drapery of a pleated skirt that is checked without the velvet blocks, but is elaborately trimmed with velvet ribbon. The new fancy for brocaded figures on checked grounds is odd and pretty; these have small sprays of flowers, or bunches of leaves, or tiny baskets of flowers, or clusters of berries brocaded in gay natural colors on a checked ground of quiet, sober hues. Shot of two changing colors are revived, and are given a new effect of reps by being woven with well-marked cross threads of blue next orange, or raspberry alternating with pale rose, or green with pepita, salmon with pink, and dark red with These shot silks have also the small brocaded designs that are to be used for parts of the dress, while the simpler silks without the figures form the remainder. Velvet cut from the piece, velvet ribbon, and various new embroideries and laces are the trimmings for these spring silks.

HOW TO MAKE SPRING SILKS.

A short jaunty basque with a box-pleated skirt bouffantly draped is the favorite design for the new spring silks, but this simple plan is varied in divers ways, and illustrates many of the new features. The upper part of the corsage, the top of the sleeves, and the fronts of the skirts seem to be the points of attack for trimmings. There are plastrons of velvet or of embroidery, or else velvet Directoire collars, notched and pointed to the waist line on most of the basques. The sides are short on the hips, and have one, two, or three

piping-cords, or else they are turned upward and faced across, or there is embroidery or lace placed along the edges to roll outward and hang with points down. The back middle forms of Worth's dresses are very carelessly box-pleated—not pressed flatly—and many have these forms shaped plainly, and edged with two or three rows of em-broidery or lace. The sleeves are rounded out very high and full at the top, and many have a puff inserted that slopes to a point half-way between the shoulder and elbow, and is ornamented there with an odd little bow of velvet ribbon. Some of the skirts have very low front drapery, curving in folds or pointed almost to the foot, while others are quite flat in front, with rows of wide velvet ribbon and lace placed there to out-line a flat Roman apron. When higher drapery is preferred, the soft puff called the vertugadin is put around the hips above a box-pleated skirt, a squarely draped apron, or perhaps one side of the apron is caught up high in Greek fashion.

A dress of stem green checks of the smallest sizes has strawberry red sprays brocaded upon that part used for the basque and drapery. This short basque, pointed in back and front, has a Directoire collar of darker stem green velvet; this is notched, and is pointed down to the waist line, while close around the neck is a standing collar of velvet fastened by a green velvet bow f many loops of narrow ribbon, and a similar thickly clustered bow is on the back of the basque instead of box-pleats. The small flat buttons are wooden moulds covered with any scrap of the silk, some of the buttons showing the red brocaded figure, and others merely checked. The lower skirt, checked without being brocaded, forms five wide double box-pleats down the front and side breadths, separated by panels of velvet that fill all the spaces between the pleats. Five rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon cross the pleats near the foot. The brocaded checked silk drapes the upper part of the front diagonally, and four breadths of it are bunched up in the back, and fall to the foot.

Surplice effects of pleats from the shoulders pointed low on the bust, are seen on many of these dresses. A shot silk of changing blue and red shades has a Directoire coat with bright blue velvet revers collar fastening upon a gathered plastron of the new écru mull, with colored Japanese embroidery all over it. Large old silver buttons in rococo style, with garnets and lapis lazuli, fasten the coat. The skirt falls in soft puffs that disappear under a cluster of gathered flounces that are pinked in leaf-like points; these are a finger deep, straight of the material, very full, and lap half their depth; two rows of shirring and a standing pinked frill are at the top of such a group of flounces.

EASTER TOILETTES.

Easter comes so early this year that rather heavy costumes are being prepared to be worn for the first time on Easter-Sunday. Among those imported the materials are velvets, Siciliennes, ottoman silks, cashmeres, and satin. The tapestry-figured velvets of very dark wine or green grounds, with a small branch of flowers woven here and there to imitate tapestry stitches, are used for polonaises of quaint shape, with the back of the bodice pointed and supported by a single loop of drapery that enlarges the sides very much; these are worn over a skirt of satin of the shade of the velvet that falls in soft puffs caught up on the sides by large rosettes of velvet, or else is trimmed down the front with velvet ribbon bows, straps of velvet with buckles, or sash pieces brought from the sides and fastened in front in bows with buckles of colored shell. Dark Havana brown Sicilienne and the brighter sapphire blue shades are made up in Marie Antoinette polonaises very bouffant on the sides, trimmed with borders of éern embroidery done in blocks on the finest India wool goods; these are worn over satin skirts ornamented with similar needle-work. There are also for young ladies very gay dresses of the printed-not brocadedsatins, especially those with large single daisies strewn over sapphire blue or wine-colored grounds; these have the new square apron on the front breadths made of flat rows of écru Russian lace alternating with velvet ribbon of the green shade of the stems of the daisies. this apron is a short soft puff, called the vertugadin, falling around the hips in fan-like pleats, and the back is covered with very long dra-peries of the daisy satin. Raspberry red sat-ins of very dark shades are made up in Henri Trois styles, with a wired collar of embroidery and lace, and stuffed rolls or puffs attached to the sides of the basque, and to the armholes and cuffs of the sleeves. The newest black satin cos-tumes are trimmed with thread-lace flounces across the front and sides of the skirt, and with satin cord passementeries and lace on the basque. The cashmere and ottoman silk costumes appro priate for Easter have already been noted. less expensive dresses the new beiges of very light quality were in large conspicuous blocks of two or three shades of one color, or else combining three or more of the dark colors now in vogue. Sometimes beige of plain mustard brown or of cornflower blue is combined with these blocked stuffs, but in other dresses the basque and the trimmed skirt, partly of deep pleated puffs and partly of pleated flounces, are made entirely of the blocked goods.

WATTEAU MORNING WRAPPERS.

Watteau morning dresses promise to be as popular as the Mother Hubbard gowns have been of late. These wrappers have a broad double box pleat beginning at the neck behind, fully defined as low as the hips, and lost below in the drapery of the skirt. This box pleat may be detached from the waist and joined to the skirt, or it may be sewed in with the middle seam of the back of the waist. The garment may be closely fitted to the waist by two darts, or else the back alone is

tight, and the fronts are held in place by velvet ribbon strings that begin in the under-arm seam and lie in front in a long-looped bow. The India silks and French foulards with rose-garden patterns and branches of other large bright-hued flowers strewn on pale blue, shrimp, dark blue, or strawberry grounds, are used for very elegant Watteau wrappers, and their only trimming is a jabot of Oriental lace down the front, with frills the neck and wrists, with perhaps a narrow knife-pleating of satin or velvet at the foot. For simpler wrappers the pretty cotton satteens are used in gay designs like those of foulards, or else the solid colors are chosen in pale sky blue, straw-berry red, or écru shades, with a collar and deep cuffs of Irish point embroidery or of Russian lace for trimming.

WASH DRESSES.

Ladies who make up their wash dresses at home will be safe in repeating the easily laundried simple styles that have a short ruffled skirt, a deep round apron over-skirt, and an unlined basque cut with a square postilion back, very short sides, and slightly pointed front. This is prettily made up in sky blue cotton satteen with gathered ruffles of the material, or in tiny checked satteen of the strawberry shades with a flounce of Irish point embroidery on the lower skirt, a similar frill on the deep apron, a vest, collar, and cuffs of embroidery on the basque. There are white nainsook dresses made in this way for ladies who are dressing in mourning, and the trimmings are gathered ruffles of the nainsook finished with an inch-wide hem, above which are three narrow tucks. The thick Russian embroidery trims more elaborate nainsook dresses made in this simple style, or with the over-skirt caught up very high on the left side; a jabot or flounces of the embroidery trims the space left bare on the lower skirt, or else there is a chain of loops or bows of ribbon down the left side. White cotton satteen is being used for children's dresses to alternate with those of piqué.

NEW HOSIERY.

Black lisle-thread and silk hose continue in favor, to wear with dresses of any color and for almost any occasion; even infants' socks are shown made of black silk or thread. Solid colors and stripes of two shades of one color or in contrast are most fashionable, and hand embroidery is done on the most costly stockings. plain solid colors come in all the new shades of red-strawberry, raspberry, shrimp, etc.-with military blue, écru, tan, cardinal, gold, sapphire, and the new sage and stem greens. There are also fine-striped stockings in all colors to match costumes. The gauze Balbriggan stockings are used under silk stockings by ladies who do not like the colored stockings next the flesh, or who do not find silk pleasant to wear. Lisle-thread and heavier cotton stockings come in all the new plain colors, or in pencilled stripes of white with a color, or in inch-wide stripes of two shades of blue, bronze, gray, wine-color, and other red shades, or else they have a tartan effect given by having a dark ground striped at intervals with two or three bright colors. Ribbed stockings are chosen for children, as they are more durable, and also give roundness to their slender limbs those of dark colors with white or unbleached feet are excellent. Children's striped stockings are imported with light grounds and dark horizon tal stripes.

SPRING BALMORAL SKIRTS.

Turkey red twilled cotton, striped cretonnes, and Scotch ginghams are made up as Balmoral petticoats to replace in the spring those of woollen goods now worn. These skirts are made wider than they formerly were, and are finished with a voke at the top when meant for stout figures, while for those who are slight they are attached to a loose band two inches wide when doubled, and a tape string is run in this band to draw it up small enough for the waist. It is well to add a button and button-hole also. To make the skirt light of weight the trimming at the foot is a single narrow box-pleated flounce, or else three or four tucks, each two inches wide, are used without a flounce. The striped Scotch ginghams come in clean shades of blue, lengthwise, and an inch wide, or pink with gray, écru with brown, or black with white. The gay red and white or blue and white striped cretonnes are pretty, and will wash well. For those who prefer a little more warmth, alpaca and heavier mohair stuffs are used in light gray and black, and there are also farmers' satin skirts of dark twilled wool with lustrous surface.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Stern Brothers; and James McCreery & Co.

MISS SHERMAN, daughter of General SHERMAN. and the Hon. LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST and his daughter, have been visiting the Marquis of Lorne at Ottawa.

—Her one-hundred-and-second birthday was recently celebrated by Mrs. Betsey Hastings Perkins, of Taunton, Massachusetts.

The Baron George Washington, of Gratz, —The Baron George Washington, of Gratz, Austria, belonging to a branch of the old Eng-lish stock from which our first President came, is to marry the Countess Gesla Weslersheimb. —A scheme for practical instruction in carn-

ing and saving money has been introduced by LEIGH HUNT, Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines. He has encouraged the boys of all con-Moines. He has encouraged the boys of all conditions to open bank accounts; they deliver papers, carry coal, black boots, shovel snow, and learn trades in odd hours; and there is an amilearn trades in odd hours; and there is an amilearn trades in odd hours; and there is an amilearn trades in odd hours; and there is an amilearn trades in odd hours; and the stall show able rivalry among them as to who shall show the best specimens of handiwork and the largest

-A slight improvement is reported in the con-A sight improvement is reported in the condition of Mr. Alcorr after his four months' illness, especially in his mental state. He sleeps well and plays checkers intelligently, except that he democratically gives the men the privilege enjoyed by the kings of moving backward and forward.

-Pneumonia is ascribed by Dr. Hammond to living in overheated rooms, while as a predisposing cause Dr. Leaming adds drinking.

The British squadrons belonging to the West

India and North American stations are to make a search for the body of Sir Francis Drake, who nearly three centuries ago was buried at sea in a leaden coffin of Puerto Cabello.

sea in a leaden coffin off Puerto Cabello.

—One of the most beautifully decorated houses in Washington is that of Mr. and Mrs. CLARK on Massachusetts Avenue. The frieze of the parlor and of the library is painted by Mrs. CLARK herself—one in a bay-window representing cat-tails, pond-filies, and other water plants, and another, "When the swallows homeward fly."

—M. Roustan, the French Minister, who at first did not like Washington, now speaks of the place with enthusiasm.

first did not like Washington, now speaks of the place with enthusiasm.

—A fragment of crystal, which is said by an expert to be part of a fine ruby, has been pumped from a tubular well driven forty-four feet by Mr. George Jones, of Alma, Maine, besides crystals resembling diamonds and jasper.

—About two years ago Miss Alice Williston, formerly of Cambridge, a charming and accomplished young lady of some twenty-five years, leased a house in Auburndale, Massachusetts, where she at present cares for fonteen otherwise homeless children, and others are waiting to join them whenever her funds will allow it.

—Justice and Mrs. Field will probably visit Japan in the course of the coming summer.

—The Stewart tomb is to cost a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

and twenty-five thousand dollars.

—Mrs. Craig Wadsworth has been seriously ill at the house of Mrs. L. P. Morton in Paris.

ill at the house of Mrs. L. P. Morton in Paris.

—About four thousand ten-cent subscriptions to the Longfellow Memorial Fund were lately made by the public-school children of the District of Columbia. This was evidently "The Children's Hour."

—Our government recently sent Professor J. FLEMING WHITE, chemist at the torpedo station, Newport, Rhode Island, and the engineer, A. AUGSTHOM, to England, to inquire into the way in which gun-cotton is made for the English government. They were given full access to the royal gun-cotton manufactory at Waltham Abbey, and skilled workmen were detailed to Abbey, and skilled workmen were detailed to take the machinery apart for the benefit of Mr. Ausstrom, who is a graduate of the Naval Institute at Cherbourg, France. Professor White is a Harvard man.

is a Harvard man.

—Count Aquilla, an old Bourbon prince, uncle of the last King of Naples, who lately visited the King of Italy, and excited Rome by asking to become an Italian once more and subject of the King of Italy, is an admiral of the Brazilian army, and his wife is sister to the Emperor of Brazil.

-That Decoration-day may be made an occa-

sion for planting trees is a suggestion credited to Mr. Horatio Seymour which will keep his

memory green.

The great telescope in the Rochester Observatory is to be employed, according to the intention of Dr. Swift, in making a much-need-

intention of Dr. Swift, in making a much-needed catalogue of nebulæ for the use of cometseekers apt to be misled by the nebulæ.

—For the purpose of studying commercial and manufacturing systems, with the idea of introducing them into Chima, a high official of the Celestial Empire, Ton Kin Sin, is making a tour of Europe, and will visit America in July.

—The sufferers by floods in America received a thousand marks from the German Empress, and three thousand from the Emperor.

and three thousand from the Emperor.

The proprietor of Deerfoot Farm, Southborough, Massachusetts, Edward Burnett, who married Mabel, the only daughter of James Russell Lowell, has gone to visit the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and to buy cattle there for himself and for native in Manual for the contraction. for himself and for parties in Massachusetts and

New York.

—The King of Siam, having read The Land of the White Elephant, has appointed Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., a knight of the Royal Order of Buspa Maha, the medal of which, of dark yellow gold elaborately engraved, is one of the four Siamese decorations which the King himself wears at ceremonies of state.

—The best story-teller in Nebraska is said to be Senator-elect Manderson.

—The oldest portrait of Columbus in the United States was given by Mrs. Maria Farmer, a granddaughter of Jacob Farmer, Governor of New York in 1689, and hangs in the New York Senate-Chamber at Albany.

—Letters of nobility from the German Emperor have been received by Professor Helmidoltz. Baronetcies were declined both by Tennyson and by Carlyle when offered by Premier Beaconsfield. The King of Siam, having read The Land of

BEACONSFIELD.

BEACONSFIELD.

—The Edward L. Pierce Library, donated by Hon. E. L. Pierces, of Boston, Massachusetts, to the Sea Islands, which contains eight thousand volumes, was opened to the public on February I, at Darrah Hall, St. Helena, South Carolina.

—According to the will of the late Marshall. Jewell, fresh flowers are to be sent on every Saturday to his daughter Florence, a lady married in Detroit. No testimonial could be more benutiful than such a weekly gift from a deed

beautiful than such a weekly gift from a dead

friend.

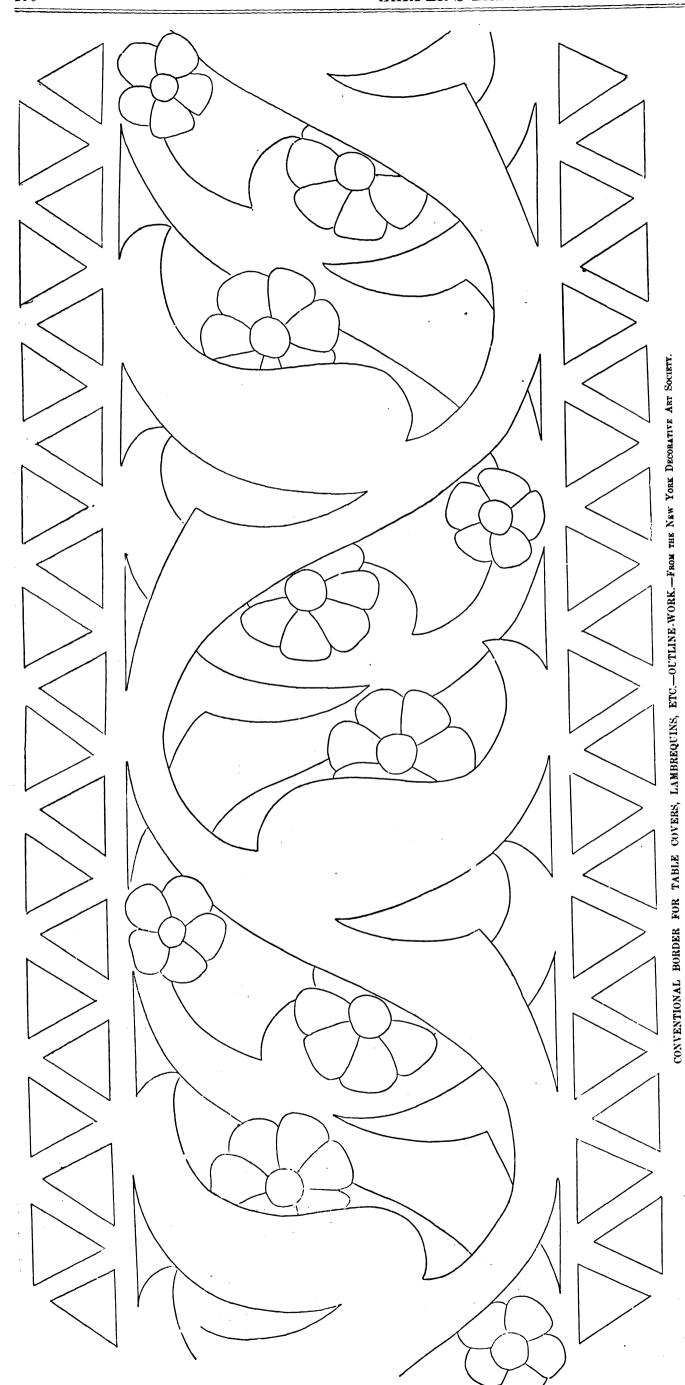
—A thousand dollars has been subscribed by Mr. REUBEN SPRINGER for the benefit of the s ferers by the flood in Cincinnati.

-Senator EDMUNDS and his wife and daughter are to make a tour through New Mexico to the Pacific coast. Senator Edmunds is now the heir-apparent to the Presidency.

One of the most admired women of Rome is the Princess Brancaccio, née Field, an American

-It is said that General Washington's last It is said that General Washington's last will and testament is in the possession of Colonel Thompson, of the Washington Pension of fice, as well as the original inventory of the Mount Vernon estate by Martha Washington.—Commander William Gibson, whose poems have frequently appeared in Harper's Magazine, visits Norwhy, Sweden, and Denmark early in May, in company with his wife.—Caen Wood Towers, which the ex-Khedive is to make his home, sold to him for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars by a person who

dred and fifty thousand dollars by a person who paid two hundred thousand for it, was embel-lished by Mr. Edward Brooke, the former owner. Some of the doors are of ebony inlaid with ivory, the staircase windows are painted with scenes from Tennyson, and some of the rooms are hung with stamped Cordova leather. A miniature farm and dairy are on the ground.



Conventional Box

THIS is better adapted for ou id embroidery, and it is quite ively worked in two shades (light any one color, working them close toge border is used for table covers, bur lambrequins, and buffet covers. The costamping it at the Society of Decorative thirty cents per yard.

"MOTHERING SUNDAY."

A N ancient custom this, handed down from the Middle Ages; a custom fraught with tenderest feeling, and replete with thoughtful care. In the north of England is still repeated this

distich:

"Mid, Sid, and Misera, Carling, Palm, Pase-egg-day,"

the central word a reminder of this old-time usage. And Herrick, a poet of the seventeenth century, says:

"I'll to thee a Simnel bring 'Gainst thou go a-mothering."

To understand these allusions, one must know that the mid-Sunday in Lent was set apart as a season of reverent greeting to parents; a time to offer gifts, the *mother* being specially honored. Married children in homes of their own kept up an interest in these jubilant returns to the home on their youth, taking with them their own little ones, to receive from the grandparents a blessing, and present with childish hands some token of love and respect.

And glad at heart was lad or maiden, away "at service," who upon "Carling Sunday" might present some hoarded gift, cheered anew by the mo-

ther's kiss of welcome and the father's word of blessing and hearty cheer. So much there was in these sweet, homely gatherings to be talked over, hopes and plans to be discussed, neighborhood friendships to be renewed, new ties to form, often some tears dropped in memory of loved ones who had passed away. For on this day of days much show of festive gladness entered in. From old oaken presses, heirlooms of the past, and rich in lavender perfume and spicy odors, were drawn the Sunday coats and holiday attire. The family board was heaped with "Simnel-cakes" and "Carlings," and with happy jest and laugh and holy song the hours sped all too swiftly—the loveliest family gather-

Lovers of the curious in matters of cookery may like to know that "Carlings" were made from nay face to know that Carlings were made from a preparation of "steeped pease fried in butter, with pepper and salt"; from this mixture pancakes were made, giving name to the cakes and to the day. "Simnels" were simply sweet cakes.

Monogram.—Cross Stitch.

See illustration on page 197.

This monogram for marking house linen is worked in cross stitch with colored marking

Ladies' Neck-Wear.-Figs. 1-5.

See illustrations on page 197.

The fichu shown in Fig. 1 consists of a bias scarf of ivory white silk muslin a yard and a quarter long and one-quarter of a yard wide, which is sloped toward the ends, and surrounded with silk lace four inches wide. The scarf is folded as shown in the illustration, and is caught together under an end of pale values at in ribbon. together under an end of pale yellow satin ribbon at the throat, the ends, and half-way between. When worn, the ribbons are tied in bows. Fig. 2 is a cravat bow composed of loops and pleatings of bias Turkey red satin merveilleux. The strips, which are cut eight inches wide, and then doubled by having their edges run together, are arranged together with an end of ecru batiste embroidery on a small back of stiff foundation. The straight standing collar of Fig. 3 is of ivory white velvet, lined with ivory ottoman ribbon. The cravat is composed of loops of thick ivory white chenille set on a piece of ottoman ribbon four inches long, with a bow of the ribbon held in a cut steel buckle at the top. Fig. 4 illustrates a short pointed basque of ruby velvet, with Directoire revers and a white silk vest or plas-tron. The plastron is covered with puffed crepe lisse, and a double lisse puff is in the neck Pleated wide lace edges the point, and is turned up on the elbow sleeves. Fig. 5, a plastron used to brighten a dark costume, is made of a piece of pale yellow brocaded gauze three-quarters of a vard square. The gauze is arranged in side pleats that lap closely at the waist and spread toward the top and bottom, and is crossed by straps of velvet ribbon which meet in a point. A velvet ribbon band and bow finish the top, and a double ruche of lace is worn in the neck of the dress.

Ladies' Spring Bonnets and Trimmings. Figs. 1-12.

See illustrations on page 197.

Some untrimmed straw bonnets are shown in Figs. 1-4. Fig. 1 shows a Milan braid of a dark terra-cotta red, with a high sloping crown, and a wide brim that is designed to be bent and twistwide brim that is designed to be bent and twist-ed in the manner most becoming to the wearer. Fig. 2 is a small close capote of black English straw, the effect of which, when trimmed, is shown in Fig. 5. Fig. 3, which has a flaring brim, is of Havana brown split straw, and Fig. 4 of darker brown English straw. The trimmed bonnet Fig. 5 has the edge bound with gathered black volvet, and the bollow at the front filled black velvet, and the hollow at the front filled out with four rows of gathered lace set one over the other, the lower two being widened with a strip of net. Two rows of lace, run together at the edge, and gathered on a ribbon around the middle of the front, are set along the front edge,

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MONOGRAM.—CROSS STITCH.



Fig. 1.—HANDKERCHIEF WITH EMBROIDERED VIGNETTE.
[See Fig. 2.]

and caught down at intervals with and caught down at intervals with the ornament shown in reduced size in Fig. 12. The strings, which are fifteen inches wide, are made of figured tulle surrounded with lace four inches wide. A large bouquet of tea-roses, sweet-alys-sum, and forget-me-nots is fasten-ed on the left side. The bonnet Fig. 6 has a stiff net frame, with a flaring brim similar to that of the straw bonnet Fig. 4. The the straw bonnet Fig. 4. The frame is covered with several lay-



Fig. 2.-SATIN MERVEILLEUX CRAVAT.



Fig. 1.—SILK MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.



Fig. 2.—Vignette of Handkerchief, Fig. 1.—Full Size.—Stem and SATIN STITCH.



is set on the top of the crown,

is set on the top of the crown, and variegated velvet pansies are arranged on the front of the brim. The fancy feather Fig. 7 consists of bright yellow bird-of-paradise plumage fastened under a brown bird's head. The long pin shown in two-thirds size in Fig. 8 has a cut steel top. It is manufactured in various shades of blue bronze and green.

of blue, bronze, and green, and ten or a dozen of a color

Fig. 5.—Brocaded Gauze Plastron.

ers of plain tulle to hide it, and over this the crown is covered with jetted tulle set on to form puffs. Rows of pleated lace are set around the brim, the around the brim, the outer row being pleated in full box pleats, and a similar ruche is set on the inside, which has a puffed facing of plain tulle. Large hollow cut jet beads are sewn here and there to the edges of the lace. Black otof the lace. Black ot-toman ribbon is twisted around the front between the crown and brim, and forms the strings at the sides. large bow of the ribbon



Fig. 4.—Velvet Basque with Crêpe Lisse Plastron.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Untrimmed Straw



BONNETS.



Figs. 3 and 4.—Untrimmed Straw BONNETS.

to match the rest of the trimming are distributed about a bonnet. Fig. 9 shows a bonnet bouquet composed of a large pink rose and buds, with velvet leaves, and some chenille cones. It is fastened on with the rubber stems in view. Some buckles, used to confine ribbon or velvet straps, are shown in Figs. 10 and 11. Fig. 10, which is about three inches long, is of gilt and polished nick-el. Fig. 11 is of gilt metal, cut steel, and Rhine crystals combined. Fig. 12 is a cut steel pin with an enamelled top, which is used in the manner shown in Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—English Straw Bonnet.—[See Fig. 2.]



Figs. 7-12.—Bonnet Trimmings.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Pendant and Brooch of Embossed Silver.—Two-THIRDS SIZE.



Fig. 6.-LACE BONNET. Digitized by Google

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IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KRMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAR," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," RTG.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) THE OAKHURST INVALID.

Theo drew herself up, her vivacious little face alight with anger, while Miss Maria's waxen skin became almost livid as she too bridled and resented. To be snubbed like this before these local magnates, these great ladies whose visits counted among the highest premiums of her state-it was intolerable; and she who had always held by the young doctor, and had been his best friend from the beginning! But never again, she thought to herself-never again. He had done for himself with her, and he might go where he would now for so constant a patient and a friend as true as she had been. To be insulted before that little chatterbox of a Mrs. Anthony, who made mountains out of mole-hills and told all she knew, and that queer Miss Barrington there, who was so quiet and silent that no one could be sure what she knew or what she did not knowno! that she would not bear. So he might make up his mind to have done with her, Maria Crosby, and take the consequences. It was just thirty pounds a year out of his pocket, and a good friend at the back of that !—and he with his face on fire, and Miss Barrington's to match!

If she felt this, Theo felt much the same; for though the lightning had descended more directly on Miss Maria's head, the bolt had been intended for each alike, and the waxen-skinned old maid was once more rather the whipping-boy than the original offender. Mrs. Anthony was intensely indignant at the whole thing; and she resolved, like Miss Crosby, to have done with Dr. St. Claive on her own account, and to make him feel by bitter experience the worse than folly that he had committed, and the good that he had lost in consequence. And she too had her own interpretation of those crimson cheeks, of which interpretation she intended to make a present to Anthony at a convenient opportunity.

at a convenient opportunity.

"How is Miss Major?" asked Monica, in her sudden way, breaking through the embarrassed silence which followed on St. Claire's hot words as if she had seen nothing, heard nothing, known nothing. "Is she quite well?"

as if she had seen nothing, heard nothing, known nothing. "Is she quite well?"

"Quite, I thank you, Miss Barrington," said Maria, a little stiffly—very stiffly considering to whom she was speaking. "My niece enjoys the best of health, I am happy to say; she never knows an ache or a pain, and she can not understand how others should be afflicted."

"She is an excellent nurse," said Monica, with provoking inattention to the bitter animus of Miss Crosby's words. "Every one knows what a devoted niece she is."

"She is well enough," answered Maria; "but she is young, and thoughtless as all young people are. It takes a deal of patience to bear with the thoughtlessness and sellishness of young people, Miss Barrington," she added, with a certain odd kind of personal application in her manner, deserved by Monica Barrington least of all the

"Yes," said Monica, as if she herself had been

old.
"Some people ought not to be young," said
Theo, looking full at Dr. St. Claire. "It is a
great mistake."

"One which cures itself only too soon, Mrs. Barrington," returned Armine, trying to smile and to speak naturally and firmly; in both of which efforts he failed signally.

"But the process is disagreeable," she retorted.

"And with some people, in some circumstances, there is no need why they should go through the unpleasantness. Young people forget themselves—forget their proper position and the respect they owe to their superiors," she added, sententiously. "Do they not, Miss Crosby?"

"Yes indeed, too often, Mrs. Anthony," was

"Yes indeed, too often, Mrs. Anthony," was the invalid's reply. "But when they do they have to be just put back and taught better," she added, with a vicious tightening of her lips.

St. Claire looked over to Monica. He understood the moral of the fable, and he wanted to see whether she read between the lines with him. She was looking down while Miss Crosby had pointed Theodosia's shaft; but, stirred by some subtle magnetism, she seemed to be conscious of that mute appeal, and raising her sweet eyes she looked quite steadily at St. Claire, then turned to

her sister-in-law and said, gently,
"But none of us here are quite so young as
that, Theo; we are blaming what does not exist
for any of us, and surely that is waste of time."

How weak and nervous he was to-day! These few words were almost too much for Armine. He was like a hysterical woman whom a kind word enfeebles and a caress prostrates. He felt his heart beat and his head swim till he half feared to fall: but summoning all his courage, he got up and took his leave, afraid lest he should betray himself too clearly to the unfriendly witnesses watching him so narrowly. And of what use was even that gentle covert defense of him! They were separated as far as were ever Dives and Lazarus in the Eternal Kingdom, and there was no possibility of nearer approach. So must And the best thing he could do at this moment was to tear himself from the dear presence which made all his melancholy happiness, and carry safe out of the fire that secret which had caused his heart-break, and would cause his

Soon after this the ladies also took their leave, Theodosia's face still alight with anger, Miss

* Begun in Habreb's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

Maria's still livid with vexation, and Monica's, by now restored to its ordinary pale and dreamy stillness, inscrutable, dumb, illegible.

When all had gone, and Rachel came in to hear the diurnal report and receive the orders which were part of the day's doings, she found her aunt in tears.

"Why, Aunt Maria, what ever has happened?" she said. "What ever are you crying for like that?"

"He was so short-tempered, so unkind to-day!" sobbed Maria. "And before those ladies too! I would not have believed it of him."

"If he was short, I would not be so soft, if I was you, as to cry about it," said Rachel, a little stoully, not to say contemptuously.

With her own poor little hopeless romance so well concealed that no one in the whole world suspected it, her aunt Maria's open and fluid loves were beyond her patience to bear with.

"Then you just would if you were I. If you were I you would do exactly as I do," said her aunt, cross and philosophical in a breath. "And, Rachel, I am to have a glass of hot brandy and water—not too weak. "The doctor says so," she added. "My nerves are all to pieces to-day. I want striking up and I have it."

want stringing up, and I know it."
"You have too many glasses of hot brandy and water, and made far too strong; that is my opinion," grumbled Rachel, below her breath, as she went to the chiffonier where her aunt's special restoratives and stimulants were kept. "If aunt does not take care she will get to like stimulants," she went on, still speaking to herself. "And she does already, far too much. A little now and then does no one any harm, but brandy here and brandy there, brandy for a headache and brandy because one feels low-there is no sense in it! I'll give the doctor a hint that way-I just will! He orders these glasses far too often. And I will tell him so to-morrow when he comes. It seems a hard thing to say of one's aunt, but a stitch in time saves nine, and I don't want a tipsy maniac to wait on as well as a hysterical old wo-man like aunt is even now." Aloud: "Here, Aunt Maria, is your brandy and water; and really the way that last bottle has gone is just dreadful.'

"Then somebody has been helping themselves," said Maria, snappishly; "for I am sure I never drank it all!"

"Every drop," returned Rachel, solemnly.

CHAPTER IX.

BROKEN DOWN.

It was either the damp ungenial day, or it was Miss Maria Crosby's "gush," or haply it might be the excitement and confusion of feeling caused by the painful interview with Theodosia and Monica which gave the final blow to his tottering health; be that as it may, when Dr. St. Claire went home that afternoon after he had offended Mrs. Anthony Barrington and made his love-sick patient his enemy, he was so ill that he was constrained to send for Dr. Williamson of Staines, the popular consulting physician of the district. By him he was pronounced to have congestion of the lungs, as he already suspected, with complications of a grave kind to add to what was already a sufficiently grave condition.

Here, then, was the end of the first act in the sad little drama—the total break-down of the handsome, friendless, moneyless young doctor, wasted by his unhappy love to so much weakness as to be rendered seriously ill by the first breath of biting east wind, the first clammy chills of autumn. It was a sad pass into which he had fallen for the present, and the future outlook was even worse. For his chest attack, acute to-day, would be chronic to-morrow; and though he might recover now, with care, he was booked for consumption, without a hope of escape, if he did not go to some warm climate for the winter. This was his only chance—his only hope of permanent and solid recovery. So said Dr. Williamson, and so said his learned brother from London, who chanced to be down there on profes sional business, and who, with the ready help of his class, drove over to Oakhurst to see this poor young co-professional, making such rapid ship-wreck on the rough sands of life. To tell Armine St. Claire that he must give up his practice, and go to some warm climate for the next six months, where he might live in idleness and sunshine, was like that typical recommendation of turtle soup and champagne to a Dorsetshire laborer with six children, and thirteen shillings a week to keep them on—like the bland prescription of total rest to the journalist who has to live at high pressure and in the centre of things if he is to live at all. But doctors do not trouble themselves about ways and means. These are not in their province. Their business is to indicate the road which must be taken-the means of transport is your affair, and your lawyer's. As now:—when Dr. Williamson ordered South Italy, at first generally, and then Palermo specifically, for the young fellow who had not twenty pounds before him, and left it to chance, that fairy godmother of men, to supply him with the funds necessary for the journey and six months'

It was just the want of these funds which made the difficulty. The practice could be managed. A good honest young fellow, who had scraped through his last examination with as little credit as could be this side of failure, and whose heart was in the bush, had agreed to take care of the patients until such time as their own lawful Æsculapius should return. He would be a faithful kind of heutenant; and there would be no fear of his turning out a usurper. He would be a warming-pan, but neither a snake nor a cuckoo; and so far he was satisfactory. But how to find the money to make this lieutenancy possible? to supply the warming-pan with coals? How indeed! Who on earth could tell.

Dr. Williamson spoke freely of the affair to all the neighborhood—to no one more than to another, but freely to all alike. He had a kind of idea that they might get up a general subscription for this disabled healer of rickety bodies. Wherefore he detailed the case to every one in town, dwelling much on the absolute necessity there was for Dr. St. Claire to spend the winter in Palermo if he were to be saved from consumption and premature death. But—and here he always shrugged his shoulders—where was the money to come from? It was a matter of life and death to St. Claire; but if he could not raise the funds?

He spoke with unction, with sincere compassion; and he spoke, as was said, to every one alike—to the Barringtons and the Chessons; the high and the low—always hoping, but never suggesting, that some one would propose a general subscription by which that revivifying Southern sun should be rendered possible.

sun should be rendered possible.

Edward Formby so far took fire at the idea as to write a note to St. Claire, offering to lend or to give, whichever he liked best, such a sum of money as would enable him to obey Dr. Williamson's orders. It was a bluntly worded letter, with one or two mistakes in spelling, and without an attempt at style. A charity-school boy would not have done much worse. All the same, it was of finer quality than many which might have been composed in classic Greek with a faultless translation into Latin hexameters. tellect is godlike, truly; and education is the Hallmark of intellect; but nobility of feeling has its value as well as breadth of philosophic speculation; and kind-hearted, generous, somewhat illiterate Edward Formby, still with that broad strong hand of his scattering his wild oats along the highway, had a place in the hierarchy which cer-

tain of the erudite might have envied.

The offer was refused. Though his lines had fallen in evil places, and though the family Pactolus had run so miserably dry, St. Claire had not lost with his money the high spirit and independence characteristic of the English gentleman. If put to it, he would rather lose his life than owe it to polite pauperism. Wherefore he thanked the good fellow who so generously offered to be his banker—and he thanked him warmly—but always as one man with another, one equal with another, and refused to accept as a loan what he knew would be substantially a gift.

When Edward Formby read this answer he swore a good round oath between his small square teeth—an oath of the kind which the Recording Angel blots out so soon as inscribed. But in swearing, though he cursed the young fellow's pride, he respected his independence; felt more than ever convinced that he was a gentleman of the right sort, though only a country practitioner; and was more than ever his sincere friend.

Theodosia Barrington also touched the subject of a gitt of money to enable the young doctor to spend the winter in Palermo. She had still a strong interest in St. Claire; but interest of as unfriendly a kind as it had formerly been eulogistic. She talked of him as much as ever, but her talk was seasoned with gall, not sweetened with honey; and when she proposed this sum of money to her husband she spoke as if she had been speaking of a dole to a beggar. The change in her tone, however, was lost on Anthony. He was far too dense to understand these minor subtleties, and never troubled his hard brain with things which were not to be demonstrated.

"Give that young man a sum of money?" he repeated, with a short laugh. "No, Theo, certainly not. A man most fight for himself in this world, and it is of no use to bolster up the weak. If Dr. St. Claire is worth saving, he can save himself. The fittest survive, and the unfit fall through the meshes. And so it must be. I will hear of no such folly as sending him money. Let his own friends come forward. Why should way. What claim has he on me?"

we? What claim has he on us?"
"None at all," said Theo; "but if he has no friends?" she added, opposition leading her to justice.

"Then let him make them," answered Anthony.

"Well, dear, I am sure I do not care about him," said Theo, quickly; "but I think it would be better for every one if he left Oakhurst for a little while. He is of no use here; and dreamy, sentimental girls may find him too interesting as

"What is that to me?" said Anthony.

He looked at his little wife as he spoke, and something in the vivacious nature of her face struck him as strange and unusual.

"What do you mean, Theo?" he said.
"Oh, nothing!" she answered, with a little toss

of her head.
"Yes, you do mean something," he repeated, slowly. "What is it, Theo?"

"Nothing, dear—really nothing," she said. "I dare say I am a little goose—mamma always says I am one—but it has struck me more than once that Monica likes this young man more than

she would confess if she were asked; and I am sure he likes her."

"What confounded rubbish are you talking, Theo?" said Anthony, with profound disdain. "If I believed you, I would thrash that fellow to within an inch of his life. Do, for Heaven's sake, have more sense, child! My sister care a button for a country doctor? Can you not find her an inamorato among the ploughboys? I do verily believe, Theo, that sometimes you take leave of your senses. You are really too childish."

"Am I?" laughed Theo, oddly. "Perhaps I am. But you need not be so cross, bearikins. If I am a fool, you ought to have patience with me. I did not make myself."

me. I did not make mysen.

"Oh, you are sharp enough," said Anthony.

"It is only your imagination that you allow to run away with you. You are no fool, child, but you are wild."

"Am I?" she answered, saying softly to herself, "I have more brains and sharper eyes than all of you put together—you Barringtons—and I can see clearly where you are all stone-blind."

One evening Dr. St. Claire was sitting moodily by his solitary fireside. Weak, il, dispirited, now that he was shut up within the four walls of his cheerless home, all chance of seeing Monica at an end, and the horizon of his life as circumscribed as his activities, he had but one desire—to get away. It was the well-known desire of moral sickness, finding the cause of failure in everything but itself—in the place, the air, the food, the room, the very paper on the walls, the day's duties, and the day's doings. If any or all of these could be changed, then the damaged lung would be healed, the peccant liver would be relieved, the impoverished blood would be enriched. If only he could leave Oakhurst, and that dingy room hung with that bilious buff-colored paper and carpeted with that hideous arrangement in green and red! He was sick to death of Mrs. Farley's jellies and Mrs. Chesson's chicken broth-sick and weary of all the attentions heaped on him by the kind-hearted bourgeoisie of the place. The birds from that good fellow at Hillside were pleasant; and the grapes from the Dower-house did him more good than all Dr. Williamson's prescriptions; but, save these, all other offerings, contributions, attentions—whatever they might be called—revolted and annoyed him. If only he could raise money enough to get away for that six months' change !--if only he could go!

Sick and weary, lamenting and miserable, he sat there wrapped in his landlady's shawl, with his great-coat about his knees, the very picture of masculine desolation, eating out his heart and given over to despair, when the door-bell was rung sharply, and immediately after the servant brought in a letter. It had come through the post in the ordinary way, and he did not recognize the handwriting. When he opened it he found wrapped in an inner cover bank-notes to the amount of three hundred pounds. "From a friend" was written in an unknown hand on the inclosure. It was in the same handwriting as was the address, and both were evidently feigned for the coversion.

The blood gathered round his heart, and he felt as if the days of miracles were not yet over. Who could have sent that money? It might be Edward Formby who had taken this method to insure compliance with his wish. And yet it was scarcely like him. He was kind and generous, and a good fellow all round; but this was more a woman's way of doing things than was likely to him. It had in it a spice of romance, of delicacy, of sentiment, which did not fit in with his character. He was so much more direct than this. No, it was not Edward Formby. Nor was it likely to be Mrs. Chesson, the wife of the retired cheese-monger, and the mother of little Rosie: for though both father and mother had made unmistakable overtures to him in the first days, and when his sun was shining bright, they had dropped him now when he was broken and his sun was eclipsed. It might be Mrs. Goss, the widowed landlady of the Fox and Grapes, who was reported worth twenty thousand pounds if a farthing, and who had no children. She had made the young doctor understand that he had only to ask and have, and that if he chose to play the part of the fox, she would take care he should not find the grapes sour. It might be she. He hoped not, and he must find out. It could not be Miss Maria Crosby. She too, like the Chessons, had dropped him in his trouble. It was not the Anthony Barringtons. Mr. Anthony would not-of that he was certain-and Mrs. Anthony could not. She had a very small dowry, and Anthony's big hand was close-fisted. The blood burned in his face like fire as his thoughts touched at last the central point round which they had wandered. But he put the supposition aside. It could not be from her. He vould not believe it; though should it be, every shilling would be hallowed like the silver crown of the Madonna, like the silver offering at her shrine. But no, it was not—it was not. Nor was it from Mrs. Barrington, who, though well off, was not rich, and though benevolent, was not in any way lavish in her generosities. And this was a lavish gift—a lordly, royal, queenly gift. No, no; it was not Mrs. Barrington: therefore it was not from the Dower-house. It was a gift flung down from the clouds—a gift sent by the fairy godmother, unwitnessed and unsigned. He would do his best to trace it to its source, but failing the discovery of that source-and how could be ever strike it?-he must accept the money as it was sent, and use it according to its purpose.

And thus it was that, all inquiry proving in vain, the handsome young doctor left Oakhurst and England for a winter's sojourn in Palermo, to heal his damaged chest if not his broken, heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO OLD LOVERS. BY MARY E. WILKINS.

LEYDEN was emphatically a village of cottages, and each of them built after one of two patterns: either the front door was on the right side, in the corner of a little piazza extending a third of the length of the house, with the main roof jutting over it, or the piazza stretched across the front, and the door was in the centre.

The cottages were uniformly painted white, and had blinds of a bright spring green color. There was a little flower garden in front of each; the beds were laid out artistically in triangles, hearts, and rounds, and edged with box; boyslove, sweet-williams, and pinks were the fashionable and prevailing flowers.

There was a general air of cheerful though humble prosperity about the place, which it owed, and indeed its very existence also, to the three old weather-beaten boot and shoe factories which



arose stanchly and importantly in the very midst

rose stanenty and importantly in the very midst of the natty little white cottages.

Years before, when one Hiram Strong put up his three factories for the manufacture of the rough shoe which the working-man of America wears, he hardly thought he was also gaining for hinself the honor of founding Leyden. He chose the site for his buildings mainly because they would be easily accessible to the railway which stretched to the city, sixty miles distant, first the workmen came on the cars from the neighboring towns, but after a while they became tired of that, and one after another built for himself a cottage, and established his family and his household belongings near the scene of his daily labors. So gradually Leyden grew. A built his cottage like C, and B built his like D. They painted them white, and hung the green blinds and laid out their flower beds in front and their vegetable beds at the back. By-and-by came a church and a store and a post-office to pass, and

Levden was a full-fledged town.
That was a long time ago. The shoe factories had long passed out of the hands of Hiram Strong's heirs; he himself was only a memory on the earth. The business was not quite as wideawake and vigorous as when in its first youth; it droned a little now; there was not quite so much bustle and hurry as formerly. The factories were never lighted up of an evening on account of overwork, and the workmen found plenty of time for pleasant and salutary gossip over their cutting and pegging. But this did not detract in the least from the general cheerfulness and prosperity of Leyden. The inhabitants still had all the work they needed to supply the means necessarv for their small comforts, and they were con-They too had begun to drone a little like stories. "As slow as Leyden," was the the factories. saving amongst the faster-going towns adjoining theirs. Every morning at seven the old men, young men, and boys in their calico shirt sleeves, their faces a little pale—perhaps from their indoor life-filed unquestioningly out of the back doors of the white cottages, treading still deeper the well-worn foot-paths stretching around the sides of the houses, and entered the factories. They were great ugly wooden buildings, with wings which they had grown in their youth jut-ting clumsily from their lumbering shoulders. Their outer walls were black and grimy, streaked and splashed and patched with red paint in every variety of shade, accordingly as the original hue was tempered with smoke or the beatings of the

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storms of many years.

The men worked peacefully and evenly in the shoe shops all day; and the women staid at home and kept the little white cottages tidy, cooked the meals, and washed the clothes, and did the sewing. For recreation the men sat on the piazza in front of Barker's store of an evening, and gossiped or discussed politics; and the women talked over their neighbors' fences, or took their sewing into their neighbors' of an afternoon.

People died in Leyden as elsewhere; and here and there was a little white cottage whose narrow foot-path leading round to its back door its

master would never tread again.

In one of these lived Widow Martha Brewster and her daughter Maria. Their cottage was one of those which had its piazza across the front. Every summer they trained morning-glories over it, and planted their little garden with the flower seeds popular in Leyden. There was not a cottage in the whole place whose surroundings were neater and gaver than theirs, for all that they were only two women, and two old women at that; for Widow Martha Brewster was in the neighborhood of eighty, and her daughter, Maria Brewster, near sixty. The two had lived alone since Jacob Brewster died and stopped going to the factory, some fifteen years ago. He had left them this particular white cottage, and a snug little sum in the savings-bank besides, for the whole Brewster family had worked and economized all their long lives. The women had corded boots at home, while the man had worked in the shop, and never spent a cent without thinking of it overnight.

Levden folks all thought that David Emmons would marry Maria Brewster when her father died. "David can rent his house, and go to live with Maria and her mother," said they, with an affectionate readiness to arrange matters for them. But he did not. Every Sunday night at eight o'clock punctually the form of David Emmons, arrayed in his best clothes, with his stiff white dickey, and a nosegay in his button-hole, was seen to advance up the road toward Maria Brewster's, as he had been seen to advance every Sunday night for the last twenty-five years, but that was all. He manifested not the slightest intention of carrying out people's judicious plans for his welfare and Maria's.

She did not seem to pine with hope deferred; people could not honestly think there was any occasion to pity her for her lover's tardiness. cheerier woman never lived. She was literally bubbling over with jollity. Round-faced and black-eyed, with a funny little bonnee of her whole body when she walked, she was the merry feature of the whole place.

Her mother was now too feeble, but Maria still corded boots for the factories as of old. David Emmons, who was quite sixty, worked in them, as he had from his youth. He was a slender, mild faced old man, with a fringe of gray yellow beard around his chin; his head was quite bald. Years ago he had been handsome, they said, but somehow people had always laughed at him a little, although they all liked him. "The slowest of all the slow Leydenites" outsiders called him, and even the "slow Leydenites" poked fun at this exaggeration of themselves. It was an old and well-worn remark that it took David Emmons an hour to go courting, and that he was always obliged to leave his own home at seven in order to reach Maria's at eight, and there was a standing joke that the meeting-house passed him one

David heard the chaffing of course: there is very little delicacy in matters of this kind among country people: but he took it all in good part. He would laugh at himself with the rest, but there was something touching in his deprecatory way of saying sometimes, "Well, I don't know how 'tis, but it don't seem to be in my natur' to do any other way. I suppose I was born without the faculty of gittin' along quick in this world. You'll have to git behind an' push me a

lectle, I reckon."

He owned his little cottage, which was one of the kind which had the piazza on the right side. He lived entirely alone. There was a half-acre or so of land beside his house, which he used for a vegetable garden. After and before shop hours, in the dewy evenings and mornings, he dug and weeded assiduously between the green ranks of corn and beans. If David Emmons was slow, his vegetables were not. None of the gardens in Leyden surpassed his in luxuriant growth. His corn tasselled out and his potato patch was white with blossoms as soon as anybody's.

He was almost a vegetarian in his diet; the products of his garden spot were his staple articles of food. Early in the morning would the gentle old bachelor set his pot of green things boiling, and dine gratefully at noon, like mild Robert Herrick, on pulse and herbs. den supplied also his sweetheart and her mother with all the vegetables they could use. Many times in the course of a week could David have been seen slowly moving toward the Brewster cottage with a basket on his arm well stocked with the materials for an innocent and delicious

But Maria was not to be outdone by her old lover in kindly deeds. Not a Saturday but a goodly share of her weekly baking was depositd, neatly covered with a white crash towel, on David's little kitchen table. The surreptitious air with which the back-door key was taken from its hiding-place (which she well knew) under the kitchen blind, the door unlocked and entered and the good things deposited, was charming, al-though highly ineffectual. "There goes Maria with David's baking," said the women, peering out of their windows as she bounced, rather more gently and cautiously than usual, down the street. And David himself knew well the ministering angel to whom these benefits were due when he lifted the towel and discovered with tearful eyes the brown loaves and flaky pies-the proofs of his Maria's love and culinary skill.

Amongst the younger and more irreverent portions of the community there was considerable speculation as to the mode of courtship of these old lovers of twenty-five years' standing. Was there ever a kiss, a tender clasp of the hand, those usual expressions of affection between sweethearts?

Some of the more daring spirits had even gone so far as to commit the manifest impropriety of peoping in Maria's parlor windows; but they had only seen David sitting quiet and prim on the little slippery horse-hair sofa, and Maria by the table, rocking slowly in her little cane-seated rocker. Did Maria ever leave her rocker and sit on that slippery horse-hair sofa by David's side? They never knew; but she never did. There was something laughable, and at the same time rather pathetic, about Maria and David's courting. All the outward appurtenances of "keeping company" were as rigidly observed as they had been twenty-five years ago, when David Emmons first cast his mild blue eyes shyly and lovingly on redcheeked, quick-spoken Maria Brewster. Every Sunday evening, in the winter, there was a fire kindled in the parlor, the parlor lamp was lit at dusk all the year round, and Maria's mother retired early, that the young people might "sit up." The "sitting up" was no very formidable affair now, whatever it might have been in the first stages of the courtship. The need of sleep overbalanced sentiment in those old lovers, and by ten o'clock at the latest Maria's lamp was out, and David had wended his solitary way to his own home.

Leyden people had a great curiosity to know if David had ever actually popped the question to Maria, or if his natural slowness was at fault in this as in other things. Their curiosity had been long exercised in vain, but Widow Brewster, as she waxed older, grew loquacious, and one day told a neighbor, who had dropped in in her daughter's absence, that "David had never reely come to the p'int. She supposed he would some time; for her part, she thought he had better; but then, after all, she knowed Maria didn't care, and maybe 'twas jest as well as 'twas, only sometimes she was afeard she should never live to see the weddm' if they wasn't spry." Then there had been hints concerning a certain pearl-colored silk which Maria, having a good chance to get at a bargain, had purchased some twenty years ago, when she thought, from sundry remarks, that David was coming to the point; and it was further intimated that the silk had been privately made up ten years since, when Maria had again surmised that the point was about being reached. The neighbor went home in a state of great delight, having by skillful manœuvring actually obtained a

glimpse of the pearl-colored silk. It was perfectly true that Maria did not lay David's tardiness in putting the important question very much to heart. She was too cheerful. too busy, and too much interested in her daily duties to fret much about anything. There was never at any time much of the sentimental element in her composition, and her feeling for David was eminently practical in its nature. She, although the woman, had the stronger character of the two, and there was something rather mother-like than lover-like in her affection for him. It was through the protecting care which chiefly characterized her love that the only pain to her came from their long courtship and postpone-ment of marriage. It was true that, years ago,

hesitating words spoken at parting one Sunday night, that he would certainly ask the momentous question soon, her heart had gone into a happy flutter. She had bought the pearl-colored silk then.

Years after, her heart had fluttered again, but a little less wildly this time. David almost asked her another Sunday night. Then she had made up the pearl-colored silk. She used to go and look at it fondly and admiringly from time to time; once in a while she would try it on and survey herself in the glass, and imagine herself David's bride—a faded bride, but a happy and a

She looked at the dress occasionally now, but a little sadly, as the conviction was forcing itself upon her more and more that she should never wear it. But the sadness was always more for David's sake than her own. She saw him growing an old man, and the lonely uncared-for life that he led filled her heart with tender pity and sorrow for him. She did not confine her kind offices to the Saturday baking. Every week his little house was tidied and set to rights, and his mending looked after.

Once, on a Sunday night, when she spied a rip in his coat that had grown long from the want of womanly fingers constantly at hand, she had a good cry after he had left and she had gone into her room. There was something more pitiful to her, something that touched her heart more deeply, in that rip in her lover's Sunday coat than in

all her long years of waiting.

As the years went on it was sometimes with a sad heart that Maria stood and watched the poor lonely old figure moving slower than ever down the street to his lonely home; but the heart was sad for him always, and never for herself. She used to wonder at him a little sometimes, though always with the most loyal tenderness, that he should choose to lead the solitary, cheerless life that he did, to go back to his dark, voiceless home, when he might be so sheltered and cared for in his old age. She firmly believed that it was only owing to her lover's incorrigible slowness, in this as in everything else. She never doubted for an instant that he loved her. Some women might have tried hastening matters a lit tle themselves, but Maria, with the delicacy which is sometimes more inherent in a steady, practical nature like hers than in a more ardent one, would have lost her self-respect forever if she had done

So she lived cheerfully along, corded her boots. though her fingers were getting stiff, humored her mother, who was getting feebler and more childish every year, and did the best she could for her poor foolish old lover.

When David was seventy, and she sixty-eight, she gave away the pearl-colored silk to a cousin's daughter who was going to be married. The girl was young and pretty and happy, but she was poor, and the silk would make over into a grander wedding dress for her than she could

hope to obtain in any other way.

Poor old Maria smoothed the lustrous folds fondly with her withered hands before sending it away, and cried a little, with a patient pity for David and herself. But when a tear splashed directly on to the shining surface of the silk, she stopped crying at once, and her sorrowful expression changed into one of careful scrutiny as she wiped the salt drop away with her handkerchief, and held the dress up to the light to be sure that it was not spotted. A practical nature like Maria's is sometimes a great boon to its possessor. It is doubtful if anything else can dry a tear as quickly.

Somehow Maria always felt a little differently toward David after she had given away her wedding dress. There had always been a little tinge of consciousness in her manner toward him, a little reserve and caution before people. But after the wedding dress had gone, all question of marriage had disappeared so entirely from her mind that the delicate considerations born of it vanished. She was uncommonly hale and hearty for a woman of her age; there was apparently much more than two years' difference between her and her lover. It was not only the Saturday's bread and pie that she carried now and deposited on David's little kitchen table, but openly and boldly, not caring who should see her, many a warm dinner. Every day, after her own house-work was done, David's house was set to rights. He should have all the comforts he needed in his last years, she determined. That they were his last years was evident. He coughed, and now walked so slowly from feebleness and weakness that it was a matter of doubt to observers whether he could reach Maria Brewster's before Monday evening.

One Sunday night he staid a little longer than usual—the clock struck ten before he started. Then he rose, and said, as he had done every Sunday evening for so many years, "Well, Maria, I guess it's about time for me to be goin'

She helped him on with his coat, and tied on his tippet. Contrary to his usual habit he stood in the door, and hesitated a minute: there seemed to be something he wanted to say.

"Well, David?"

"I'm gittin' to be an old man, you know, an' I've allus been slow-goin': I couldn't seem to help it. There has been a good many things I haven't got around to." The old cracked voice quavered

"Yes, I know, David, all about it; you couldn't help it. I wouldn't worry a bit about it if I were you."
"You don't lay up anything agin me, Maria?"

"No, David." " Good-night, Maria."

"Good-night, David. I will fetch you over some boiled dinner to-morrow.'

She held the lamp at the door till the patient, tottering old figure was out of sight. She had to wipe the tears from her spectacles in order to

Next morning she was hurrying up her housework to go over to David's—somehow she felt a little anxious about him this morning—when there came a loud knock at her door. When she opened it a boy stood there, panting for breath; he

was David's next neighbor's son.
"Mr. Emmons is sick," he said, "an' wants
you. I was goin' for milk, when he rapped on Father an' mother's in thar, an' the window. Father an' mother's in tha the doctor. Mother said, tell you to hurry.

The news had spread rapidly; people knew what it meant when they saw Maria hurrying down the street, without her bonnet, her gray hair flying. One woman cried when she saw her.

"Poor thing!" she sobbed, "poor thing!"

A crowd was around David's cottage when Maria reached it. She went straight in through the kitchen to his little bedroom, and up to his side. The doctor was in the room, and several neighbors. When he saw Maria, poor old David held out his hand to her and smiled feebly. Then he looked imploringly at the doctor, then at the others in the room. The doctor understood, and said he turned to Maria. "Be quick," he whispered.

She leaned over him. "Dear David," she

She leaned over him. "Dear David," she said, her wrinkled face quivering, her gray hair straving over her cheeks.

He looked up at her with a strange wonder in his glazing eyes. "Maria"—a thin, husky voice, that was more like a wind through dry corn stalks, said—"Maria, I'm—dyin', an'—I allers meant to-have asked you-to-marry me."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KATHLEEN, - Either yellow satin, terra-cotta, or pale blue would be handsome for the front of a Watteau dress of dark green cashmere.

Mrs. L. S.—The bolster cover to be used with your Japanese quilt should be of satin or silk or brocade of any color that is the prevailing one in the quilt, or in the upholstery of the furniture, the carpet, or paper

Mas. J. A. Y .- Make your black ottoman silk entirely of one material; and as you are just leaving off crape, trim it with fan-pleatings on the skirt and strung jet beads on the basque. Your Surah silk with crape trimmings is in good taste, but when you abandon crape for other dresses you should put self-trimmings or lace on this dress also.

ANNES.—Indelible ink is still used for marking hand-kerchiefs and body linen. Small initials are preferred to the whole name, and many ladies like these best when neatly embroidered.

YOLANDE.-The Bazar has more than once said that soutache is merely the narrow braid so much used for braiding patterns on dresses, and may be either silk

NEW BEGINNER.—The colored bed-spreads are tucked in closely at the sides and foot of the bed, and are not turned back from the top. Sham sheets are not needed with them and with the bolsters to match, as the object is to get rid of any white covering, and make the bed look like an upholstered piece of furniture like those seen in old pictures.

Prisoulla.—The pillow-shams now most used have

drawn-work around the hem, and a medallion of the same or of embroidery in the centre. Do not use red in the embroidery. Read reply given to "New Be-

NELLE S .- Use bands of chinchilla for trimming your dark blue velveteen suit.

E. G.—The fur-lined circular is a most comfortable garment, and not likely to go out of fashion, though

PRIM .-- Embroidered dresses are very much worn at present, but those left over in the shops are sold at greatly reduced prices, and it is impossible to predict how long they will remain in vogue. You might embroider two panels for a skirt, with a vest, collar, and cuffs for the basque.

Kir.—The blue velvet and offoman silk dress will

be suitable for evening, and useful otherwise. If you want a dress more appropriate for a ball, you might get one of pale blue or white nuns' veiling, and you would find this useful next summer. You will find pretty designs in Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI. Long loosewristed gloves of undressed kid of very light tan shades are worn with any evening dress,

N. S. B.—The only way you can make a woven Jersey smaller is to take up seams under the arms and on the shoulders. You will probably find it necessary to cut it open down the front or back, and button it with small buttons, or else lace it from top to bottom.

Secursion.—When a bride wears full dress in the

daytime, the groom, best man, and ushers wear day dress (which is not the swallow-tail suit) - Prince Albert frock-coat of black cloth, vest of the same, dark neck-tie, and dark trousers, either brown or very dark

DARINK.—Young ladies of eighteen wear their hair very simply dressed, with curled locks above the fore very simply diesect, with curied locks nove the fore-head, but not too low upon it, and a very small knot or twist low behind, without any plaiting.

Muc N W R AND particulars about the zither at any large musical-instrument store, where the instrument can be purchased.

A SUBSORIBER.—It is considered lucky to find a horseshoe, but we know of no particular superstition concerning the nails.

H. J.-We have already said that it is optional with a widow whether to retain her husband's Christian name or not.

C. H. D., AND OTHERS.-We can give you no further details concerning remunerative art work for women. Livy .- The picture, which is No. 8 in the series Types

of Beauty, was published in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. XV.

Mrs. G. W. R.—You will find your questions answered in an article on table manners in Bazar No. 26, Vol.

I. M. T .- A round in knitting is accomplished by working off each of the stitches once.

OLD SUBSORIBER. - Spread your crape veil out smooth. ly in a cold room, and let it dry away from the fire. It should not be allowed to get wet, and you should send it to a professional renovator when it becomes limp. Any scrap, no matter how small, will do for the Japanese ratchwork. The squares of lining may be made of cheese-cloth. They measure a fourth of a yard square, have a thin sheet of wadding laid upon them, and the scraps are then laid on each square in any shape they may happen to be. The edges lap over the next piece, and are wrought with fanciful stitches in bright colored silks, and some have strips of velvet





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE series of illustrations of English cathedrals published at various times in HARPER'S WERKLY and the BAZAR has shown us noble specimens of Gothic architecture of nearly every from the heavy Norman arches and piers of Dur-ham to the graceful windows of Wells. The present engraving represents the solitary exception to the style of building which is seen in the other ecclesiastical edifices—the grand Cathedral of St. Paul, which towers high above the warehouses of the city of London. The dome, which is its crowning feature, is a landmark for miles around while the first view of the great façade from Ludgate Hill creates a powerful impression of breadth and effect. St. Paul's is distinguished from other cathedrals by the fact that it is the work of one mind and of one hand. Wren created, designed, and decorated the immense edifice. The old cathedral of St. Paul's perished in the great fire of London in 1666, and, three years after, Wren prepared a design for a new cuthedral. The model of this design, a bold and original treatment, may be still seen in the present cathedral. Highly as Wren prized this his first plan, he was compelled to modify it, and to adopt the traditional cruci-form shape. The second design was completed in 1672; three years were spent in removing the ruins and in clearing the ground, till in 1675 the first stone was laid by Thomas Strong, the mastermason. The highest stone of the building was placed in position by the architect's son in 1710. and the last commission for "finishing and adorning it" was issued in 1715. The whole work may he said to have been executed under the episcopate of one prelate, Henry Compton, the ex-Life-Guardsman whom Macaulay describes so vividly as drawing on his old jack-boots, and, sword on side setting out to welcome William III. when he land ed at Torbay. Among his successors we find the names of Sherlock, Lowth, and Gibson. The Bishop of London ranks first of all the bishops of the English Church, immediately after the two

The taste of the time when the building was erected left the interior of the stately fane cold and colorless, but, as is well known, steps are being taken to adorn the vaulted roof with frescoes. The length of the building from east to west is 500 feet; the width of the nave, 125 feet; the height to the lautern of the dome, 330 feet. In one of the vaults beneath is the monument of the builder, with the well-known inscription, Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.

Pendant and Brooch of Embossed Silver.—Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 197.

THESE ornaments, which are shown by the illustration in two-thirds the original size, have centres of oxidized silver, ornamented with figure designs in hammered work, and framed in gold.

Handkerchief with Embroidered Vionatta - Fire 1 and 9

for servants' rooms, with a hole for the washbowl in the top, a round for towels on each side, and a shelf with a drawer below. Why?"

dollar and fifty cents originally. Why?"
"It is vulgar to be curious, Mrs. Hardy.

course you are willing I should have them? "It is disreputable to beg. However, as one has a piece broken off the top, and the other is

dreadfully defaced, you may have them both."
"Thank you. I have always said that you were generous," returned Mary, laughing. "They are exactly what I want."

Soon after breakfast next morning, arrayed in an old wrapper, she popped her head into her sister's door. "If anybody calls to-day, tell Nora sister's door. I'm engaged."

mercy's sake, what is going on ?" ex

claimed Mrs. Hardy.

Mary laughed, shook her head mysteriously, and vanished upstairs into the attic. Such a sawing and hammering as proceeded from that room for two days! The household curiosity was on tiptoe. On the third day Mrs. Hardy was called down to the music-room. Mary pointed in triumph to a pretty ebonized music stand—something she had been long wishing for. It was covered with a rich dark blue velveteen, and had a fringe of bright Persian colors, in which the "old of the velveteen predominated, around the top and the shelf below.
"Perhaps," cried Mary, laughing, as her sister

stood admiring, yet with a puzzled air, "you don't recognize your old pine wash-stand, dear-quite transformed, like Cinderella at the ball. I got the idea from Miss Marks the morning she called. She says there's hardly one of these wash-stands to be begged or bought now in B——, there is such a rage for these Queen Anne tables. Every time you look out of the window you find an express wagon going by with an old wash-stand."

I don't wonder!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, enthusiastically. "Now tell me how you made

"In the first place I took off the back piece from the top, and the towel rounds. Then I nailed on a board about twenty inches by seventeen to cover the hole and make a table of it. I sawed an inch or so off the legs, as it was too I ebonized it by dissolving an ounce of shellac in a pint of alcohol, and when this was thoroughly dissolved, adding lamp-black till it was of the desired blackness. After I had painted the legs I tacked the velveteen over both shelves, and put this straight valance round three sides of the lower shelf. I didn't want the valance to cover the drawer, so I had the drawer at the back of my table, and shall keep my manuscript music in it. As the table stands against the wall, the drawer will not show. I bought the best quality of velveteen, as it looks like plush. It took about a yard and a quarter; of the fringe to finish the top and the valance it took three yards. It is only worsted chenille, and cost thirty-seven cents a yard."

Next Mary displayed the other wash-stand, which was to be a birthday present for her brother-in-law, and had been converted into a dic-

shrieks of the struggling women fighting for places keep time and tune with the treble voices of young Arabs bandying impertinences or counselling aggression. No one gives way to another in an English crowd; for the roughs preponderate over the quieter citizens, and the roughs have no more sense of courtesy than a herd of wolves snarling over the carcass of a dead horse. Even those who are morally respectable members of the state are, for the most part, unmannerly members of society, and push to the front where they can, no matter on whose toes they tread, nor whom they shoulder out of their places. is no giving way for politeness or respect.

Sometimes a coarse kind of good-humored gallantry is shown to women-sometimes, but not often-when a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who can see over the heads of the rest, will step back a few inches, and drag before him some panting, breathless girl, half smothered in the crowd, with a "There yer are, ma'am! now you jist hold on and make verself comf'ble," as he probably hugs her up to him as a kind of wages for his civility. He loses nothing by giving her this place in front of him; if he did, he would not have done it. Sometimes, too, an artisan who has "little chaps" of his own at home will take up a terrified and crying child, and set it on his shoulder, out of harm's way. Perhaps this presence of children in a dense crowd is one of the most painful things of all. We believe that rareever is there a public throng in London without the death of a baby, smothered in its mother's arms, or the loss of some poor little straying creature who has escaped from the guiding hand, and in a moment is cast away and shipwrecked in these great human breakers surging all around. But the strength of the crowd comes out when the personages for whom it has assembled pass in review before it. The heartiness with which it cheers, and the unmistakable vigor of its hisses; the roughness of its jokes when those whom it despises take their unhonored place; the quickness with which it seizes on any incident, the most trivial, from which it can extract amusement: the sudden overflow of the multitude and the complete breaking of all forms and barriers when the last of the pageant has passed, with the as sudden collapse of all law and order—these are characteristics of an English erowd in greater proportion than of any other. But the most striking features of all are the vitality of its mood, the lustiness with which it expresses its sentiments either of approval or disdain, of popularity or of unpopularity; and the sentiment which it conveys of undisciplined strength might be dangerous to the spectator who surveys it from an eminence

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEOD OF DARE," WHITE WINGS," "SUNBISE," ETC.

ley that led down to the haunts of men w the most part flooded with brilliant sunligh the wind-swept loch was of the darkest and est blue. Altogether there was more life and mo--more color and brilliancy and change than in the pale and placid Egyptian landscape she had grown accustomed to; but there was also —she might have been purdoned for thinking—for one who was about to drive fourteen miles in a dog-cart, a little more anxiety, and she had already resolved to take her water-proof with

However, she was not much dismayed. She had lived in this weather-brewing caldron of a place for some little time, and had grown familiar with its threatening glooms, which generally came to nothing, and with its sudden and dazzling glories, which laughed out a welcome to the lonely traveller in the most surprising fashion. When the dog-cart-a four-wheeled vehicle-was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, and took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstroy. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that brisk fires were kept burning in all the rooms; for although it was still July the air of these alpine solitudes was sometimes somewhat keen. And then - the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the brake; and presently they were making their way, slowly and cautiously at first, down the stony path, and over the loud sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the Allt-

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But when once they were over the bridge and into the road leading down the wide strath, they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and serviceable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand why the young English lady, who was generally very cautious, should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream: and the steep and sterile hill-sides were shining now; and the loch far ahead of them had its wind-rippled surface of a blue like the heart of a sapphire. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed busy with other things. Indeed, there was scarcely any sign of life around to attract her attention. The sheep on the vast slopes, where there was but a scanty pasturage among the blocks of granite, were as small gray specks; an eagle, slowly circling on motionless wing over the furthest mountain range, looked no bigger than a hawk; some young falcons, whose cry sounded just overhead among the crags, were invisible. But perhaps she did not heed these things much. She seemed preoccupied, and yet happy and lighthearted.

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oming, and I told him that I was to drive Miss Winterbourne into Foyers this morning."
"Oh, that is all right," she said, with much con-

By this time they had reached the lower end of the lake; and when they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of a hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. Then on again; and in time they beheld stretching out before them a wide and variegated plain, looking rich and fertile and cultivated after the mount ainous solitudes they had left behind, while all ainous solutions they had left beining, while all around them were hanging woods, with open slopes of pasture, and rills running down to the river in the valley beneath. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. The breaks of blue in the sky grew broader, the silver-gleaming clouds went slowly by to the east, and the air, which was much warmer down here was perfumed with the delicate resinous odor of the sweet-gale. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm-house appeared, with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland.
And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number—though much scattered among the fields-to be called a village. and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses, columbine, nasturtiums, and other cottage favorites.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-gray hair, and pleasant, shrewd gray eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume, but her face was refined and intelligent, and there was a sort of motherliness, as well as very obvious kindliness, in the look with which she regarded the

young English lady. "Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. "But this time—no—I am not going to scold you; I can only thank you; for my papa is coming to-day; and oh, you should see how pretty the rooms are with the flowers you sent me! But not again now-not any more destroying the

"Dear me, and is your papa coming the day?" said the elderly woman, in a slow, persuasive, gentle, south-country sort of fashion.

"I am going now to meet him at the steamer," said Yolande, quickly. "That is why—"
"Well, now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest roung ducklings that ever I set eyes on."
"No, no; no, no, no," Yolande cried, laugh-

ing; "I can not have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compli-

"Dinna ye think I know perfectly well," said the other, in a tone of half-indignant remonstrance. "what it is for a young leddy to be trying housekeeping in a place like yon? So there's not to be another word about it. Ye'll jist stop for a minute as ye're going back, and take the ducklings wi' ye; ay, and I've got a nice bunch or two o' fresh-cut lettuce for ye, and a few carrots and turnips—I declare it's a shame to see the things wasting in the gairden, for we canna use the half of them."

"Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville."

Ye canna do that," was the prompt reply. "Why?" said the girl, with something of a stare, for she had not been in the habit of having

her requests refused up in this part of the world.
"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house. "Do ye think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do ye think I want him to send me about my business

There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell. I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you, but not the duck-

lings."
"Ye'll just take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young leddy," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word

So on she drove again, on this bright and beauoo on see drove again, on this origin and ocas-tiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And as she had hurried mainly to give the cob a long mid-day rest—the steamer not being due till the afternoon-she now found herself with some hours' leisure at her disposal, which she spent in idly wandering through the umbrageous woods, startling many a half-tame pheasant, but never coming on the real object of her quest, a roe-deer. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle-wheels in the intense silence, and just about as quick as any roedeer she made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was not a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognizable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited too; and she herself would have carried gun-cases, fishing-baskets, and what not to the dog-cart, had not the boots from the hotel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and assurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driv-

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstroy!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for Allt-

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said.

"Oh, yes, yes,"
"And the Master, how is he?"
"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, panniers, everything quite arranged. And he left the rifle at the bothy; and I have the cartridges all right from Inverness-oh yes, you will find everything prepared; and there is no want of provision, for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare, and they are sending me a sheep from

"A sheep!"

"Duncan said it was the best way, to have a sheep killed. And we have new-laid eggs and fresh milk every day. And every one is so kind and attentive, papa, that whatever turns out wrong, that will be my fault in not arranging

Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humoredly. "I want to hear about you....., lande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them 9"

This question checked her volubility, and for second a very odd expression came over her

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very pious, I think."

"But I suppose you are as pious as they can be?" her father said. "That is no objection.' She was silent.

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper, and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird who has no land—"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa -a magician! I can not describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him-yes, for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it-climbing away up the hills-and there was the water-wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genie for him; he makes it light the lamps in the house, in the school-room, and it makes electrotype copies for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me! but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for some one to set the clock going: the next morning-it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing-room: Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus; when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in. Then the filter in the water-tank up the hill—"

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-ofall-trades doing here? Why, you yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window-panes.'

She laughed.

"I think he works very hard: he says he is very lazy. He is very fond of fishing, he is not well off, and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighborhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living here have a great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all," Yolande added, hastily.
"That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he makes experiments and discoveries: is it not enough of an occupation when every one is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school-time he is away up in the hills after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes up in the hills, Mr. Leslie has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing: oh, I am sure I have been sorry sometimes-many times-when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at Alltnam-ba?" her father exclaimed. "That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He had permission last year," said she. Why not this ?"

"He thought it would be more correct to wait

for you to give permission."
"Well, now, Yolande," said he, peevishly,
"how could you be so stupid? Here is a fellow who shows you all sorts of kindnesses, and you haven't enough common-sense to offer him a day's fishing in the loch!"

"It was not my affair," she said, cheerfully. "That was for you to arrange."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly, for indeed his discontent with Yolande rarely lasted for more than about the fifteenth part of a second. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner.'

"Oh yes, papa, I shall be glad to do that," she

"If the house is anywhere near the road, we can pick him up as we go along. Then I suppose you could send a message to the Master; he is not likely to have an engagement."

"But you don't mean for to-night," she said,

in amazement.
"I do, indeed. Why not?"

"What! the first night that we have to ourselves together, to think of inviting strangers?"
"Strangers?" he repeated. "That is an odd phrase to be used by a young lady who wears an engaged ring."

But I am not married yet, papa," said she, flushing slightly. "I am only engaged. When I am a wife, it may be different; but at present I am your daughter."

"And you would rather that we had this first evening all by ourselves?"

"It is not a wish, papa," said she, coolly; "it is a downright certainty. There is only dinner for two, and there will be only dinner for two, and these two are you and I. Do you forget that I am mistress of the house?"

Well, he seemed nothing loath; the prospect did not at all overcloud his face, as they drove away through this smiling and cheerful and picturesque country, with the severer altitudes beyond gradually coming into view.

That same night Yolande and her father set out for an arm-in-arm stroll away down the broad silent valley. It was late; but still there was a bewilderment of light all around them, for in the northwestern heavens the wan twilight still lingered, while behind them, in the southeast, the moon had arisen, and now projected their shadows before them as they walked. Yolande was talkative and joyous—the silence and the loneliness of the place did not seem to oppress her; and he was always a contented listener. They walked away along the strath, under the vast solitudes of the hills, and by the side of this winding and murmuring stream, and in time they reached the loch. For a wonder it was perfectly still. The surface was like glass, and those portions that were in shadow were black as jet. But these were not many, for the moonlight was shining adown this wide space, touching softly the overhanging crags and the woods, and showing them, as they got on still further, above the loch and the bridge and the river, and standing silent amid the silent plantations, the pale white walls of Lynn.

"And so you think, Yolande," said he, "that you will be quite happy in living in this solitary

"If you were always to be away-oh no; but with you coming to see me sometimes, as now—oh, yes, yes: why not?" said she, cheerfully.
"You wouldn't mind being cut off from the rest of the world?" he said.
"1?" she said. "What is it to me? I know

so few people elsewhere."

"It would be a peaceful life, Yolande," said he, thoughtfully. "Would it not?" "Oh yes," she answered, brightly. "And then, papa, you would take Allt-nam-ba for the whole year, every year, and not merely have a few weeks' shooting in the autumn. Why should it not be a pleasant place to live in? Could anything be more beautiful than to-night-and the solitude? And one or two of the people are so kind. But this I must tell you, papa, that the one who has been kindest to me here is not Lord Lynn, nor his sister, Mrs. Colquboun, nor any one of them, but Mrs. Bell; and the first chance, when she is sure not to meet Mr. Melville, or Mr Leslie-for she is very particular about that, and pretends only to be a housekeeper—I am going to bring her up to Allt-nam-ba; and you will see how charming she is, and how good and wise and gentle, and how proud she is of Mr. Melville. As for him, he laughs at her. He laughs at every one. He has no respect for any one more than another; he talks to Lord Lynn as he talks to Duncan—perhaps with more kindness to Duncan. Rich or poor, it is no difference-no, he does not seem to understand that there is a difference. And all the people, the shepherds, the gillies, and Mrs. Macdougal at the farm—every one thinks there is no one like him. Perhaps I have learned a little from him, even in so short a time; it may I do not care that Mrs. Bell has been a cook that is nothing to me; I see that she is a good woman, and clever, and kind; and I will be her friend if she pleases; and I know that he gives her more honor than to any one else, though he does not say much. No, he is too sarcastic; and not very courteous. Sometimes he is almost rude; but he is a little more considerate with old

"Look here, Yolande," her father said, with a laugh. "All this afternoon, and all this evening, and all down this valley, you have done nothing but talk about this wonderful Mr. Melville, although you say you have scarcely ever seen

him."
"No, no, no, papa. I said, when he had done any kindness to me, he had kept out of the way, and I had no chance to thank him."

"Very well: all your talking has produced nothing but a jumble. I want to see this laird without land, this Balliol clockmaker, this fisherman school-master, this idol who is worshipped by the natives. Let me see what he is like, first of all. Ask him to dinner, and the Master too. We have few neighbors, and we must make the most of them. So now let us get back home again, child; though it is almost a shame to go indoors on such a night. And you don't really think you would regret being shut off from the world, Yolande, in this solitude?"

She was looking along the still loch, and the wooded shores, and the moon-lit crags that were mirrored in the glassy water; and her eyes were happy enough.

Is it not like fairy-land, papa? How could one regret living in such a beautiful place? Besides," she added, cheerfully, "have I not prom-And therewith she held out her un-

gloved hand for a second; and he understood what she meant; for he saw the three diamonds on her engagement ring clear in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XX.

"MELVILLE'S WELCOME HOME."

AMID all the hurry and bustle of preparing for the Twelfth, Yolande and her affairs seemed half forgotten; and she, for one, was glad to forget them; for she rejoiced in the activity of the moment, and was proud to see that the wheels of the little household worked very smoothly. And long ago she had mastered all the details about the luncheon to be sent up the hill, and the dinner for the gillies, and what not; she had got her instructions from Mrs. Graham at In-

In the midst of all this, however, the Master of Lynn wrote the following note to his sister:

"LYNN TOWRRS, August 8.

"DRAR POLLY,—I wish to goodness you would come over here for a couple of days and put matters straight. I am helpless. I go for a lit-tle quiet to Allt-nam-ba. I would ask Jack Mel-ville to interfere, but he is so blunt-tongued he would most likely make the row worse. Of course it's all Tabby: if ever I succeed to Lynn, won't I make the old cat skip out of that! I expected my father to be cross when I suggested something about Yolande, but I thought he would see the reasonableness, etc. But Tabby heard of it, and then it was all 'alliance with demagogues,' 'disgrace of an ancient family,' 'the Leslies selling their honor for money,' and other rubbish. I don't mind. It doesn't hurt me. I have not knocked about with Jack Melville for nothing; I can distinguish between missiles that are made of air, and pass by you, and missiles that are made of granite or wood, and can cut your head open. But the immediate thing is this: they won't call on the Winterbournes, and this is not only a gross discourtesy, but very impolitic. I should not at all wonder, if Mr. Winterbourne has a good season this year, if he were to take a lease of Allt-nam-ba; and Duncan is reckoning on 1200 brace. As a good tenant my father ought to call on Mr. Winterbourne, if for nothing else. And of course matters can not remain as they are. There must be an explanation. What I am dreadfully afraid of is that Yolande may meet Tabby some day, and that Tabby may say something. At present they have only met driving—I mean since you left—so that was only a case of bowing. To hear Tabby talk would make you laugh; but it makes me rather wild, I confess; and though my father says less, or nothing at all, I can see that what she says is making him more and more determined. So do come along, and bring some common-sense into the at-mosphere of the house. What on earth has polities got to do with Yolande? Come and fight it out with Tabby.

"Your affectionate brother,

"A. LESLIE."

This was the answer that arrived on the evening of the next day:

"INVERSTROY, August 9.

"DEAR ARCHIE,-You must have gone mad. We have five visitors in the house already, and by the day after to-morrow we shall be full to the hall door. It is quite absurd; Jim has not asked a single bachelor this year, and every man who is coming is bringing his wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?—really I can't understand why women should be such fools: not a single invitation refused! But there is one thing -they will get a good dose of grouse talk before they go south, and if they are not heartily sick of hearing about stags it will be a wonder. So you see, my dear Master, you must worry out of that muddle in your own way; and I have no doubt you got into it through temper, and being uncivil to Aunt Colquhoun. It is impossible for me to leave Inverstroy at present. But, whatever you do, don't get spiteful, and go and run away with Shena Van.

"Your affectionate sister,

Well, it was not until the eve of the Twelfth that Yolande gave her first dinner-party, the de-lay having chiefly been occasioned by their having to wait for some wine from Inverness. This was a great concession on the part of her father; but when he discovered that she was desperately afraid that her two guests, the Master of Lynn and Mr. Melville, would imagine that the absence of wine from the table was due to her negligence and stupidity as a housekeeper, he yielded at once. Nay, in case they might throw any blame on her of any kind, her father himself wrote to firm in Inverness, laying strict injunctions on them as to brands and so forth. All of which trouble was quite thrown away, as it turned out, for both the young men seemed quite indifferent about drinking anything; but the wine was there, and Yolande could not be blamed: that was his chief and only consideration.

Just before dinner Mr. Winterbourne, Yolande, and the Master were standing outside the lodge, looking down the wide glen, which was now flooded with sunset light. Young Leslie's eyes were the eyes of a deer-stalker; the slightest movement anywhere instantly attracted them; and when two sheep-little dots they were, at the far edge of the hill just above the lodge-suddenly ceased grazing and lifted their heads, he knew there must be some one there. The next moment a figure appeared on the sky-line.

"I suppose that is Jack Melville," he said, evishly. "I wish he wouldn't come across the peevishly. forest when he is up at his electric boxes.

"But does he do harm?" said Yolande. "He can not shoot deer with copper wires."
"Oh, he's all over the place," said the Master

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"AND OF COURSE SHE WAS GREATLY DELIGHTED WHEN HE CAME ASHORE."

of Lynn, "And there isn't a keeper or a watcher who will remonstrate with him, and of course I can't. He's always after his botany, or his fishing, or something. The best thing about it is that he is a capital hand to have with you if there are any stray deer about, and you want to have a shot without disturbing the herd. He knows their ways most wonderfully, and can tell you the track they

are certain to take."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks was coming down the hill-side at a swinging pace, and very soon he had crossed the little bridge and was coming up the path, heralding his arrival with a frank and careless greeting to his friends. He was a rather tall, lean, large boned, and powerful-looking man of about eight-and-twenty; somewhat pale in face, seeing that he lived so much out-of-doors; his hair a raven black; his eyes gray, penetrating, and steadfast; his mouth firm, and yet mobile and expressive at times; his forehead square rather than lofty; his voice, a chest voice, was heard in pleasant and well-modulated English: he had not acquired any trace of the high falsetto that prevails (or prevailed a few years ago) among the young men at Oxford. As for his manner, that was characterized chiefly by a curious simplicity and straightforwardness. He seemed to have no time to be self-conscious. When he spoke to any one, it was without thought or heed of any by-stander. With that one per-son he had to do. Him or her he seized, with look and voice; and even after the most formal introduction he would speak to you in the most simple and direct way, as if life were not long enough to be wasted in conventionalities, as if truth were the main thing, as if all human beings were perfectly alike, and as if there was no reason in the world why this new stranger should not be put on the footing of a friend. If he had an affectation, it was to represent himself as a lazy and indolent person, who believed in nothing, and laughed at everything, whereas he was extremely industrious and indefatigable, while there were certainly two or three things that he believed in—more, perhaps, than he would confess.
"Here, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "is the

little vasculum I spoke to you about; it has seen some service, but it may do well enough. And here is Bentley's Manual, and a Flora. The Flora is an old one; I brought an old one purposely, for at the beginning there is a synopsis of the Linnæan system of classification, and you will find that the easiest way of making out the name of a new plant. Of course," he added, when he had put the vasculum and the books on the window-sill and come back, "when you get further on, when you begin to see how all these plants have grown to be what they are, when you come to study the likenesses and relationshipsand unless you mean to go so far you are only wasting time to begin—you will follow Jussieu and De Candolle; but in the mean time you will find the Linnæan system a very dodgy instru-

ment when you are in a difficulty. Then, another thing-mind, I am assuming that you mean business; if you want to frivvle, and pick pretty posies, I shut my door on you; but, I say, if you mean business, I have told Mrs. Bell you are to have access to my herbarium, whether I am there

But here Yolande began to laugh.

"Oh yes, that is so probable!" said she.

Mrs. Bell allowing me to go into your study!"

"Mrs. Bell and I understand each other very well, I assure you," he said, gravely. "We are only two augurs, who wink at each other; or rath-

er we shut our eyes to each other's humbug.
"Why, Jack, she means to buy back Monaglen
for you!" the Master of Lynn exclaimed.
"I know she has some romantic scheme of that sort in her head," he said, frankly. "It is quite absurd. What should I do with Monaglen? However, in the mean time I have made pretty free use of the old lady's money at Gress; and she is highly pleased, for she was fond of my far's family, and she likes to hear me spoken well of, and you can so easily purchase gratitude—especially with somebody else's money. You see, it works well all round. Mrs. Bell, who is an honest, shrewd, good, kindly woman, sees that her charity is administered with some care; the people around - but especially the children benefited; I have leisure for any little experiments and my idle rambles; and if Mrs. Bell and I hoodwink each other, it is done very openly and there is no great harm.'

"She was very indignant," said young Leslie, laughing, "when you wouldn't have your name put on the tablet in the school-house. "What tablet?" said Yolande.

"Oh, a tablet saying that Mr. Melville had built the school and presented it to the people

"And I never contributed a farthing!" he said. "She did the whole thing. Well, now, that shows how artificial the position is; and, necessarily, it won't last. We have for so long been hypocrites for the public good-let us say it was for the public good; but there must come an end.

"Why, Jack, if you leave Gress you'll fairly break the old dame's heart. And as for the neighborhood-it will be like the going away of Aikendrum

"Who was that?" said Yolande

"I am sure I don't know. Mrs. Bell will sing the song for you, if you ask her; she knows all those old things. I don't know who the gentleman was, but they made a rare fuss about his going away.

"" Bout him the carles were gabbin',
The braw laddies sabbin',
And a' the lasses greetin',
For that Aikendrum's awa'."

"The dinner is ready, madam," said a soft-voiced and pretty Highland maid-servant, appear-

ing at the door; and Yolande's heart sank within her. She summoned up her courage nevertheless; she walked into the room sedately, and took her place at the head of the table with much graciousness, though she was in reality very nerv ous and terribly anxious about the result of this wild experiment. Well, she need not have been anxious. The dinner was excellently cooked, and very fairly served. And if those two younger men seemed quite indifferent as to what they ate and drank, and much more interested in a discussion about certain educational matters, at least Mr. Winterbourne noted and approved; and greatly comforted was she from time to time to greatly comforted was she from time to time to hear him say: "Yolande, this is capital hare soup; why can't we get hare soup cooked in this way in the south?" Or, "Yolande, these are most delicious trout. Mr. Melville's catching, I suppose? It seems to me you've stumbled on an uncommonly good cook." Or, "What? Another robbery of Mrs. Bell's poultry yard? Well, they're fine birds—noble, noble. We must send her some grouse to morrow Yolande." her some grouse to-morrow, Yolande.

And then outside there was a sudden and portentous growl of bass drones; and then the breaking away into the shrill clear music of a quickstep; and through the blue window-panes they could see in the dusk the tall, tightly built figure of young Duncan, the pipes over his shoulder marching erect and proud up and down the gravelpath. That was the proper way to hear the pipes away up there in the silence of the hills, amid the gathering gloom of the night; and now they would grow louder and shriller as he drew near, and now they would grow fainter and fainter as he passed by, while all around them, whether the music was faint or shrill, was the continuous hushed murmur of the mountain streams

"I told Duncan," said Yolande to the Master, "that it was a shame he should keep all his playing for the shepherds in the bothy. And he told me that he very well knew the 'Hills of

Young Leslie regarded her with an odd kind of smile. "You don't think that is the 'Hills of Lynn,'

do you, Yolande?"
"Is it not? I have heard very few."

"No; I am not first favorite to-night. It isn't the 'Hills of Lynn.' That is 'Melville's Welcome

Home.

Yolande looked surprised, but not in any way guilty.

"I assure you, Miss Winterbourne," said Jack Melville, pleasantly enough, "that I don't feel at all hurt or insulted. I know Duncan means no sarcasm. He is quite well aware that we haven't had a home to welcome us this many a day; but he is not playing the quickstep out of irony. He and I are too old friends for that.'

"Oh, I am sure he does not mean anything like that," said Yolande. "It is a great compliment he means, is it not?"

Then coffee came; and cigars and pipes were produced; and as Yolande had no dread of tobacco smoke, they all remained together, drawing in their chairs to the brisk fire of wood and peat, and forming a very friendly, snug, and comfortable little circle. Nor was their desultory chatting about educational projects solely; nor, on the other hand, was it confined to grouse and the chances of the weather; it rambled over many and diverse subjects, while always, from time to time, could be heard in the distance (for Duncan had retired to regale his friends in the bothy) the faint echoes of "The Seventy-ninth's Farewell to Gibraltar," or "Mackenzie's Farewell to Sutherland," or "The Barren Rocks of Aden," with occasionally the sad slow wail of a Lament—"Lord Lovat's," or "Mackintosh's," or "Mac Crimmon's." And as Mr. Melville proved to be a very ready talker (as he lay back there in an easy-chair, with the warm rays of the fire lighting up his fine intellectual features and clear and penetrating gray eyes), Mr. Winterbourne had an abundant opportunity of studying this new friend; and so far from observing in him any of the browbeating and brusqueness he had heard of, on the contrary, he discovered the most ample tolerance, and more than that, a sort of large-hearted humanity, a sympathy, a sincerity, and directness of speech that begun to explain to him why Mr. Melville of Gress was such a favorite with those people about there. He seemed to assume that the person he was talking to was his friend; and that it was useless to waste time in formalities of conversation. His manner toward Yolande (her father thought) was characterized by just a little too much of indif-ference; but then he was a school-master, and not in the habit of attaching importance to the opinions of young people.

It was really a most enjoyable, confidential, pleasant evening; but it had to come to an end; and when the two young men left, both Yolande and her father accompanied them to the door. The moon was risen now, and the long wide glen looked beautiful enough.

"Well, now, Mr. Melville," said Mr. Winterbourne, as they were going away, "whenever you have an idle evening, I hope you will remember us, and take pity on us."

"You may see too much of me."

"That is impossible," said Yolande, quickly; and then she, added very prettily, "You know, Mr. Melville, if you come often enough you will find it quite natural that Duncan should play for you 'Melville's Welcome Home.'

He stood for a moment uncertain; it was the first sign of embarrassment he had shown that

night."
"Well," said he, "that is the most friendly thing that has been said to me for many a day. Who could resist such an invitation? night—good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MODERN DINNER TABLE.

THERE are few more ancient institutions than the dinner table, or any which has so sud-ly become picturesque and luxurious beyond the fashion of the immediate past. Up to twenty years ago the dinner, even in the house of a merchant prince, was a plain affair compared to merchant it is now. There was a white table-cloth merchant prince, was a pain arrar compared to what it is now. There was a white table-cloth of double damask, there were handsome big napkins, there was a rich service of solid silver, and perhaps some good china. If flowers were used, it was sparingly; and as for glass, only a few him white and at most one green or real glass for plain white, and at most one green or red glass for claret or hock, were placed at the side of the plate.

Of course there were variations and exceptions to this rule, but they were few and far between. One man or often one maid servant waited upon the table; and as a protector for the table-cloth, mats were used, implying the fear that the dish, if set down, brought from the top of the kitchen range, would leave a spot or stain. All was on a simple and economical plan. The grand dinners were all served by caterers, who sent their men to wait upon them, leading to the remark, that was often laughed at as showing English stupidity, made by the Marquis of Hartington when he visited New York during our war. As he looked at old Peter Van Dyck and his colored assistants, whom he had seen at every dinner, he remarked, "How much all your servants resemble each other in America!" It was really an unintentional sarcasm, and might well have told our nouveaux riches that they would do better to have their own trained servants to do the work than to employ on occasions these outside men. It is a degree of elegance to which we have not as a nation yet arrived, that of a well-trained corps of domestic

A mistress of the house should be capable of teaching servants their duty in the laying of a table or the conduct of such, if she has to take, as most American ladies do, the uneducated Irishman from his native bogs as a house servant. If she hires the cultivated and well-recommended foreign servant, he is too apt to be insolent, and all would go well, which is the most comfortable of all feelings to a hostess, and without which dinner-giving is a sorrow beyond all words.

The arrangements of a dinner table and the waiting upon it are the most important of all the duties of a servant or servants, and any betrayal of ignorance, any nervousness or noise, any accident, is most to be deplored, showing as it does want of experience and lack of training.

No one wishes to invite his friends to be un-

comfortable. Those dreadful dinners which Thackeray describes, where people of small in-comes tried to rival those of larger incomes, and had things sent in from the greengroeers, will for-ever remain in the minds of his readers as among the most painful of all the revelations of sham. We should be real first, and ornamental afterward

Now in an opulent family a butler and two footmen are kept, and it is their duty to work together in harmony, the butler being first. The two footmen lay the table, the butler looking on to see that it is properly done. The butler takes care of the wine, and stands behind his mistress's chair. Where only one man is kept, the whole duty devolves upon him, and he has generally the assistance of the parlor-maid. When only a maid servant is kept, the mistress of the house must overlook, and see that all her arrangements are carried out.

The invention of the extension table in our long narrow dining-rooms has led to the expulsion of the pretty round table, which is of all others the most cheerful. If any lady has a large square room, she should have a round table. The extension table, however, is almost inevitable, and one of the ordinary size, with two leaves added, will seat twelve people. The public caterers say that every additional leaf gives room for four more people, but the hostess had better try this with her dining-room chairs, as there may be danger of crowding. New York dinner parties are often too crowded-sixteen being asked when the table only accommodates fourteen. This is a mistake, as heat and crowding should be avoided. In country houses, or in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and other cities where the dining-rooms are

together. But the number of the Graces being three, no worse number than that could be se-lected for a dinner party, and nine would be equally uncomfortable at an extension table, being three on one side and four on the other. Ten is a good number for a small dinner, and easy to manage. One servant can well wait on ten people, and do it well, if well trained. However, twenty-four people often sit down at a modern dinner table, and are well served by a butler and two men. Some luxurious dinner-givers have a man behind each chair, but that is ostentatious

The lady of the house, if she issues invitations for a dinner of ten or twenty, should do it a fortnight in advance, and should have her cards engraved thus:

Mr. and Mrs. James Norman request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. John Brown's company at dinner on Thursday, February eighth, at seven o'clock.

These engraved forms on note-paper, filled up with the necessary name and date, are very convenient and elegant, and should be answered by the fortunate recipient immediately, in the most formal manner, and the engagement should be scrupulously kept if accepted. If illness, death of relatives, or other causes intervene, the hostess should be immediately notified of the event,

No husband is ever invited without his wife, or wife without her husband, to a dinner party, unless great intimacy exists between the parties, and a sudden requirement of a gentleman or lady guest makes the request imperative.

The usual hour for dinner parties in America is seven o'clock; but whatever the hour, if the invited guests accept, they should take care to be punctual to the minute. In the hall the gentleman should find a card written with his name and that of the lady whom he is to take in, and a small boutonnière, which he places in his button-hole. On entering the drawing-room the lady goes first, not taking her husband's arm. If the gentleman is not acquainted with the lady whom he is to take in to dinner, he asks his hostand experience; therefore, like all works of art, it is worth study.

The first thought which strikes the observer is, "What a splendid bit of color!" as the openwork white table-cloth is spread over a red ground, and over that a mat of red velvet embroidered with peacocks' feathers and gold lace, and on that a large silver salver or oblong tray, lined with mirror, on which the Dresden swans and silver lilies float as in the real thing. In the middle of this long tray stands a lofty vase of silver or crystal, with flowers and fruit cunningly disposed, and around it are placed tropical vines. At each of the four corners of the table stand four ruby glass flagons, set in gold with the most beautiful workmanship in the gold standards. Cups or silver-gilt vases with centres of cut glass hold the bonbons and smaller fruits. Four candelabra hold up red wax candles with red shades. Sometimes flat glass troughs filled with flowers stand opposite each plate. These can be so arranged as to make a floral pattern.

At each place, as the servant draws back the chair, the guest sees a bewildering number of glass goblets, wines, and champagne glasses, several forks, knives, and spoons, and a majolica plate holding oysters on the half-shells, with a bit of lemon in the centre of the plate. The napkin, deftly folded, holds a dinner roll, which the guest immediately removes, putting the napkin over his or her lap. The servants then, seeing all the guests seated, pass red and black pepper in silver pepper-pots on a silver waiter. A small peculiar-ly shaped fork is laid by each plate, at the right hand, for the oysters: some ladies now have all their forks laid on the left hand of the plate, as is the case in the illustration, although that is not usual. After the oysters are eaten the plates are removed, and two kinds of soup are passed-

a white and a brown soup.

During this part of the dinner the guest has plentiful need of his eyes to look at the beautiful Queen Anne silver, the handsome lamps, if lamps are used (we may mention the fact that about twenty-six candles will well light a dinner of sixteen persons), and the various colors of lamp and can-



A MODERN DINNER TABLE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers,

to disarrange her establishment by disparaging the scale on which it is fixed, and he almost always engenders a spirit of discontent in her household. Very high class servants, who can take the whole management of affairs into their hands, are only possible to people of great wealth, and they become tyrants who are wholly detestable to the master and mistress after a short slavery. One New York butler lately refused to wash dishes, telling the lady of the house that it would ruin his finger-nails. And yet the man was a consummate servant, laying the table and waiting upon it with an ease and grace which gave his mistress that pleasant feeling of certainty that |

apt to be larger than we are allowed in New York, the danger of crowding, of heat, of want of ventilation can be more readily avoided, but in a gaslighted, furnace-heated room in New York the sufferings of the diners-out are sometimes terrible.

The arrangements for the dinner, whether the earty be ten or twenty, are, however, the same Much has been said about the number invited, and there is an old saw that one should not invite "fewer than the Graces or more than the Muses. This tendency to uneven numbers refers to the difficulty of seating a party of eight, where, if the host and hostess take the head and foot of the table, two gentlemen and two ladies will come ess to introduce him to her, and he converses with her a few minutes before entering the dining-

When dinner is ready, and the last guest has arrived, the butler comes in and announces the dinner. The host goes first with the lady to whom the dinner is given, and the hostess comes last with the gentleman whom she wishes to honor.

The people who enter a modern dining-room find a picture before them, a graphic illustration of which, copied from one of the most elegant and artistic known to fashionable New York society, will be found on this page. It has not been achieved without painstaking, thought, expense,

dle shades. Then the beauty of the flowers, and, as the dinner goes on, the variety of the modern Dresden china, the Sèvres, the Royal Worcester, and the old Blue can be discussed and admired.

The service is *à la Russe*; that is, everything is handed by the servants. Nothing is seen on the table but the wines (and only a few of them), the bonbons, and the fruit. No greasy dishes are allowed. The ladies have each a bouquet, and possibly a painted reticule of silk filled with sugarplums, and sometimes a pretty fan or ribbon with their name or monogram painted on it.

The second of th

Each person finds at his right hand a goblet of elegantly engraved glass for water, two of the

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broad, flat, flaring shape of the modern champagne glass (although some hosts are returning to the long vase-like glass of the past for champagne), a beautiful Bohemian green glass, apparently set with gems, for the hock, a ruby red glass for the claret, two other large white claret or Burgundy glasses, and three wine-glasses of cut or engraved glass. Harlequin glasses are in fashion for those who delight in color and variety, thus giving to the table the effect of a bed of tulips.

The hostess may prefer the modern napery, so exquisitely embroidered in gold thread, which af-fords one an opportunity to see the family coat of arms, or the heraldic animals, the lion and the two-headed eagle and the griffin, intertwined in graceful shapes around the whole edge of the table and on the napkins.

As the dinner goes on, the guest revels in unexpected surprises in the beauty of the plates, some of them looking as if of solid gold, yet of the finest porcelain; and when the Roman punch is served it comes on in the heart of a red, red rose or in the bosom of a guern as the thick rose, or in the bosom of a swan, or the "right little, tight little" life-saving boat, or the cup of a lily. Faience, china, glass, and ice are all pressed into the service of the Roman punch, and sometimes the prettiest dishes of all are hewn out of ice.

We will try to see how all this picture is made, beginning at the laying of the table, the process of which we will explain in detail in the next Number of the Bazar.

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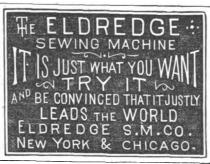
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7. 11

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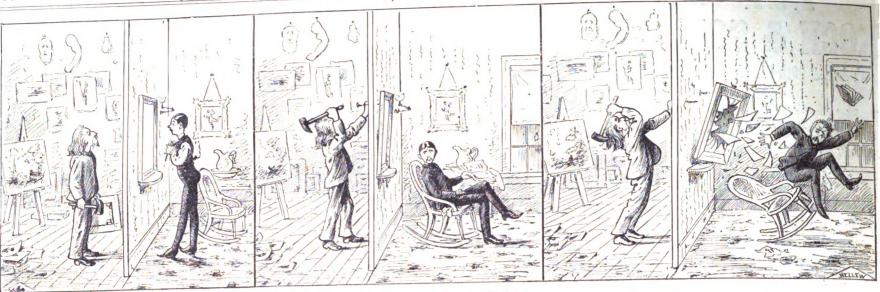
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SMUDGE THE ARTIST, HAVING RENTED A ROOM IN A LOFTY APARTMENT-HOUSE, PROCEEDS TO PUT UP HIS PICTURES.

APARTMENT-HOUSE PARTITIONS.

(SMUDGE drives a Nail.)

BUZZARD. "I WISH TO GRACIOUS THAT FELLOW IN THE NEXT ROOM WOULD STOP HIS HAMMERING!"

(The Nail goes through the Partition with a rush.)
BUZZARD. "HANG IT! IF HE HASN'T DRIVEN A RAILROAD SPIKE RIGHT THROUGH MY ONLY LOOKING-GLASS, AND BROKEN IT ALL TO SMASH!"

FACETIÆ.

Some time ago, before the Royal Academy of Arts had migrated from the National Gallery to Burlington House, there was a certain pompous and pragmatical R.A. who was anything but popular as a visitor with the students. He once rebuked a young gentleman in the painting school for not using a "gentlemanly palette," whatever that might mean. It is related, however, that he on one occasion met with his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admonitory eye. After examining this student's work with severe attention, he turned to him, and in a voice of depressing solemnity said, "Have you any private means?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" replied the youth, in the Scotch manner.

"I beg your parties, so the second of the se

STANDS TO REASON-A debater who won't sit down.

A celebrated dansense was frequently asked how old her mother was. "I really can not tell you now," she replied. "Every birthday she declares that she feels a year younger, and if this goes on, I shall soon be the older of the two."

Father (to his little son, who has just handed him the teacher's revort of progress and conduct for the last month). "This report is very
unsatisfactory; I'm not at all pleased with it."

Little Son. "I told the teacher I thought you wouldn't be, but
he wouldn't change it."

"You can't add different things together," said a school-teacher, "If you add a sheep and a cow together it does not make two sheep

or two cows."

A little boy, the son of a milkman, held up his hand, and said:
"That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water
to a quart of milk, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in

RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO. OUR MADAGASCAR GUEST.

Welcome from the sea To this land of snow, Rav-o-nin-ah-i-Trin-i-ar-i-vo.

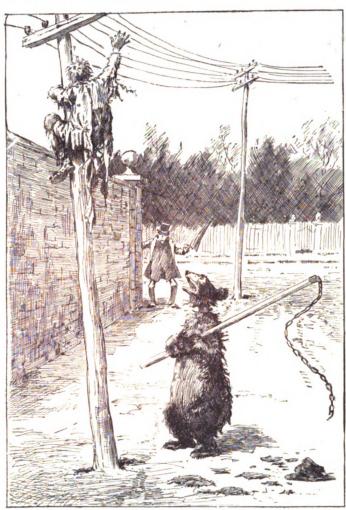
Stay and rest a bit
Ere you start to go,
Rav-o-nin-ah-itRin-i-ar-i-vo.

Summer-time is nigh— Winds will cease to blow, Rav-o-ni-na-hi-Trin-i-ar-i-vo.

Then, with honors fit, We will let you go, Rav-o-ni-na-hit-Rin-i-ar-i-vo.

Tell her Majesty, Ran-o-val-a-no, Rav-o-nin-ah-i-Trin-i-ar-i-vo,

We were glad to see Ram-an-ir-a-ka And Rav-on-in-a-hi-Trin-i-ar-i-vo.



RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR GOING INTO THE SHOW BUSINESS. PROPRIETOR (up a telegraph pole). "SAY, MISTER, DE YE WANT TO BUY A BEAR?"

ELDERLY AGRICULTURIST (to season-ticket holder in the train).

"You have no ticket?"

Ticket-holder. "No; I travel on my good looks."

Agriculturist (after looking him over). "Then probably you ain't goin' very far."
General smile.

"Do you play lawn tennis this season, Miss ——?" inquired he last evening.

"No; I never learned the game. Is it interesting?"

"Yes, very. You see, there are four courts on each side—"

"That is eight courts, isn't it? Why, if I had known there was so much courting in the game, I should have been an expert by this time."

"Oh, I assure you, but you are an expert."

There is no use in pursuing this scheme further.

AFFECTION WHICH IS NEVER RECIPROCATED-Neuralgic affection.

"Father," he suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the parental "Anner," ne suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the parental face, "you are awfully good to ma."
"Am 1? Well, I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted

"Am 1? Well, I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted wife."
"And it's all over the place how liberal you are to her."
"How—what do you mean?"
"Why, I heard three or four men in the 'bus say that all you had in the world was in her name!"
"Yes—ahem—yes—you go to bed, sir; and the next time you hear people lying about me, don't listen to what they say."

MOTTO FOR A YOUNG MAN STARTING A MUSTACHE-Down in front,

A little bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with big tears running down his plump little cheeks, cried, "But, pa—papa, wh—e-re were the police?"

GENUINE EPITAPHS.

There is an odd epitaph in the grave-yard at East Wareham, Massachusetts, on a stone erected to the memory of a bachelor Irishman by his creditors, who settled his estate. It is thus conceived:

"Hibernia's son, himself exiled,
"Hibernia's son, himself exiled,
Without an inmate, wife or child,
He lived alone;
And when he died, his purse, though small,
Contained enough to pay us all
And buy this stone."

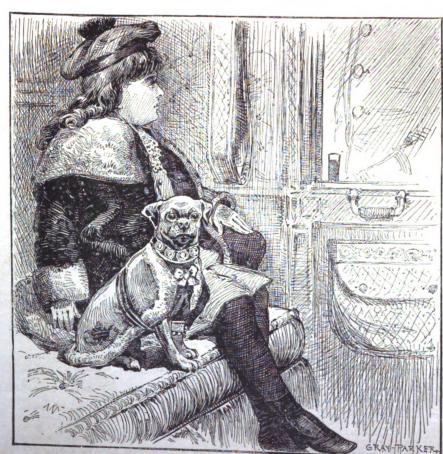
This, on the death of a child, comes from Chicago. We change

the name only:

"Timothy Dennis, thou hast left us,
For thee on earth there was not room;
But 'tis God who has bereft us,
And taken our darling up the flume."

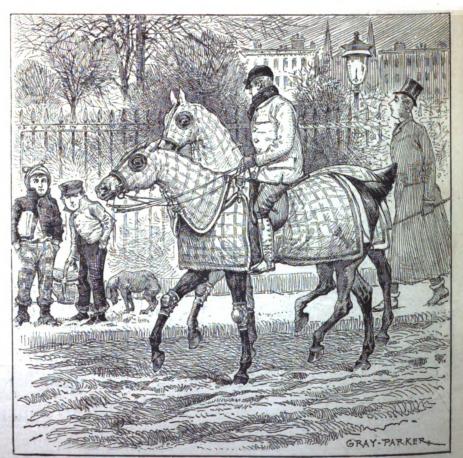
The following abrupt lines were copied from a tombstone in Wyoming County, New York, last summer:

"She was in health at 11.30 A.M., And left for heaven at 3.30 P.M."



THE NEW FASHIONS FOR MASTER PUG.

A NUMISMATIC COLLAR OF BLUE OR PURPLE, DECORATED WITH RARE COINS, SOMETIMES STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS. ROUND THE LEFT FORE-LEG A BRACELET OF GOLD OR SILVER BANGLES. A FUR PELISSE LINED WITH OLD-GOLD SATIN WHEN TAKEN OUT IN THE CARRIAGE.



"TIS TRUE, TIS PITY."

STREET URCHIN. "WOULDN'T MIND HAVIN' A LITTLE OF THAT COVERIN' MYSELF, BILL; WOULD BILL. "No, INDEED; A FELLER COULD SLEEP MIGHTY COMFORTABLE ENOUGH UNDER IT."

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